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A NON-PARTISAN MAGAZINE OF FREE DISCUSSION. IT AIMS TO INTERPRET THE NEW AMERICA THAT IS ATTAINING CONSCIOUSNESS IN THIS DECADE. THE FORUM GIVES BOTH SIDES. WHATEVER IS ATTACKED BY CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH MAY BE PRAISED IN LATER ISSUES

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF EVANGELISM

The Methodists in National Politics

WASHINGTON PEZET

THE Temporal Power of Evangelism, — the very phrase is absurd. Every American of average education knows that, historically, temporal power means the authority of the Roman Catholic Church exerted outside of the religious sphere, in the secular field of politics and government. He knows, too, that the Evangelical Protestant sects are those which, in theory at least, have traveled farthest from the Catholic ideal and policy of authority. He knows that his ancestors came to this virgin continent in search of religious freedom.

Thomas Jefferson wrote into the "Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom" the principle that Church and State should be forever separate, each inviolate in its separate sphere. And subsequently this principle was embodied in the Federal Constitution, that this nation should never fall a prey to the temporal power of any church. The average Protestant American firmly believes that this principle of separation and mutual non-interference of Church and State is not only of the essence of Ameri-

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canism, but of the essence of Protestantism. He regards Protestantism as the religion that sets the private mind free from all external authority, and America as the land of lands for the free exercise of private minds.

Yet if we read history dispassionately, we see that the exercise of temporal power has not been confined to any one religious sect. While Protestantism is philosophically a repudiation of temporal power, Protestant sects have, time and again, repudiated their own philosophy. The Calvinists in Geneva and the Puritans in New England are conspicuous examples out of the past.

After the overthrow of the Puritan Theocracy in Massachusetts, temporal power was banished from this land. Its return has been gradual and almost imperceptible. The New England Abolitionists, Puritans by descent and temperament, were the first to inject religion into our national politics. By laying emphasis upon the moral aspects of a problem which would eventually have been solved on economic grounds, they plunged the nation into a disastrous civil war.

More than fifty years ago, in the turmoiled period following that national calamity, President Ulysses S. Grant said: "In the United States there are three political parties, the Republican, Democratic, and the Methodist Church."

To-day we may quote him without doing injury to the truth. For, under the political leadership of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Evangelical Protestants in general, the spiritual heirs of Puritan and Calvinists, are once more making moral issues of social problems, participating in politics, and exercising temporal power.

This is no mere opinion; it is a demonstrable fact. Such a conviction will come unfailingly to one who, like the writer, has spent weeks in Washington, on and about Capitol Hill, talking with Senators and Representatives, with the active heads of Protestant organizations, with lobbyists and newspaper men; reading the Congressional Record, the newspapers, the tracts and clipsheets released by the Protestant organizations, the private correspondence made available through the courtesies of many persons. My report is of facts rather than opinions. And this I know, that no Jesuit has whispered into my ear any item of the record.

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It was early spring, and Washington was soft and mellow. The air was caressing, and sweet with the scent of magnolia blossoms. I stood upon Capitol Hill, on the terrace of the great domed edifice that houses the Senate, the House of Representatives, and the United States Supreme Court.

Springtime fancy held me in its magic spell, and as I turned I imagined that George Washington himself stood there beside me on the terrace, — the courtly gentleman with the stern but kindly face. He was like one returned, from a far journey, to his native land, eager to know what had happened since his time.

Leaving the terrace and passing to the east side of the Capitol, we descended broad steps. Looking across a park we saw a building as exquisite in line and contour as any in the world. It is the repository of all the knowledge of the ages — The Library of Congress — appropriately placed within easy access of the nation's law-makers. To the right and left in the middle distance were two dazzling white buildings gleaming in the sun, — the Senate and House office buildings. Within their walls each member of the legislature has his office, and there are spacious rooms set aside for the use of those committees which perform the actual legislative business of the nation.

So far there was nothing for Washington to marvel at but the size and splendor of it all. But, looking toward the northeast corner of the hill, through the trees we caught glimpses of another white building, as beautiful as the Senate and House buildings, which it resembles, but smaller. Washington asked if it was also a government building.

Remembering the traditions of his truthfulness, I replied: "Yes and no, sir. You see, it is the Methodist Building." And then, quickly, to allay his bewilderment, I drew a printed circular from my pocket and read the following:

"'The Methodist Building occupies a site which cannot be duplicated in Washington. It sustains the same relation to the Capitol that is sustained by the Senate Office Building, the House Office Building, the Library of Congress. . . . There is no other spot of ground in the Capital so well located as this. . . . The Methodist Building cost $750,000. . . . The Methodist Building is the first Protestant headquarter building to be erected in the

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National Capital, and this has been through the efforts of our Board.'"

"What Board?" asked Washington.

"The Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals. With your permission, sir, I shall read on from these circulars issued by the Board explaining their activities and soliciting donations for their work.

"'. . . It (lack of funds) prevents the application of the income to the vital and necessary extensions called for by *Protestant Statesmanship* in this year of our Lord — extensions that cannot be deferred and cannot be missed. . . . This is the time of a moral crisis involving law enforcement, temperance education, international prohibition, and the making of a dry world as these issues have never been involved before. . . .

"'The Church at large could not forgive the Board of Temperance if it failed to exercise statesman-like wisdom at this period in the history and development of Washington.

"'. . . We are very anxious that information concerning the work of the Board and the great effect on the work our building has already had as a centre of Protestantism and equipment for Methodism should be in the hands of *key men* in the various strategic centres. . . .

"'It is from this centre directly across the street from the Capitol Building that we are directing and promoting the cause of temperance, prohibition, and public morals on a National and International scale.'"

"But the members of this Board," Washington insisted. "Who are they? Whom do they represent?"

I answered him in the official language of Dr. Clarence True Wilson, General Secretary of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to the Subcommittee of the Committee on Judiciary of the United States Senate: "'This Board is an official agency of the Church.'"

The Board assumes that it speaks officially for over fifteen million people. Its personnel consists of a Methodist Bishop, the Chairman; five ministers, one of whom is also a judge and the Board's very able General Secretary and real executive; four United States Senators; four Members of the House of Representatives; one major-general in the United States Army;

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another judge; and seven other gentlemen among whom are several lawyers. In its very make-up a perfect liaison between the Church and State.

Had George Washington entered the Methodist Building with me that sunny afternoon, I am sure he would have been charmed, as I was, with the quiet dignity and restful beauty of its cool interior. He would have been charmed, too, as I was, with the personality of the kindly, cordial gentleman with whom I spent several pleasant hours exchanging our widely different views upon these matters, in a tolerant and civilized manner.

Dr. Clarence True Wilson is no mere fanatic, no intolerant bigot. His language is moderate and restrained. He breathes an atmosphere of earnestness. He is unimpugnably sincere. It is, indeed, just this element of sincerity, of convinced righteousness, that gives the movement which he directs its undoubted popular power and makes it menacing to the national well-being. Charlatans are not difficult to dispose of. Matthew Page Andrews, the historian, in a recent article made this point clear with a quotation from Woodrow Wilson: "It is not the bad men we fear so much as the good man who thinks wrong."

The existence of the Methodist Board has, so far, excited no great comment and aroused no general indignation, simply because Americans do not associate temporalism with Protestantism. To appreciate the real significance of the Board, however, we have only to imagine the hue and cry, the alarums and discursions, the gathering of Klansmen, the deluge of hysterical pamphlets, the intemperate "save-the-country" editorials and speeches that would be let loose in the land were there a Catholic Building in Washington, housing a Catholic Board with a Catholic bishop at its head, an able Jesuit as its General Secretary, and four United States Senators and four Members of the House of Representatives as its political advisers. But is not temporal power temporal power no matter by whom exercised?

As some readers may argue that the mere existence of such a Board, provided it be a Protestant Board, does not necessarily imply an exercise of temporal power, let us look in detail at its activities.

Each week the secretaries of the Board issue a clipsheet which goes to newspaper and magazine editors, to State legislators,

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Senators, and Members of the House, and to many other persons interested in public morality, including twenty thousand ministers. Through the weekly clipsheet these ministers are kept apprised of the trend of moral affairs at the Capitol. It conveys to them the first-hand views of the secretaries and the official views of the Board, regarding pending or proposed legislation involving moral issues. It furnishes them with material for sermons; inevitably it influences, — often it must actually mould, — their views on many subjects about which they would otherwise be forced to form opinions as all ordinary citizens do, — from the newspapers, the opinions of associates, and personal prejudice.

Through these twenty thousand ministers, speaking with authority from their pulpits, the opinions of the Board and its secretaries are passed on to fifteen million church-goers. From its strategically placed key men throughout the country, the Board receives confidential information regarding the state of public opinion on these moral matters. It thus creates public opinion, and then acts as the legislative lobby for the opinion its own propaganda has created. And it does this as an official agency of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Last year, in an open letter to a Southern Senator, Judge William H. Lamar, — former assistant Attorney General of the United States, grandson of a noted Methodist Minister, and himself a Methodist, — publicly accused the Methodists of exercising temporal power. (Judge Lamar, by the way, is not a professional "wet". His interest is in the restoration of representative democracy in America which lobbyism has all but destroyed.) Replying to Judge Lamar's charge, the Methodist Clipsheet of July 6, 1925, contained the following statement:

"So far as the Board of Temperance of the Methodist Episcopal Church is concerned, we wish to correct Mr. Lamar. The Board has no influence whatever in regard to any legislation except legislation bearing upon matters of public morals and it has no influence in regard to such legislation except such influence as may arise from the presentation of facts and the expression of opinion in accord with the opinion of a vast majority of the people of this country."

The mere presence on the Board of important members of the

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Federal Government is a denial of this statement. The Senators and Representatives, members of the Board, when on the floor of Congress are in a position to sponsor the point of view of the Board as if it were their own; to urge it upon any Committees of the Senate and House of which they may be members; and to influence their colleagues in Congress by personal appeals and by those methods of back-scratching which are common features of present-day legislative technique.

The Board admits that it exercises influence with regard to legislation bearing upon public morals. Within this category we find the Board active and interested in Prohibition in all its aspects and endless ramifications; in Sunday closing laws; in censorship of moving pictures, theatres, books, and periodicals; in the drug traffic; in gambling; in education; in child labor; in white slave traffic; in marriage and divorce. In all such matters its point of view is the Methodist point of view, and the opinions it expresses are the opinions of Methodists, shared only by Presbyterians, Baptists, and some other Evangelical sects. Furthermore, it is well to point out that although probably a majority of Methodists share these opinions, there are many who do not. Judge Lamar is a Methodist, and so is the legal adviser of the Association against Prohibition.

The total adult population of the United States is 60,886,520. Of these sixty millions, only 26,077,091 are members of Protestant Churches. There are 18,260,793 Roman Catholics, 20,170,294 who belong to no church, and a scattering of Unitarians, Mormons, Christian Scientists, Hebrews, and others. Certainly the Board cannot presume to speak for Catholics, whose point of view on many subjects is so diametrically opposite. Neither can it speak for the nominal Christians, the agnostics and atheists who number twenty millions. Nor can it claim to speak for all Protestants, for there are several million Episcopalians and Lutherans who do not share its views. At most it speaks for twenty-two million Evangelists. I am not aware that twenty-two is a "vast majority" of sixty.

But let us get at this claim from another angle. Is there any unanimity of opinion regarding the moral issues I have enumerated above? Is there a majority that adheres to any one point of view, and is that majority point of view the Methodist point of view?

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No one knows whether or not a majority of the American people to-day favors Prohibition, and short of an official national referendum on the subject no one can prove it. The fact that "dry" sentiment controls Congress would seem to prove that there is a majority for Prohibition. The fact that millions of people break the law and that it is virtually unenforceable would seem to prove the contrary. Both facts furnish only circumstancial evidence. To claim a majority one way or the other is mere guess work.

It would be hard to prove that the Methodists' ideas on censorship are shared by a majority; or their views on education, or anti-gambling laws, or marriage and divorce. The eighteen million Catholics don't; the millions of Jews don't; and the millions of agnostics, atheists, and non-church-going deists don't. It is more than probable that the Methodists have an actual majority behind them only in the matter of the drug and white slave traffics. And as far as the latter is concerned, there are many persons who regard the Mann Act, with its endless opportunities for blackmail, as a thoroughly bad law.

The Methodist Board, in defending itself against Judge Lamar, stated that it presented facts. Let us examine some of the "facts" contained in its publications.

In a pamphlet issued on February 1, 1923, we read in heavy faced type: "Alcohol is never a food but always a poison and the manufacture and sale of poisons for beverage purposes is never a business but always a crime."

The statement that "alcohol is always a poison" is not a fact. It is an ill-formed opinion. The diagnosis of poisons is the province of science, not religion. And science has rendered no such verdict against alcohol.

In its clipsheet of March 15, 1926, the Board, under the subtitle "'Long-Swing' Benefits of Prohibition", says: "In the last ten years which cover the period of the great prohibition wave . . . Sales of electrical washing machines have increased from 13,000 a year to 612,000. Bathtubs from 510,000 to 3,638,000 or 540 per cent. Our factories produce 60 per cent more goods with only 25 per cent more workers. Our railroads carry 12 per cent more freight with the same number of men. Our steel mills 86 per cent more tonnage with only 56 per cent more workers.

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Our foreign trade is 30 per cent larger in volume. Instead of being $3,000,000,000 in debt to other nations, our credit is $9,000,000,000 and we hold 45 per cent of the world's monetary gold."

The obvious implication is that this great increase in national efficiency and well-being is at least indirectly due to Prohibition. In the face of the known economic consequences of the World War and its aftermath, to ascribe our present position as a creditor nation to Prohibition is absurd. For the official agency of a Church to ladle out such pap amounts to misinterpretation.

Obviously the Board does not *wilfully* misrepresent, and I do not wish to be interpreted as making any such accusation against it. Its misrepresentations are, however, an inevitable outcome of its misapplied zeal, of its passionate partisanship. Intoxicated with faith in their cause, its workers see truth through the distorting lens of prejudice and pre-judgment. Thus, the Board in numerous publications has denounced what it calls "the treason of the wets". It insists that every State and Federal officer involved in law enforcement shall be an avowed "dry", arguing that, since Prohibition is the law, it is treason for any one not in complete sympathy with the letter of the law to attempt to enforce it. By such reasoning it was treasonable of Newton D. Baker and William Jennings Bryan, avowed pacifists, to hold office, for the Secretary of War and the Secretary of State are obliged to discharge duties connected with war.

The Board's position in the matter of treason becomes even more confusing when we remember that it was another agency of the Methodist Episcopal Church that but recently voted 76 to 37 to give no official aid to the Government in a future war, but to stand upon a platform of passive resistance. What, one wonders, is the Methodist conception of treason?

It would take many issues of THE FORUM to tell the whole story of temporal usurpation. Enough has been said, I believe, to prove my main contention, that the Methodist Board is the political organization of a religious minority which, through its activities and propaganda, is striving to secure political action favorable to its special point of view, and that, in so doing, it exercises temporal power in the name of the Methodist Church.

It would be bad enough if the Board were the only organization of its kind in the country. But it is by no means unique. Situated

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in the same relative position on the northwest of the Capitol as the Methodist Building occupies to the northeast is the Bliss Building, Washington home of the Anti-Saloon League.

This organization, in an official statement to the press on December 7, 1925, defined itself as follows: "The Anti-Saloon League is specifically the authorized interdenominational agency of numerous church bodies." In another statement it characterized itself as "The dry enforcement agency of the Protestant Churches". And in yet another official circular it has boasted that, "The Anti-Saloon League is the strongest political organization in the world." Out of its own mouth it is thus convicted of exercising political power in the name of the Protestant churches.

Furthermore, there is this difference between the Methodist Board and the Anti-Saloon League which renders the latter the more sinister; the Methodist Board's activities are pursued in the open. Neither Dr. Wilson nor any other official of the Board ever refused me any information. The Anti-Saloon League, on the contrary, has ever worked in camera. A letter of inquiry addressed to Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler, its General Counsel, was not even accorded the courtesy of a perfunctory reply. For six years this organization has defied the Federal Government and the government of the States. It has refused to conform to those laws enacted for the control of political organizations on the ground that it is a religious organization and, as such, above the laws. Only now, at last, as these words are being written, there seems some slight prospect that before they are in print Senator James Reed and the Committee of which he is the Chairman may have stripped the mask from this organization, which for many years has dictated its will to the American Government.

Judge Lamar summarized the stupendous political power of the Anti-Saloon League when he wrote: "This country is now in the control of Protestant organizations as effectually as the Roman Catholic Church ever controlled any country . . . Wayne B. Wheeler, General Counsel of the Anti-Saloon League exercises to-day a greater power over the destinies of this nation than any Catholic cardinal assigned to a royal European court."

It may be argued by some that the exercise of temporal power by the Anti-Saloon League and the Methodist Board has been confined to Prohibition and such other matters as can with

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reason be termed moral. The Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, the third of the triumvirate of Protestant lobbies, can lay claim to no such mitigating unction.

This organization, composed of delegates from twenty-eight constituent bodies, — each of them a denominational Protestant church, — has in recent years disbursed large sums for political propaganda. It has not only interfered in politics in the interest of Prohibition, but it has gone so far as to intervene in the foreign policy of the United States. In domestic matters it has interfered with the military establishment, with the delicate economic problem of capital and labor. In all, there are fifty items upon which the Federal Council of Churches has sought to influence State legislatures and the Congress.

But this does not end the record. It leaves untold the story of the Lord's Day Alliance and its ceaseless efforts to establish a Puritan Sunday. It makes no mention of the half dozen other powerful religious lobbies that are established in Washington. Neither does it tell of the tyranny exercised by Protestant religious lobbies in certain of the Southern and Western States.

It was late afternoon of another bright spring day. I stood again upon Capitol Hill, my mission done, my investigation ended. I could no longer summon Washington to my side. How could I wish him, even in imagination, the shock of such revelations? Washington, Jefferson, all the Founders in fact, were at one on the necessity for a complete separation of Church and State. Men of background and vision, they knew that free government is impossible if any group arises within the State powerful enough to challenge its authority. They knew, too, that of all such groups none is more dangerous to liberty than the Church. Protected by its holy mission from salutary criticism, and sustained by the emotional power of the simple faith of good people, the Church becomes the instrument through which the people may become the destroyers of their own liberties.

It is our tragedy that we of to-day seem to have forgotten this most poignant of history's lessons.

The Secretary of the Methodist Board of Public Morals will present "the other side" in the November Forum

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MACHINE-MADE FREEDOM

An Authorized Interview with
THOMAS A. EDISON

Edward Marshall

"AWAY with the machines. Down with the tyranny of mechanical inventions which destroy the soul of the worker and have brought upon us the curse of modern civilization." Such is the cry of reformers and artists in many countries to-day. They are wrong, tragically wrong, replies the Master Mind of the Machine Age, the prince of inventors. Only by perfecting the machine can mankind escape from slavery. Not till we substitute motors for muscles will intellectual progress be possible.

IT has been charged abroad and occasionally at home that we of the United States have become a machine-ridden people, that we are developing upon lines too completely mechanical. The very reverse is the truth. We are not mechanical enough. The machine has been the human being's most effective means of escape from bondage. Too many people, even now, remain bond-slaves to laborious hand-processes. Not through fewer, but through more machines, not through simpler, but through more complex machines, will men find avenues that lead into lives of greater opportunity and happiness. Arthur Williams had charge during the war of moving the machinery upon some New York docks. One day he gave a lecture to a group of stevedores. I happened to be with him, and men recognized me and presently some one of them started a howl for me to make a speech. I don't know how to make a decent speech, but I told them that they would have been better off on a certain occasion if instead of striking for higher wages, as they had done and as is the custom, they had refused to strike but had formulated an entirely new kind of demand on the officials of the Dock Company.

"That demand," I suggested, "might be that you could give them one year in which to install on their docks complete outfits of automatic machinery of proved utility, for the purpose of relieving you from being used as beasts of burden, and that after interest and depreciation, repair-costs and taxes have been deducted, the saving should be divided, in proportion of one-quarter to you and three-quarters to the company." I suggested

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to these men that they would get more by winning such demands than by winning any ordinary demand they might make for increased wages. Such an arrangement, I suggested, would give them far more than they were striking for.

We must substitute motors for muscles in a thousand new ways. A human brain is greatly hampered in its usefulness if it has only two hands of a man to do its bidding. There are machines each of which can do the work of a multitude of hands, when directed by one brain. That is efficiency.

Anything which tends to slow work down is waste. Every effort should be made to speed work up. Increased production means enlarged lives for mankind. Human hands alone can do no more than they did long ago by way of fast production. Only machines, not nerves and muscles, can increase men's output. We have scarcely seen the start of the mechanical age, and after it is under way we shall discover that it is also such a mental age as never has been known before. One of the reasons it will be notably mental will be that it will be notably mechanical. It requires a surprising amount of complexity to displace the mechanical effort of the man. The difference between the automatic and the semi-automatic machine is very great. Its significance in industry is immense. But once the fully automatic has been achieved, the output and quality of the product will be greatly increased. All fully automatics, on account of their very complexity, require attendants of mental capacity greatly increased over that of men who are merely parts of semi-automatics.

There could be no greater waste than keeping good brains at work directing the hands of the bodies they control in the hand-execution of mechanical tasks because of the mere failure to invent and develop machines to execute those tasks better and faster than hand work can execute them under good brain direction. Man will progress in intellectual things according to his release from the mere motor-tasks.

The difference between the human being taken out of slavery by the machinery he uses, and the human being who has never known the benefits of that emancipation proclamation which science and invention are writing for the race may be seen plainly by any man who knows human beings here and in China. If he compares the dull intelligence, the empty lives of the human

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beings whom he finds in China with the alert mentalities and the full lives which characterize men and women in America, he will see at once how much machines are capable of accomplishing for the development of man. In the United States we have no coolies, nor do we need them. The coolie is the human being employed ceaselessly to do work which machines could do far better. We want no coolies here. We shall have none. Our machines have saved, and will save us, from that tragic possibility.

The history of slavery is full of illustrations of the value of machinery. Slavery, the use of men as beasts of burden and as motors, was mental bondage for the men who thought they benefited by it, as well as physical bondage for the men they held in thrall. While slave labor was available, the brains of men in general were not stimulated to the creation of machinery. This was more disastrous in its general effects than was realized by the majority, even of those opposed to slavery. It meant that human beings all along the line, not only the enslaved but the enslavers, could not be released by machinery for efforts better and more elevating than those to which they had been habituated in the past. Progress of mind became impossible.

That is the reason why I call machinery the greatest of emancipators. I will go farther and say that human slavery will not have been fully abolished until every task now accomplished by human hands is turned out by some machine, if it can be done as well or better by a machine. Why chain a man, thus wasting him, to laborious work which a machine could do? All men cannot walk out of the shadow into the light until all men understand the foolishness of such procedure.

The shoe factory of to-day requires better employees than were required by the old processes of laborious, slow, hand work. Some of the old time cobblers were fine fellows who could think, but they would have thought far more and better if their ignorance of machinery had not shackled them to the awl and hand-hammer-driven peg, to the bristle-tipped waxed-end. These things did nothing then which now are not far better done by our machines. I have said that men's brains are bettered by machinery, if it is of the right sort. That with which we now make boots and shoes develops brains far more fully than work with the old tools did or could. This is proved by the fact that when, by

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working at machines, men's brains are improved sufficiently, the men who have shown ability to run the first machines are promoted to the operation of those which are now more complicated and run still faster, requiring their operators, increased alertness and mentality.

There is no common-sense in the cry that machine work is monotonous. On the other hand it creates a good product, uniform and universally dependable, which is something hand-work never could do. Machine work robs the product of the ill-effects of man's changing physical and mental conditions. The hand worker's product is uneven. Far too much of it is too bad to enable it to compete successfully with the output of the machine.

Americans use more machinery than anybody else. I am told that American workers each can run six looms of a certain kind, Germans five, Frenchmen five, Englishmen (whose workers never have ceased agitating against machinery) five, — and Chinese one, the quality being the same when the cloth is inspected. If the Chinese should begin suddenly to use machinery extensively, it would be only a matter of time when they could run more machines than they can now. Their indicator numeral would go up in the scale. But at the start, one Chinese could run but one machine. The workers of the so-called "machinized" nations can operate the larger numbers I have stated because working with machines has much increased their mental development.

If we continue to increase machine production and the number of machines engaged at it, the next generation will be far beyond where we are now in its intelligence as well as in the possession of facilities for getting the good things out of life.

One of the most foolish things men say, and one which they often repeat, is that too much substitution of machine-work for hand-work will bring over-production. The idea is complete nonsense. There cannot be over-production of anything which men and women want, and their wants are unlimited except in so far as they are limited by the size of their stomachs. The stomach is the only part of man which can be fully satisfied. The yearning of man's brain for new knowledge and experience and for pleasanter and more comfortable surroundings never can be completely met. It is an appetite which cannot be appeased. Talk of over-production is a bugaboo.

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A general benefit ensues inevitably from the increasing use of machinery. Not only do the workers benefit through the development enforced on them by the machines, but, in exact proportion as the machines enable the manufacturers to turn out more and better work, the sale of their manufactures is permitted at a decreased price. If the manufacturer can sell at a decreased price then, automatically, it becomes possible for the man of average income to have more things than theretofore. That man of average income has gained tremendously through the creation of machines. There is no doubt in my mind that in quantity production, so called, lies the greatest hope which now exists to cheer the human race. Quantity production cannot possibly occur without machinery. Therefore no man should rail against machine-power. It is application of good fertilizer to industry.

We use every known device of science, and continually seek for new ones, in our efforts to enlarge the production of our grain fields, our fruit orchards, and our vegetable gardens. What is that but striving to stimulate our plants and trees to quantity production? Are not the productive powers of men as worthy of good fertilizer? Machinery is the influence which enables men to do what stimulated plant life does to increase this year's output as compared with last year's to make certain for next year of more than this year's yields. It is as worthy an ambition to make two pairs of shoes where one was made before, that is, with the same human effort, as it is to devise agricultural means of making two blades of grass grow this year where only one grew last.

When objection to machinery has occurred among the workers it has been as foolish as is the refusal of men to accept any other opportunity for progress. Time was when printers all over New York City, and, indeed, the nation, struck or threatened to strike against typesetting machines, fearing that if they should come into general use fewer printers would be hired and at lower wages. The machine won, of course. And there are far more printers working now than were working then, and wages are higher. The economic status of the printer has much improved. So has his intelligence. So has his self-respect. He does not have to do things with his brains and muscles which a machine without brains can do better and faster. The printers of to-day would strike if you should try to take machines away from them.

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The history of the typesetting machine is like that of every other machine which has been introduced to perform work previously done by hand; laboriously, slowly, expensively, and less perfectly. The sewing-machine, for instance, has increased by fifty-fold the employment in the fields which it affects.

Wherever something has compelled us to put in machinery to do work theretofore done by men's hands and muscles while brains have remained comparatively idle, all of us, and especially the men directly involved, have gained. If labor everywhere would strike against the use of men as animals instead of protesting against their use as human beings, it would show superior wisdom. Such a strike would have an unprecedentedly good effect on human life, for in very many of our most important activities the possibilities of machine development as an accessory to human intelligence and productiveness are, even yet, not fully understood. Such a strike would bring these possibilities to the public notice. Revelations which would startle the average human being would result from the general discussion of the whole subject which inevitably would ensue.

In the largest of our cities, New York, where we wrongfully assume that progress has reached its very highest point, we find many examples of this. For instance, food, which has been gathered and prepared very largely by machinery in the West, is transported from, say, Kansas City to New York by those pretty good, although far from perfect, machines, the modern railroads. After it reaches New York City efficiency comes to an end. Not even pretty good machinery takes hold of it. Hand labor grips it, — and the costs start going up. It is much to the shame of New York City and of the people in it that all of their supplies are inefficiently distributed. Very little machinery is used in this important stage of the journey of supplies from producer to consumer. The standards of long distance transportation are higher than the standards of local transportation, from a human point of view. And what is true in New York is true elsewhere.

Although we boast much of our efficiency we are not, really, very efficient. We, the people of the United States, by the grace of God free and independent, do not always seem to be, by the same grace, free and intelligent. I suppose, however, that we are doing as well as anybody.

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CAN EDUCATION INCREASE INTELLIGENCE?

NO:

SAYS Professor William McDougall of Harvard University: for the uneducated are often more intelligent than the educated. The educator can train character and supply knowledge for the battle of life. There is, however, something inborn which we cannot change and which determines intelligence so that "intelligence is not increased by education".

YES:

SAYS I. A. Richards of Magdalene College, Cambridge: for education is only a name for various influences which may favor or thwart a man's power of dealing with new situations. Just this power is "intelligence". Intelligence is not some mysterious faculty shown in behavior, but the appropriate behavior itself. If we do not bear this in mind we shall be misled by words; we shall be discussing unreal issues which will dishearten the teacher.

I—MENTAL CAPACITY FIXED AT BIRTH

WILLIAM McDOUGALL

THE question seems foolish. Our natural impulse is to answer, — Of course it can and does. Is it not just for the sake of increasing intelligence that, at enormous expense, all the children of the country are sent to school for all the years of childhood? Is it not in order to increase our intelligence that we attend college and university? It is incredible that every civilized country should have instituted a vast system of compulsory education, unless education brings some unmistakable advantage, some improvement of the individual child. And what is that advantage or improvement if not an increase of intelligence, a degree of intelligence that the child would not otherwise attain? But if we analyze the problem a little, it soon appears that a sure answer cannot so easily be found.

Attendance at a good school disciplines the character, imparts respect for persons, institutions, and ideals, and teaches the art of

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getting on with our fellows. Further, it is the best way yet devised for securing to children *en masse* a vast amount of knowledge and skill, including those three most useful arts, reading, writing, and arithmetic, without command of which no man is fit to take his place as a citizen of a modern State. And the art of reading, thus acquired, is the indispensable means to the acquisition of an indefinitely great mass of other knowledge, historical, scientific, and literary. Education, then, brings immense benefits; and a public system of free schooling is indispensable in the modern State. But, recognizing all this, we may still be in doubt as to the answer to our problem, — Can education increase intelligence?

We all know men who have worked diligently through school and college, and who yet seem to us stupid, learned perhaps, but nevertheless essentially unintelligent. And we all know men who have had little or no schooling and yet seem to us highly intelligent, shrewd, of sound judgment, or quick to seize a point, who are, perhaps, witty in their conversation, — men of good all-round capacity whom we should not hesitate to rank higher in the scale of intelligence than some learned fools. Is it then that such men have found in the battle of life an educative process more effective than ordinary schooling for the development of intelligence? It may be so. But let us dwell for a moment on contrasting cases of another type. Two boys, brothers perhaps, enter school at the same early age; both have the advantage of good home-conditions, both are docile and ambitious, both work steadily. At first there seems to be little difference between them; the one, A, seems merely a little quicker than his schoolmate, B, in mastering his school tasks. But as the years pass, the slight difference becomes more and more marked. A passes through the grades more quickly, easily enters college, and goes on to finish his schooling with a brilliant university degree. B, perhaps, has worked throughout much harder than A, has given every week many more hours to strenuous study; and yet, when A is graduating from college with distinction, B is still struggling with the entrance examinations, or striving with faint hope to keep his place in the freshman class. Such instances are common enough. Surely, in spite of all that schooling can do for B, there is lacking in him something that A possesses. That something, elusive, intangible, difficult to define as it is, is what we call high intelligence.

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Consider another similar line of evidence. There is probably no other place in the world where the art of estimation of intellectual capacity is carried to so fine a point as it is at Oxford. There the tutorial system, working hand in hand with the schools and the scholarship system, brings to the university each year many of the ablest boys from all parts of the British Commonwealth. And the tutors, through long experience and intimate contact with many pupils, become very expert in estimating the capacities of each pupil. Long before the student presents himself for his final examination, his tutor is able, in most cases, to predict his place in the "final schools". Given reasonable diligence and average luck as regards health and circumstances, this man, the tutors say, will easily attain a "first"; that other, equally well prepared at school and perhaps more industrious, will barely attain a "second". A third, in spite perhaps of keen ambition and industry, is advised that he cannot hope for an "honor degree" and must content himself with taking a pass. It seems hard, even cruel. But the cruelty is Nature's doing. The art and science of education have done all they can; they have given to each of the three boys a great mass of knowledge and facilities, and have cultivated the intellectual powers of each one of them to the maximal point. Yet, far from obscuring and swamping the slight differences between them observable in childhood, education seems to have accentuated those differences; until, at the end of the schooling process, those differences are extremely great and significant. It would seem that in the educational process the old saying "To him that hath shall be given" is strikingly true. Education, in fact, seems to be essentially a differentiating, rather than a leveling, process. But how can this be so, if a man's degree of intelligence be due to his education or be in large measure the product of the educational process?

The ardent educationist, confronted with considerations of the kind set out above, is apt to say "Ah, yes! But the pre-school years are all-important. If only we could have the children in school from the moment of birth, then we would show the world what education can do." In this way the blame for the relative failures of the educational process is thrown back upon the home and the unfortunate parents. And our behaviorist friends are, no doubt, looking forward to the age of ectopic gestation, so amusingly fore-

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told by my young friend, Mr. J. B. S. Haldane, and are depicting themselves at work in the pre-natal school among its scrupulously aseptic glass-jars conditioning the reflexes of the innocent occupants in order to assure to the coming generation an unlimited supply of great statesmen, philosophers, artists, and mathematicians.

Dr. J. B. Watson has recently written: "There is no such thing as an inheritance of capacity, talent, temperament, mental constitution, and characteristics,—we have no real evidence of the inheritance of traits. Give me a dozen healthy infants, well formed, and my own specified world to bring them up in and I'll guarantee to take any one at random and train him to become any type of specialist I might select,—a doctor, lawyer, artist, merchant, chief, and yes, even into beggarman and thief, regardless of his talents, penchants, tendencies, abilities, vocation, and race of his ancestors." It seems churlish to be skeptical of promises so generous. Yet it is difficult for an old fogy to march with the times and to believe all that the youngsters tell him. Perhaps Dr. Watson's tongue was laterally inclined as he wrote the foregoing passage, I do not know. But I do know the high degree of his intelligence; therefore I cannot rid myself of the suspicion.

The truth about the pre-school years seems to be that, while they are of the greatest importance in the development of character, they are of only very slight importance in the development of intelligence: that is to say that so long as a normal infant is given opportunity to play freely in a natural environment of things and persons, the development of his intelligence will proceed normally and cannot be appreciably fostered by any artificial means.

But what of the intelligence tests? We have an army of intelligence testers at work. Cannot they return a convincing answer to our question? Theoretically, perhaps, they can. But practically they cannot. An experiment would have to be made on the following lines. Take two hundred children of five years of age. Divide them into two groups of one hundred each; such that the average intelligence or I. Q. of the two groups should be as nearly as possible equal. Subject the one group to all the most carefully devised and applied educational processes. Let the other group grow up according to nature, without schooling of any kind. At the end of ten or fifteen years test both groups again. If then the one vastly

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exceeds the other in its average I. Q., the positive answer to our question would be strongly indicated. If there is still no appreciable difference between the groups in this respect, the negative answer would be clearly suggested. But the experiment cannot be made. Whether or no education increases intelligence, it does provide the child with discipline, with knowledge, and with an array of most useful tools, such as the arts of reading and writing. And every child must be given his chance.

Since any such experiment is impossible on moral grounds, our problem seems destined to remain in the sphere of opinion rather than of knowledge. And in the sphere of opinion our emotions hold sway. We do not like to believe that any races or any individuals are so handicapped by Nature that they cannot hope to attain any particular goal even with all the aid that education can give. And so, with Professor Boas, we incline to say — No one can prove to me racial differences of mental endowment, and I don't like them; therefore they do not exist: and, with Dr. Watson: No one can prove to me individual differences of mental endowment between two new-born infants; such differences do not comport with my scheme of things, my "specified world"; therefore they do not exist.

There would be better hope of some consensus of opinion in this matter, if we could define intelligence in some way generally acceptable. But the experts have not succeeded in this preliminary task. The present state of affairs is well indicated by the definition offered by Professor E. G. Boring, an expert on the subject: "Intelligence is what the intelligence tests test." And even that modest claim is disputed in some quarters. It is pretty well agreed that intelligence implies plasticity and adaptability, the power of dealing effectively with novel situations. But beyond that there is little or no agreement. Some authorities hold that there is some one inborn constituent or quality of our nature which is the main factor in determining the degree of intelligence of each one of us. And some of these, indulging in physiological speculation, suggest that this unknown but all important factor, this X, is a certain plasticity of the brain tissue. Others suggest it is essentially that subtle power of concentrating the energies of the brain along one channel which we seem to exercise in all attentive effort.

Others again think that the story is more complex and that

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there are at least two fundamental inborn factors which condition the degree of each man's intelligence. In addition to plasticity or power of concentration, they suggest as a second equally important factor, especially for the attainment of the higher levels or forms of intelligence, the power of detecting similarities of relations, and perhaps the power of imaginatively applying to other materials relational forms thus discerned.

Such speculations are of great theoretical interest; and some day perhaps we shall be able to define intelligence more confidently and more exactly. In the meantime we have only opinions, founded in the main on common observation of human life. And in my opinion the best opinion is that according to which intelligence, in the strict and narrow sense of the word, is not increased appreciably by education. If we use the word "intelligence" in a large and loose sense to cover all that contributes to render a man well fitted for the battle of life, all knowledge and all skill, then of course education does increase intelligence. But "intelligence" so used is a word that obstructs, rather than aids, clear thinking. Intelligence is that factor which is displayed most clearly in the acquisition of knowledge and skill, and should not be identified with these products of its operation. There does seem to be some factor, or more probably several factors, of our inborn constitution, which in each man may play a principal rôle in determining the degree of ease with which he acquires knowledge and skill, and also the effectiveness with which he makes use of the knowledge and skill already acquired. And though it may be true that all our functions, including our intelligence, require exercise for full development, there seems little reason to suppose that formal education of any kind can promote the development of this particular function more effectively than does the ordinary course of daily life in home and field and forest, in factory, and workshop.

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II — BUT WE CAN BE TAUGHT TO THINK

I. A. Richards

THAT disreputable but certainly intelligent person Casanova records or imagines (no matter which), a single incident that seemed to him to settle once for all whether he should grow up an able man or a conventionalist. He was being taken, as an infant, on a voyage in a canal boat. Looking out of the window he cried: "Mother, the trees are moving!" "You little silly," she said. "It's the boat we are in which is moving." A moment later he replied: "But then why isn't it the earth which moves, not the sun?" She was about to smack him for answering back, when a learned Abbé from the other end of the boat leapt up, embraced him, fed him with candies, and congratulated Madame Casanova upon being the mother of a genius. "This," says Casanova, "determined the whole course of my intellectual life. I learned to trust myself as a thinker."

We may disbelieve every word of this, — and I am forced to quote from memory since this author's works do not seem to be allowed into the United States, — yet we may consider that it carries a moral. For the answer to our question is so simple and so like common sense that we blush as soon as we think of it, — and then promptly forget it, as Dr. McDougall seems to have done. Very nearly all the important questions of psychology have, at present, to be answered in the same way, — "Sometimes, — sometimes not." Sometimes education does increase intelligence (in the only sense in which it is profitable to use the word), sometimes it does not, sometimes it may even decrease it. This is not nearly so dull or so diasppointing an answer as it looks; all our knowledge has come about through just such answers, for they bring us down out of the clouds of verbal and abstract speculation which we so much enjoy. They deflate us, which is, perhaps, why we dislike them.

After all "Education" like "Aspirin", "Chippendale", or "Literature", is only a label which guarantees nothing about the precise nature of the thing which is sold or handled under it, and it is only in view of this precise nature that we can usefully discuss the matter. There are myriads of educational processes; no

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two teachers have exactly the same influence upon their pupils; no two families grow up in the same educational circumstances. Two children, in the same family even, will be quite differently placed as regards the most important factors which may favor or discourage their mental activity; and these factors, it is probable, are extraordinarily varied and numerous. It is difficult to observe the relevant factors at work, and their multiplicity makes theories of intelligence which postulate one or two or three unalterable inborn qualities plausible. Compare the parallel case of the effect of the arts. The factors through which a picture affects us are many and various. They baffle our present powers of analysis. But we talk, and until recently have thought, as if the effect were due to a single factor, Beauty or Magic, in the picture. And it has been the very multiplicity of the factors at work which has fostered this illusion.

"Intelligence" even in the stricter sense in which Dr. McDougall uses it, is a word which wrecks the whole discussion. One man acquires skill and knowledge more easily than another. He handles new situations better than the other, and we can say he has more "intelligence" if we wish to point out this observable fact. This is the only use we should make of the word if we are not to be the victims of verbal abstractions. But if we shift the word from this use, as almost all psychologists do, and make it the name of a supposed factor, or small group of factors, which *explains* this superior capacity, or *is displayed* by it, we are assuming a quite hypothetical extra entity, something which may not and probably does not exist at all, something which we cannot observe. We go on to discuss this supposed something regardless of the fact that its origin is in a linguistic convenience. It is easier to say "A has intelligence" than to say "A can be observed to handle new situations appropriately", and unless we are very careful (or have had a great deal of experience with similar snares in philosophy and in the early stages of the sciences) we think we are saying something more, something which not only records what we have noticed but accounts for it or can be inferred from it. That this is what has happened in the discussion of "intelligence" is made probable by the thousands of similar cases where this verbal trap (the "hypostatic subterfuge") has caught even the clearest thinkers. The old-fashioned errors of the "faculty psychology"

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may be usefully recalled here. Talk about the faculty of reason only hinders a discussion of how we think.

Let us get as close as we can to the observable facts. Dr. McDougall has summarized them admirably, if perhaps at too great a distance from their "minute particulars" (to borrow a phrase from Blake), and in too general terms. Our quarrel is only with the conclusions which he draws from them. Granted that the child who gets a good start usually goes on increasing his lead, does this show that education has little to do with the matter? Does not the very fact that education is "a differentiating, rather than a leveling, process" indicate, if we look more closely, the opposite conclusion?

For suppose that there is really no such thing as a separate factor, or group of factors, to be called "intelligence". Suppose that the child's capacity to handle new situations is the outcome of a very large group of influences, some favoring, some thwarting, and that a great number of both kinds of influences are comprised under the heading of "educative processes". What then does a good start mean? It means that early in the child's life a large proportion of favoring influences were present and not too many thwarting ones. Now if there is any generalization which a psychologist dare venture it is this: — such a happy initial state of affairs will make the child more susceptible to similar influences in the future. He will continue to select favorable influences and will, for example, seek for intelligent friends instead of preferring somebody as stupid as himself: he has learned how to learn; he has become biased towards the relatively rich situations. But the unlucky child will go on selecting unfavorable influences; he will attach himself to safe or imposed routines and his delight in mental play will be dulled. If educational influences are really paramount in development we ought to expect the start, the initial tuning of the mind, to be half the battle.

Dr. McDougall admits the great importance of pre-school years in the development of character while denying it for the development of intelligence. But this distinction between character and intelligence, though popular and useful for some purposes, is a very doubtful affair. Neither Plato nor Aristotle would have thought much of it. Is it not likely that some of the main factors governing intelligent behavior are to be found in character?

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There are such things, for example, as intellectual diffidence and intellectual audacity. Often what we call stupidity is merely panic at the sight of the new. More often still it is a legacy left by early bewilderment and indecision. The impulse of curiosity, the impulse to "try for oneself" rather than to wait to be shown, the impulse to lead in mental experiment rather than to follow passively, all the varying degrees of self-reliance with which we meet the unfamiliar, all these belong to the sphere of character. And who will deny that they are of immense consequence in determining whether our conduct shall be intelligent or not?

It is surprising to find Dr. McDougall neglecting this point, he who has so gallantly championed the view that our interests, or as he prefers to say our instincts, are the governing factors in behavior. "That subtle power of concentrating the energies of the brain along one channel which we seem to exercise in attentive effort" is something which an "instinct psychologist" should have no difficulty in explaining. Why have some people a more nimble, a more controlled and a more sustained power of attention than others? It is plausible to suggest that their interests are better organized and get in one another's way less. Our attention wanders, we fail to keep to the point, because some irrelevant interest has intervened. The intelligent man is the man whose interests are centred on the relevant aspects of the matter in hand. But besides being able to keep to the point he is also able to find it. If we can say in outline how he does this we shall be able to see much more clearly how education may assist the development of intelligence. And the answer is not hard to give. Faced with a problem, which is *toto coelo* new, which has no resemblance at all to any of our past experience we should all be equally baffled. The greatest genius there has ever been would fail as certainly as the most benighted idiot. Finding the point, in short, is a matter of bringing the results of past experience to bear upon the new situation through some similarity between them. Some people find this more difficult to do than others because the kinds of features which can recur have never been disentangled from those which do not recur. In other words they have no power of generalizing. Now this trick of generalizing, which a good mechanic shows as clearly as any mathematician, is something that can be taught, although it is to be feared that much which is called edu-

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cation makes no attempt to teach it. An educator who can make his pupils see that all their work is an exercise in *thinking*, who can keep alive their interest in how they think rather than in the odd peculiarities of what they are thinking about, can really increase their intelligence — their power of handling new problems. For example, a critical attitude to language as an instrument of thought can be acquired and can add immensely to intelligence.

Doubtless, as Dr. McDougall urges, there are innate differences between brains, whether merely in plasticity or in other character as well, differences sometimes too great to be overcome; but to deny that of two equally endowed children one cannot be made far more intelligent than the other by better training in how to think is a paradox discrediting the psychological theories which support it.

But we must begin early if we are to teach the child how to think and how not to be afraid of thinking. "I began to think when I was fifteen," said a pupil of Freud, "and since then my life has been a torment to me." A very great number of children become permanently discouraged (often in connection with their thoughts about sex) in very early years. Dr. McDougall speaks of the normal infant playing freely "in a natural environment of things and persons". What in the world is this and where is it to be found? Hidden behind this attractive fiction are the most vital differences in formative influences. There can be little doubt that of all educational processes the most potent is intercourse with superior intelligence. But this influence can work both ways: it can numb as easily as it can stimulate. And, as the Casanova incident perhaps suggests, a single transient contact can make a disproportionate difference to the child's attitude as a thinker.

The great difficulty is that in detail we can say little as to which influences favor and which thwart; they vary so from stage to stage in our development. The right influence must come at the right moment. If it comes too late or too soon more harm may be done than good. This makes experimentation unhelpful at present. The general moral is, perhaps, that the child (and the adult) should be surrounded with a fairly wide range of influences provided they are not too bewildering in their incidence. He will have a better chance of picking out the set which he needs at the moment when he needs it.

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There are three further points. In the first place, our emotions, as Dr. McDougall rightly remarks, do hold sway in the sphere of opinion. But do not most of us very strongly wish to believe that the race or class to which we belong is innately gifted with superior intelligence? Is not this illegitimate emotive trend at least as much to be suspected on Dr. McDougall's side of the controversy as on mine? Secondly, even though the matter could not be at present decided, ought we not pragmatically to prefer the hopeful view? Knowing as we do that our educational methods are wretchedly defective (and few people who have undergone them will deny this) ought we not to be especially critical of any argument which may in some minds tend to make their improvement seem a minor matter? And finally would not some of the work which has been lavished upon the investigation of this mythical "intelligence" have been better spent on linguistic study of the kind which would prevent so much attention being squandered in the future? For this is not an isolated example. The abilities of our psychologists are being wasted in a similar fashion through linguistic *naïveté* in every branch of the subject. Controversies of this sort would not arise if our Universities devoted more attention to the right kind of linguistic study.

To sum up: if we get rid of the notion that "education" means a single influence like a trade wind blowing in a single direction, and if we are on our guard against "intelligence" as the name for an abstract "faculty", we shall see abundant reason to think that the difference between able and stupid persons is to be explained by the early accident of their lives rather than by an inborn unchangeable endowment.

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THE RAVEN CLIFF

SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Drawings by Herman Palmer

AS usual it was all the Collector's fault. Whenever I highly resolve to stop climbing and clambering and settle down to golf as befits a man of my age and weight, he comes along and persuades me to take just one more trip.

This time it was to visit the nest of a pair of duck hawks, those rare raptores who delight in setting up housekeeping on the side of the steepest cliffs which they can conveniently find.

The day before we were to start, on the fifteenth of April, a delayed snow-storm covered the country six inches deep. Likewise I had a cold and a temperature. Neither of these occurrences had any weight with the Collector. He produced alleged inside information from the weather bureau that the storm had not extended to the northern part of the state where we were to go. Then by false and flattering words, he convinced me that a day in the open would cure my cold. It did, it certainly did. Long before I got back I had forgotten that I ever had such a minor ailment as a cold.

Filled with forebodings and aspirin, I finally found myself on

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a sleeper with the Collector and the Architect, another bird enthusiast, headed for a little station twelve hours to the north.

On the train the Collector's clanking set of climbing irons and the coil of rope which he carried aroused much interest on the part of the crew.

"I don't know who you gemmen are after but I sure hopes as you gets him," was the farewell of the porter, as in the gray dawn we stepped out into a foot of snow. The Collector only remarked that weather bureaus were notoriously unreliable, and hurried us towards the hills, — a misty-violet through the whirling flakes.

There was no sign of life as we passed through the little mountain village all dumb with snow. Through the fretted tracery of the trees we could see a gray-green stream whirling by, whose pallid water seemed in keeping with the bleak hillsides which stretched away tier upon tier up to Warrior's Mountain towering above them in the mist.

At the edge of the village we stopped for breakfast under an open shed by the side of the road. As we ate, a little flock of birds breakfasted with us, scratching among the chaff and litter in front of the shed. Among them were song-sparrows with black spots on their breasts, slate-colored juncos, tree-sparrows with their zig-zag wing bars and reddish crowns, and one chipping sparrow with his tawny top-knot, looking very lonely among his hardier brethren.

Overhead a pair of siskins with striped breasts and forked tails pecked head-downwards at the elm buds and beyond a golden-crowned kinglet gave his high, lisping notes from the top of a tree up which a brown creeper was spiralling his way.

Farther on we caught a glimpse of the white head and recurved wings of an osprey sailing through the falling flakes high above the river and once heard the rattling call of another brave fisherman, as a belted kingfisher flew heavily along the rushing stream.

Then, as we followed the river, came suddenly through the wintry woods a snatch of rollicking song.

"See-ee me, see me-ee, you, *you*," carolled a little, solitary vireo as if there were no such thing as snow. As if he had given the signal, there came from far across the river the wild, ringing, "whee-udle, whee-udle," of a Carolina wren, while a flicker shouted, "Quick, quick, quick," to Spring.

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At last we reached the cliff where two years before a pair of duck hawks had nested. To-day the drifted snow had hidden the path which wound its way through the underbrush and up the slope. We found, however, an old watercourse, which although filled with rocks and fallen trees, was easier going than to break our way through the brush.

It was a hard climb. Every few steps we would break through the ice and snow and sink to our knees in freezing water while part of the way we had to pull ourselves up hand over hand by dangling branches. At last, however, we reached the top where a lone hemlock overhung the edge of the precipice and far below, the gray-green river foamed between its snow-covered banks. Beyond, as far as we could see, range after range of snow-covered hills stretched away towards the gray horizon.

The drooping boughs gave me a good hand-hold and I scrambled down the side of the cliff without much trouble until I reached the shelf beneath an arching rock where the nest of the fierce falcons had been located a few years before. To-day there were no signs of them save a few old flicker feathers and a small bone.

As I turned to climb back, from the face of the cliff came a curious squeaking, hissing noise, like the escape of gas from a leaking valve and looking closely I saw a small brown head thrust out through the snow. There, close to my hand, frozen to the rock as he hibernated, head-downward, was a little brown bat. I carefully pulled him loose from the cliff, while he squeaked and fizzed and ungratefully tried to bite my finger with a mouthful of tiny teeth and his eyes, set deep in a hobgoblin face, gleamed like pin-points of black glass. Frozen there ever since the snow-fall, that little atom of intense vitality had refused to yield to cold or starvation but cried out thinly to the unhearing hills of his desire to live. I was glad that I had arrived in time to save him, and buttoned him carefully up in one of my pockets and that evening hung him up by his long, re-curved thumb-nails in a quiet corner of a building where I hoped that he would finish out his interrupted nap and some evening, weeks later, join his clan flitting through the spring twilight.

Close to where the bat had been I found the green leaves of a wild gooseberry, while beneath the snow showed a single spray of

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squirrel-corn (*dicentra canadensis*), with greenish heart-shaped flowers, short, rounded spurs, and serrated leaves. The blossoms had a faint, far fragrance of hyacinth and it seemed strange to find them in their crevice struggling up from under the whiteness. Of course, like all flowers found beneath the snow, they had bloomed before the storm came.

As we plunged wearily down the hillside through the thickets of moose-wood saplings with their dark-green, striped bark, the whole trip seemed a failure. When at last we reached the road we decided to build a fire and get dry and have lunch before making any plans for the rest of the day.

Near the river was a grove of small hemlocks, dense enough to break the wind. There we cleared a large log of snow and cushioned it with soft evergreen boughs for a seat. In front of that, in spite of the snow, we soon had a roaring fire going which dried our clothes and warmed us to the heart. As we sat eating our lunch a brave, silent hermit-thrush joined us, hopping around in the snow through the underbrush only a few feet away.

We had about decided to tramp through a stretch of dense woods to the north in the hope that we might find there the nest of a red-shouldered hawk, or of that death-in-the-dark, a great horned owl, when the Architect called our attention to what seemed to be a pair of crows flying around in a peculiar manner along the face of another cliff beyond the one which we had just visited. When we focused our field-glasses on them they looked twice as large as any crows that we had ever seen and they seemed to glide rather than flap as they flew. As they were silhouetted against the snow-covered cliff we could see that the feathers of their necks were long and pointed and their tails like those of some enormous grackle.

"The Northern Raven!" exclaimed the Collector rev-

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erently, as befitted one who looked at last on the second rarest resident-bird in Pennsylvania. Time was when that wise, inscrutable bird, the Northern raven, was common all through Eastern America. De Witt Clinton recorded in 1810 that ravens were abundant all around Seneca Lake, while crows were never found there. Coues, one of our earlier ornithologists, wrote in the seventies that, "the sable plume and the bleaching skeleton, the ominous croak and the Indian war-whoop are not yet things of the past." Now, half a century later, a raven and a war-whoop are equally rare. Neither of my friends had ever seen one of the birds before.

The best was yet to come. The Collector, after carefully studying the cliff through the largest pair of field-glasses in captivity, suddenly announced that he had discovered the ravens' nest itself in a niche on the face of the rock.

A moment later and we were hurrying towards this second cliff, and I gathered from the Collector's grunted remarks as we ploughed through the snow, that to him the eggs of a Northern raven were about as rare as those of a roc. Some years before it had been my privilege to clamber to a raven's nest but I had never seen the bird since.

As usual, I was unanimously elected to do the climbing. The Collector has no head for heights and the Architect claimed that he had a lame back. I tried to plead my cold as a defense, but was advised that a little more brisk exercise would undoubtedly complete the cure already begun.

It was a heartbreaking tug through tangled thickets and across slippery rocks, but at least we reached the foot of the cliff and could see above, a great mass of sticks showing dimly in the depths of a shallow cave in the cliff face. As the female raven circled around the nest giving her hoarse croak, "crruck, crruck, crruck," it was answered from across the river by the liquid, beautiful whistle of a cardinal grosbeak, a strange meeting-place for these birds of the North and the South.

As the raven circled about the cliff, she was joined by her mate and the two wheeled through the gray sky together with their long tails spread out like fans and the bristling feathers of their necks looking almost like black ruffs. They had thick, gull-like beaks and we could well believe that the old falconers were right

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when they claimed that a full-grown raven was a match for any hawk that flew. Probably the presence of the ravens was responsible for the absence of the duck hawks, for the larger raptores will not tolerate any rival near their nests. I once had a calling acquaintance with a barred owl who found out that a red-shouldered hawk was nesting a full half-mile from her tree. Sallying out one night the fierce bird caught the hawk unawares and literally tore her to pieces.

For some time we studied the different approaches to the raven's nest. The wise birds had chosen a shelf in a cave, the slippery floor of which sloped down at an angle of some forty-five degrees to a hundred-foot drop. At first sight there seemed to be a crevice from above, which led directly through the overhanging roof of the cave. This chimney, however, proved to be a cul-de-sac, as I found after an hour of hard climbing.

Then I came back to my starting point and attempted to reach the nest from the right-hand side, using a sturdy white oak tree, which grew from out of the ledges, as a ladder. Standing precariously on the topmost twigs of the swaying tree, I tried to negotiate the distance between myself and the entrance to the cave only to come up against an impasse of overhanging rock which it was impossible to cross.

Remained only the left-hand approach which involved a climb up a series of ladder-like ledges to one which lay just below and to the left of the cave. Every shelf and hand-hold was covered

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with snow and slippery with ice, while frost-cracks added to the difficulty of the climb. Once I tested a ledge fully ten inches thick with one foot only to have it break off and go down with a roar a hundred feet or so, — an occurrence which so aggravated the Collector's symptoms of mountain-sickness that he retreated to the road far below where we could see him, a tiny figure, encouraging our efforts with uplifted arms from time to time. At least he was an appreciative audience.

Finally I reached the last ledge of all which ran to within three feet of the opening of the cave. With my face to the cliff I sidled along this shelf until I came to the final foothold, a bit of jutting rock no wider than my hand. Beyond that only an outward bulge in the cliff perhaps a yard wide, lay between me and the cave. Shifting my feet, I could look around the overhanging rock and catch a glimpse of the nest in the cave not twenty feet away.

It might as well have been a mile away for although I could put my dangling foot around the jutting rock and even rest it firmly on a ledge beyond, yet it was impossible to take the one step necessary to land me in the cave. The instant that I took my left foot from the ledge on which it rested, the outward thrust of the bulging rock around which I must go would inevitably push me over the precipice.

As I clung there I remembered the coil of rope, about the size of a man's little finger, which the Collector always carried on his collecting-trips to lower egg-boxes, chisels, and the other paraphernalia of his nefarious calling.

Sending the Architect down for it, I had him go to the top of the cliff by a long circuit and fasten the rope securely around a sturdy little cedar-tree which grew there and then throw over the loose end. The rope was about a hundred feet long, and hung dangling close to where I stood. Under my directions, the Archi-

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tect clambered down again to a wide ledge some fifty feet below the one on which I stood and held the rope tight for me.

The snow had stopped but there was no sign of sun in the lowering sky and the dimming light showed that the day was nearly over. The Architect from where he stood told me how easy it would be to reach the nest, now that I had the rope, and the Collector far below waved both arms reassuringly. As a matter of fact when I looked down the cliff and saw the jagged rocks far beneath showing like black fangs through the snow, I needed all the encouragement I could get.

Setting my teeth, I swung my right foot cautiously out into space until it reached a firm foot-hold beyond the bulge. Then, gripping the rope desperately with my left hand, I stepped out into space. Once started and there was no returning. For an awful fraction of a second it seemed as though the stubborn thrust of the out-cropping rock would hurl me off into mid-air in spite of the rope. Giving a last desperate tug with my left hand I threw myself forward and the next moment found myself on my hands and knees on the sloping floor of the cave, keeping myself from sliding down over the edge only by the pressure of my bare palms against the wet rock.

So close was I to the edge that I could see between my knees the sheer drop to the rocks below. My scalp prickled and tingled with the horror I had escaped, as with infinite care I edged my way up the ascent to the little inner shelf where the raven's nest showed dimly.

As I crept forward the light that came into the cave was cut off for an instant by the sweep of great black wings as with a hoarse croak the mother raven swooped toward me.

There is no record of a raven having ever attacked a man, but that one came so close that for a time I thought that she was intending to be the exception which proves the rule. So precarious was my hold that I really believe one peck from her massive beak would have toppled me down the cliff. Shaking all over with the strain, I crawled up towards the nest like a tree-toad, pressing the palms of my hands tightly against the wet rock.

At last I reached the shelf on which the nest was built. It had evidently been there for years as none of the sticks of which it was made showed any fresh breaks. It was some two feet across and

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about a foot deep, lined with wool, white deer-hair, tufts of black skunk fur, and long strings of the inner bark of hemlock and beech trees hackled and pounded by the birds' strong beaks into a kind of matted felt.

I was wondering how I could release the pressure of my hands long enough to get out the egg-box which was tucked inside of my flannel shirt, but one look over the edge of the nest showed me that I would not need it. There, cuddled close together for warmth, lay four newly-hatched ravens, bare, blind, and of a pale golden color, each with a beak which seemed as large as its head. I studied them as long as I dared and deciding privately that they were the homeliest set of fledglings that I had ever seen, I started to leave, moving backwards as in the presence of royalty.

Alas, the raven-cave, like that of Polyphemus, was easier to enter than to leave. The rope which had helped me coming in was now out of reach and without it I dared not even stand upright. At last I found a tiny crack in the side of the cave into which I could sink two of my finger-nails and with this as a hand-hold managed at last with infinite care to struggle to my feet. Looking over one shoulder, I could see far below the face of the Architect looking up and called to him to swing the rope to me. Several times he tried to do this without success. At last, using the greatest care not to slip, I succeeded in thrusting my left hand out behind me, palm up. Again and again my friend failed to whirl the rope within reach. Finally, just as I was beginning to stiffen from my cramped position, I felt a loop of its length fall across my hand and gripped it desperately.

Then, holding to the rope, I was able to come close to the edge of the cliff and study the ledge from which I had come. It was at once plain to me that it was impossible to go back that way, as I would have to overcome not only the thrust of the rock but the pull of gravity in stepping up. The only way left was to go down the rope some sixty feet to a broad ledge below, just above where the Architect stood, and I decided with Lady Macbeth, that "'twere best done quickly".

Winding the rope tightly around one arm and leg, in spite of the protests of the Architect, who was afraid that I would fall on him if the rope broke, I stepped out into space. Once, many years before, I had dropped ten stories in a runaway ele-

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vator before the safety clutches worked. The sensation was identical. There was a blur, the rope smoked through my hands, — I still carry the scar, — and I struck the snow-covered ledge sixty feet below with a thump that popped my glasses off into space. Since then I have been assured by gymnasts that there is a perfectly safe way to come down a small rope. Some day I am going to learn it. The Collector, who had been watching me with amazement through his field-glasses, met us as we came out of the woods, and nearly burst into tears when he heard of the raven's dishonorable conduct in hatching the eggs which he had counted upon for his collection.

Going back to our log, we started up the fire and brewed vast quantities of tea in a tin cup until it was time to leave. My last view of the raven cliff, as we started for the station, was the sight of the two birds soaring black against the rock in the twilight. As I watched them, the larger of the two swerved into the cave and a moment later I heard her give a soft note quite different from her usual hoarse croak.

"Ga-gl-gl-gli," she crooned, and I know that the mother-raven was brooding again her blind, bare babies, and I wished them well as we moved off down the darkening road.

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FORETELLING THE FUTURE

SIR OLIVER LODGE

CAN the future be foretold? The unexpected is, after all, only what we do not expect; comets and eclipses which we can foretell would be unexpected by savages. Are we then driven to the depressing conclusions of fatalism, that everything has been prearranged and events are merely "going through with it"? An occurrence may be foreseen, argues Sir Oliver Lodge, without being inevitably fated to occur. And in proof of the reality of premonitions the famous physicist gives us examples in which he himself believes.

THE whole question of foretelling the future involves us in difficulties, and at first sight such foretelling seems impossible. Yet it has to be admitted that in some cases predictions are actually made, and are duly confirmed by events; so that the outstanding question is what sort of prediction is possible and what is not. The type of predictions which are at present accepted without surprise are those made by astronomers. The type of predictions which seem incredible or absurd are those made by fortune-tellers. Between these two extremes there must be many grades, and it is not easy to draw a hard and fast line. Some philosophers have thought that "Time" was but a human abstraction, that its objective reality was doubtful, and that everything both present and future was in some sort prearranged. So far as the mechanical or inorganic universe is concerned that might very well be true. The present is the outcome of the past, and the future flows as a consequence from the present.

To most of us it seems that free will is a direct apprehension, that we are aware by experience of possessing the power of choice, the power of determining our own actions; so that in accordance with our own volition, that is by planning and designing and executing, we achieve results which would not otherwise have occurred, and which could not be predicted on mechanical principles.

On the other hand it has been argued that we and other animals always act under the influence of some "motive"; that these motives determine our actions, which are therefore inevitable; that a completely motiveless action is unthinkable; and that accordingly really free will is an illusion. The idea is that we are so controlled by motives, that not only the inorganic world, but the

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organic world also might be subject to prediction; given a comprehensive knowledge of the existence and nature of the motives which operate and coerce our wills.

There seems a certain paradox about this; and the solution appears to lie in the direction of deciding whether ourselves, our personalities, are realities which exist outside and supplementary to the material scheme, and whether they contain within themselves the power of self-determination; in other words, whether our motives are imposed on us from without, or are generated from within. It is no use denying that we are actuated by motives; the question is how those motives originate. The mechanical or material universe, like any other piece of machinery, has no self-generated motives; for it has nothing that can be called a self. The more natural and perhaps the truer idea is that life and mind are something super added to the material universe.

It may be that the course of events of a mental and spiritual kind could be foreknown without being predestinated, and that even voluntary actions could be predicted by a complete knowledge of all the motives; without any coercion being exerted, and without the power of self-determination being interfered with. Foreknowledge and predestination are by no means the same thing. This is only a matter of common sense. We can predict for instance that an eclipse will happen at a certain time on a certain day; but we have no power of bringing it about, or determining whether it shall occur or not: and many other things we foreknow without the least power of predetermination.

The two methods of prediction and foreknowledge which we already possess, subject to unknown contingencies in both cases are the power of inference, and the power of planning. We infer that certain things will happen from what we know of the present; and we plan that certain things shall happen, and have the power of bringing them about.

So a certain amount of foreknowledge is already within our grasp; and it is an open question whether this power is always one of reasoned sequence and conscious activity, or whether certain individuals are occasionally favored with an instinctive and spontaneous apprehension of events which they could not reason out or rationally foresee, but which yet they or their successors will in process of time gradually arrive at and experience. Such

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instinctive and non-understood impressions are what we call premonitions, and they may be thought of tentatively as filtering down from some higher region of knowledge or intelligence into the receptive faculties of people who are not yet in a sufficient state of development to be able to apprehend or perceive them by their own powers.

A listener-in at a wireless receiver on some distant island can become aware of events which are going on elsewhere, which he has no power of interfering with, and could not be expected to have any knowledge of. Such a power of transcending the limitations of space, without any visible means of communication, would only a few years ago have seemed mysterious. Now we are accustomed to it, and know that there is no mystery about it, except in so far as all our experience is mysterious. So it may be with many other things, when our knowledge has sufficiently increased, the facts of experience may be removed from the region of superstition into the region of intelligible law and order; pushing back mystery into the ultimate fastnesses where it truly resides, and not denying any fact of experience on the ground that it is inconceivable or absurd. We do not know what is possible or impossible; we can only ascertain what actually is true, and wait for the time when fuller knowledge shall enable us to understand how and why it occurs.

Meanwhile looking at the matter from an ordinary point of view, it must be admitted that any power of foretelling the future, except by the contingent and uncertain and rather speculative methods of human inference and planning does involve some difficulty, does raise questions about the nature of time, and has tended to mislead people into a fatalistic and passive and rather hopeless attitude. It is difficult to imagine that the future can really be anticipated in any thorough sense; premonitions do seem unlikely. The reason why they seem unlikely is not merely because of the limitation of human faculty: it is difficult to suppose that any being, however highly developed, or even what is called omniscient, can predict events before they happen. Such power suggests that everything is prearranged, fated to occur, that the Universe is as it were a pre-determined thing, the events all foreknown, or even predestined, and that they only have to go through what has been called "the hollow form of taking place".

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This fatalistic attitude is depressing, and seems to me quite unlikely to be true.

Whatever aspects the Universe may have, it does not seem to suffer from dulness; it is lively, interesting: and the element of free will in mankind, and even to some extent in animals, is abundantly demonstrated. We have the power of deciding whether or not we shall do certain things. We have admitted that we are influenced by motives, but those motives are not only external circumstances: they include also an elment of self-determination, self-will. We do not always take the easiest path; else no one would climb the Matterhorn, or explore an unknown country, or take charge of an expedition to the South Pole. People do things of their own volition: and we encounter in our pilgrimage events which seem entirely unexpected; so much so that it has been whimsically said that the unexpected is what happens.

But after all "unexpected" only means unexpected by us. A comet or an eclipse would be unexpected by a savage, yet by civilized man they can be foretold. Hence we have not only the power of determining everyday conduct, we have the power of drawing inferences from everyday facts; and a wide knowledge of the present may give us an opportunity for inference concerning the future. So far as mechanism is concerned its behavior can generally be foreseen; yet there are things even in mechanism which it is difficult to foresee. It cannot be easy to tell that a flaw in a girder will precipitate a catastrophe in a bridge on a certain date. It is proverbially difficult to predict the weather a month ahead. Nevertheless it is not impossible to suppose that a fuller and wider knowledge, other than humanity at present possesses, might foretell things of that kind.

Yet even among quite ordinary events, the free activity of humanity introduces an incalculable element; and that refers us again to the other kind of prediction, — prediction by planning: as when we arrange for a journey or a holiday. But we are often quite able to falsify the prediction if we choose. The point to be attended to is that foreknowledge need not imply pre-destination. An occurrence may be foreseen without its being fated to occur. And human action can be predicted or guessed, without the exercise of any compulsion. If any being had a knowledge, not only of the behavior of the atoms, but also of the character,

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impulses, and motives of human beings, many of their actions could be reasonably though not infallibly foreseen, although no compulsion was exercised upon them, and though they were perfectly free to act in accordance with their own nature and circumstances. The point is so important that some repetition may be needed in order to emphasize it.

Arguments of this kind get over some of the difficulties about predetermination, and make it possible to think that even the actions of human beings can be estimated beforehand, especially when such human beings have a strong and reliable character. It is indeed on this principle that a "character" is given to a servant or an employee. One can say for instance with security that a bank clerk, whom one is recommending to a position, can be trusted not to pilfer the gold which passes through his hands.

Whenever we are fully acquainted with the course of present events, prediction of what is coming seems so obvious as not to be worthy of the name. For instance, it is easy to notice signs of coming rain or frost or storm; anyone seeing an illumination on a wall or hedge, on a dark night, can predict a motor car coming round the corner. Again anyone can say, on seeing a flash of lightning, that it will be followed by a roar of thunder; and if we knew the distance of the lightning-flash we could tell with some exactness when the sound would be heard. In that sort of way, it may be that coming events cast their shadow before.

This last — the reference to thunder — is rather an interesting example, because it is an instance of an event which already has occurred. What lies in the future, in such a case, is not the event but our apprehension of it. The noise was produced at the same time as the flash, but some fraction of a minute elapses before we hear it. So also the motor car was there before it came itself into view. There are certain events which really occurred many years ago, perhaps a thousand years ago, which only come to our knowledge now. For instance a new star bursts out in the sky, some great cosmic catastrophe in the far depths of space: we know nothing of it till the light reaches us; and then we are aware of an event the real occurrence of which we are able to date back, and say that it really occurred in the reign of Charles I, though we only see it as if it occurred now. In that way it is possible to imagine that a kind of cosmic picture might be presented to the

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mind, the actual experience of which still lies in the future, though all the circumstances which bring about that event are existent now.

We must be on our guard against deception and invention and false testimony; anything which we are called upon to count as a prediction ought to have been narrated or recorded in unmistakable manner beforehand, so as to offer no opportunity for doctoring or improving after the event. For instance there were undoubted predictions, recorded beforehand, of the Great War, with some impressive details; but they were not exactly dated, and one might have guessed that a war sooner or later was a likely thing to occur, considering the armed condition of the nations. That is so; but in one remarkable set of predictions (among other indications subsequently understood) the name "Lusitania" twice occurred, which, as we know now, had an important influence on the course of the war.

But these world-shaking events, though they seem worthy objects of prediction, are less impressive, as mere evidence, than many more trivial occurrences: nor was the mention of the word Lusitania made definite and precise by a statement that such a ship would be sunk. Predictions of less vague, though also less important, character can be cited.

Usually a premonition is accompanied by a kind of dramatic symbolism, as of a voice or an appearance, or other hallucination or mental impression apparently coming through the senses. The very form of these apprehensions is probably instructive, and itself worthy of attention. But such considerations lie outside our present scope; which is merely to illustrate, what is after all fairly common knowledge in many families, that monitions and premonitions do really occur, whatever may be suggested as the possible explanation which seems the most likely one in each case.

The following are two or three specimen instances of one class of warning or premonition out of a multitude of carefully made records; beginning with an instance which happened to the philosophic biologist, Dr. Romanes, which he was good enough to communicate in 1889 to F. W. H. Myers for publication, in the interests of a nascent though as yet unsystematized branch of science.

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Towards the end of March, 1878, in the dead of the night, while believing myself to be awake, I thought the door at the head of my bed was opened and a white figure passed along the side of the bed to the foot, where it faced about and showed me it was covered head and all in a shroud. Then with its hands it suddenly parted the shroud over the face, revealing between its two hands the face of my sister, who was ill in another room. I exclaimed her name, whereupon the figure vanished instantly. Next day (and certainly on account of the shock given me by the above experience), I called in Sir W. Jenner, who said my sister had not many days to live. (She died, in fact, very soon afterwards.)

I was in good health, without any grief or anxiety. My sister was being attended by our family doctor, who did not suspect anything serious, therefore I had no anxiety at all on her account, nor had she herself.

I have never, either before or after this, had such an experience.

(Signed) G. J. ROMANES.

The impression made by this incident upon the late Dr. Romanes, F. R. S., was, as he more than once told me, very deep; nor was there, he thought, any such anxiety in his mind at the time with regard to his sister as could have predisposed him to this unique hallucination. There were, I may add (says Mr. Myers), other unpublished circumstances which confirmed him in his view of the matter.

This was a visible hallucination, with veridical significance. Here is an auditory one:

Boston Transcript. August 17th, 1894.

To the Editor of the *Transcript:*

The following incident may interest some of the readers of the *Transcript.* A few weeks ago I had occasion to require the services of a dentist, and when I went to his office at the time appointed I found him in a very excited state of mind, caused, he told me, by a very strange occurrence. The office is a pleasant room facing the Common on Tremont Street, and in one corner, the farthest from the windows, the dentist had a small work-bench, partitioned off from the rest of the room, and there he had his copper vessel which he used when vulcanizing the rubber for the setting of false teeth. He had been working at a set of teeth, and was bending over the bench on which was the copper containing the rubber, when he heard a voice calling in a quick and imperative manner these words: "Run to the window, quick!"

Without thinking from whom the voice could have come, he at once ran to the window and looked out to the street below, when suddenly he heard a tremendous report in his workroom, and looking round he saw the copper vessel had exploded, and had been blown up through the plastering of the room. He went into the workshop and

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found things in a most confused condition, the bench of two inches' thickness was broken downwards by the concussion, and everything in the room showed marks of the violence of the explosion. The neighboring tenants came rushing into the room to ascertain the cause of the loud report, and they were surprised at the dentist's account of the transaction. As he was alone in the room at the time of the accident, he is mystified at the warning that he received so opportunely.

The copper vessel had a safety valve which was supposed to open automatically at a certain degree of pressure, but it appeared on investigation after the explosion that it had become useless by reason of foulness, therefore it did not work. These are the simple facts in the case, as told me by the young man, but I cannot verify them except by stating that the appearance of the room and the workshop substantiated his account. The copper vulcanizer weighed about ten pounds and was imbedded in the ceiling, for there was a pressure of about eighty pounds to the square inch at the time of the explosion. There is little doubt that the dentist was saved from being wounded, or perhaps killed, by the friendly warning; and it is certainly a very interesting incident.

C. HAZEN BROWN.

Then follow confirmations secured by that indefatigable psychic investigator Dr. Richard Hodgson, who was acquainted with Mr. Brown, and who interviewed the dentist concerned and saw remaining marks of the explosion some months later.

A third case may be cited, communicated by Dr. Fraser Harris, recently Professor of Philosophy in Halifax, Nova Scotia:

Mrs. Edwards is a widow lady, and an American, but of English extraction; she describes herself as being not imaginative, not credulous, not eccentric, not hysterical, and is not of a neurotic constitution.

This occurred in the year 1845. Mrs. E. was in good health, and had, at this time, none of the fevers which came on between the ages of 30 and 50.

Mrs. E. had slept well, and was in the act of getting up, when, apparently, the quiet was broken in upon by an announcement being made as though some one had come in at the bedroom door and said, in a loud voice, these words: "To-day, at six o'clock, you will die." There was nothing more, but these words seemed to resound throughout the room.

Mrs. E. resolved to tell no one of the announcement, and also not to brood over it, if possible, at all. To accomplish this she went, in the course of the afternoon, to the house of a married sister of hers, where there would be sure to be something more or less stirring going on.

This had the effect of distracting her attention from the certainly very distressing prophecy, and Mrs. E. had the benefit of her sister's society till six o'clock began to be struck by the clock. As it com-

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menced sounding Mrs. E. said to herself, "There now, it's six o'clock already, and nothing has happened:" but the statement was premature, for before the chime ceased blood was gushing out of both nostrils in a copious stream. The alarm was raised, and the whole household flocked round and applied the usual remedies of cold keys, etc., but quite without success. This profuse and alarming hemorrhage did not cease till bucketfuls of cold water were poured on the head and down the spine. When the doctor arrived he said a very large quantity of blood had been lost, and life only just saved and no more.

As might be well expected, Mrs. E. was very weak for days after this occurrence. Though this was the first in point of time of the more important hallucinations of Mrs. E.'s life, it is, in certain respects, quite the most extraordinary by reason of the striking sequel to and almost complete fulfilment of the prophecy.

D. F. H.

Mrs. Edwards adds:
I certify that this report is correct.

Isabella S. Edwards.

Mrs. Edwards's sister, at whose house the hemorrhage occurred, writes corroborating her sister's account. It is important to note that the premonition, though not mentioned to any one, was in a sense *acted upon* by the percipient, who took steps to keep her mind from dwelling on this untoward suggestion.

The object of this article is not to convince anyone of the truth of occasional inexplicable occurrences, but to open people's minds to the possibility of such events or manifestations, and to get them to record and scrutinize the evidence for genuineness whenever such evidence is encountered. Only by scrupulous vigilance can the facts be ascertained and put on record, freed from the prejudices and ignorances both of irrational skepticism and of credulous superstition.

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THE DAWN OF CIVILIZATION

SIR FLINDERS PETRIE

THOUGH Egypt has been constantly before the public during the past two years, very little has been heard of anything before 8000 B.C. *Meanwhile less spectacular excavations have been in progress which nearly double the antiquity of civilization! Thus the question of the origin of civilization in Egypt as debated in the August* FORUM *must be considered in relation to Sir Flinders Petrie's suggestion that the Badarian civilization of Egypt originated about 15,000* B.C. *in that still more mysterious land the Caucasus.*

EGYPT has always had a great reputation for its antiquity, and now that we take that back much farther than was imagined, we find that it received its culture from elsewhere. If we would understand the last gain in our vision of the past of man, we must first realize from what solid ground we have lately stepped out into the unknown ages. In recent books on Egyptian history, there is sometimes vague reference to a prehistoric age; the scholar devoted to inscriptions has an instinctive dislike of the reading of material remains, and so but little is said about the discoveries of the last thirty years. Down to 1895, the Great Pyramid stood as the boundary of our ideas of antiquity, the greatest product of an entirely unknown past. Within ten years after that, the whole view changed; the first dynasty became more familiarly known than the Saxon kings of England; still earlier, two successive civilizations before the beginning of written record were mapped out, and their growth and decay made plain. Though an absolute dating in years could not be obtained, a relative dating was established, known as "sequence date". We thought we had reached the beginning of fine work, such as ivory statuettes, glazed figures and beads, well-formed pottery, and elaborately wrought flint knives. Following the dating given by the Egyptians, these earlier stages might reach about 8000 B.C. At this point we have remained for the last twenty years.

Suddenly, three years ago, another great stage dawned on our view, which seems, in its implications, to be the most important of all. It offers us the finest known pottery, and other arts, dated geologically to 12,000 or 15,000 years B.C., yet continuous with the later civilization of Egypt, and originating probably in Asia. A prehistoric settlement was found, and worked out in layers of

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six inches at a time. The top two feet contained only pottery known as the later prehistoric, below that lay two feet of the earlier prehistoric. Below that again, lay two feet thickness with a civilization entirely new to us, resting on a limestone stratum. This limestone was afterward found to be concreted rubble, cemented by age and long exposure; beneath it was yet another layer of the village, of exactly the same quality as that overlying the limestone. This shows that the earliest civilization lasted during a long period; such a bed of lime rubble, accumulated on the present surface during the last four or five thousand years, does not show any concreting like the old bed. This earliest of the three periods is now known as the Badarian age, from the district in Egypt, south of Asyut, where the remains were first found. The Badarian civilization is most distinctively marked in its earlier stages by handmade pottery, combed smoothly over the outside. A (For references A, B, C, D see Illustrated Section). Thus the clay was reduced to so even a thickness that not the slightest irregularity can be felt in sliding it between the fingers. This combing became smoothed out in the middle Badarian period, forming a polished face of black lustre, and a body as thin as fine china. No later age of Egypt has produced pottery so thin, so regular, and so hard, as in this earliest civilization. Later, it deteriorated, was made thicker and softer, and so passed on into the next age of Egypt.

The use of a coat of malachite round the eyes, as a germicide protecting from ophthalmia, was well known in prehistoric times; it is now found to have been usual in this earliest period. The slate palettes, on which it was ground, are long straight slabs, differing from the variety of animal forms usual in later periods.

Flint supplied all the tools and weapons of these people. The arrowheads are of both the swallow-tail and tang forms. The first example, with very narrow sides, is the oldest, found at the lowest level; after that it became coarser and thicker. The flint saws were probably for reaping, the figures to the right of these are lance heads, and below these are borers. Two scraps of copper have been found, probably native metal hammered into shape. The common use of stone beads covered with green glaze, takes back the art of glazing far before any other instances. The whole of the string of beads, C, was found on a single body, forming a belt

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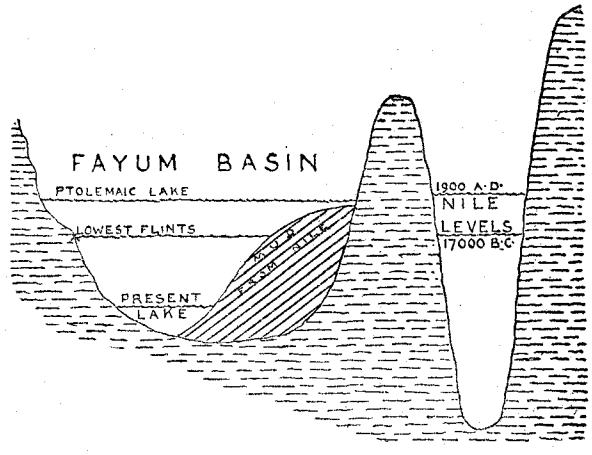
which retained a fur tunic. The use of glaze passed on to the later people, who used it on an artificial sandy base, as in a small figure and beads, immediately after the Badarian. Glazing on stone was always continued in Egypt, especially on Scarabs. Next above the belt is a string with five large beads; these are of sard, the largest of transparent serpentine, and the middle one cut in green jasper, proving that hard stones could be wrought. Above these is a shell bracelet, a clear crystal flake, — for rock crystal was much employed, — and a delicate flint point. Ivory was freely used for combs, which, in design, are the forerunners of the ivory combs of subsequent ages. Cups, large spoons, and various carvings show how numerous elephants were at that time.

Fortunately, three human figures have survived, which give the types of these people. The ivory figure, D, is entirely different from those found in the subsequent civilizations. The thick massive nose, and the unshapely body, are more like the primitive Mesopotamian than any form in Egypt, nor is there the least touch of negro in the thin lips and slit mouth. Another figure is of pottery, painted red; unhappily the head and feet are lost. The whole spirit of it is western, like the Cretans; the narrow waist, the well developed, thin, active figure, is one of the most vigorous models known in pottery. There is also a third figure, of clay, very roughly made, which proves that the steatopygous Bushman was already in the land, — probably the earliest stratum of all. The new civilization seems, then, to have come in with a mixed people, probably of Syro-Mesopotamian types.

It may seem strange that so important a civilization had not been observed during more than a century of constant search in Egypt. The flint



The Fayum, a deep basin at the side of the Nile valley, whose deposits enable us to date the earliest relics of civilization

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work, however, had been known for half a century under the name of "Fayum flints", and as they had never been found in the prehistoric graves then known, it seemed clear that they belonged to an earlier age. Between sixty and eighty feet depth of Nile mud has been deposited in the valley since the appearance of this Badarian people, so nearly all their works are now deeply buried. It was only by the chance of their having occupied a high shelf on the cliffs, then about a hundred feet over the water, that a settlement and graves have been discovered at Badari. Happily for us, the settlement continued in use during the whole of the prehistoric ages, and so proved the order of the three civilizations. After clearing that settlement, Miss Caton-Thompson went to the Fayum district, and there found other settlements that can be dated.

The Fayum is one of the few deep holes in the world, like the Caspian, and the Jordan valley, and it has proved to be of the greatest historical importance. It is a basin at the side of the Nile valley, into which it must have drained, when the sea was much lower and the Nile gorge was empty. After that, when rainfall ceased in Egypt, the Nile could not carry all its alluvium, and the mud was deposited in the gorge. Thus the Nile during historic times has been rising, its deposits filling the Nile valley, at the rate of four to five and a third inches in each century. As it flowed through a channel in a gap of the hills, into the Fayum basin, it brought in mud deposits; these covered the near side of the basin, and form the rich land there, but the mud did not reach the far side, and that has remained bare desert. Had Nature been left alone, we should be none the wiser about what was under the lake; but the Ptolemies, needing good land for their Greek veterans, stopped the Nile flow, and, as the lake dried up, the fertile mud soil was given in allotments. Thus, the far side of the Fayum became again exposed, so now we can examine the desert as it was tens of thousands of years ago, and obtain a limit of date to what we find there, by knowing when each level became covered by the ancient lake as the Nile level rose. The rise of mud may not be constant, but we know it for over 3500 years, and it is not likely to have accumulated on an entirely different scale before that time. The amount varies by the speed and spread of the water in different parts of the country; the least is four inches in

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a century, and the most is five and a third inches at Cairo and the Fayum, which rate is here adopted.

It is now found that both pottery and flint work are scattered on the Fayum basin at levels which were subsequently under water for many thousand years. Settlements were noted at levels which were submerged by high Nile at 6000 or 8000 B.C.; a cooking pot, and ashes of a fire, were found at a level of 12,000 B.C.; worked flints occurred at levels submerged between 12,000 and 17,000 B.C.; lastly, pigmy flints and cores were at a level corresponding to 19,000 B.C. These are the later limits for continuous occupation all the year round; but if the deposits were made only at the lowest season of the Nile, the dates might be brought down about 2000 years later. In any case, the objects may be older, as they might have been left at some height above the water level. We may say, then, that the regular Fayum flints go back to 15,000 B.C., subject to some uncertainty of the rate of deposit, which might have been rather quicker or slower.

So far, we have been dealing with unquestionable details of a civilization, and the recognized features of the Nile valley. Now we begin to feel our way into the unknown. We do so with less certainty, but yet with such likelihood that we may frame ideas to be tested in the future.

Wherever flint work is found, within touch of Europe, it is usual and reasonable to refer the forms to those already known. The Fayum flints closely resemble those of the Solutrean period in Europe, and of no other period. We see the convex arrow-head, the concave arrow-head, the pointed ovate, the slender prisms of flint, the skew points, the laurel leaf, and the kite form. That some variation should appear in small detail and working is to be expected, as we compare forms whose makers had drifted 3000 miles apart; but the essential idea of each type, the artistic sense of the form, is unmistakably the same in both the regions. This raises the question whether the terms, such as Solutrean, are used to define a particular style of flint work, or a culture as a whole. As the flint work is by far the most frequent and imperishable trace of early man, we should take the terms as referring to that alone. It must be remembered that the other arts of life, — pottery, glazing, metal work, — may easily be lost in changed conditions. For instance the Boers, fighting and migrating, gave up a large

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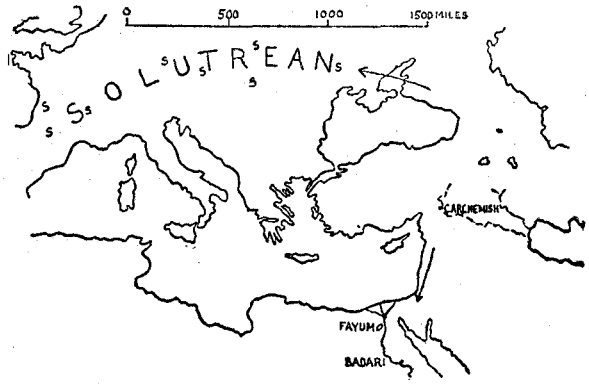

The range of Solutrean work, related to that of the Fayum. S marks Solutrean sites

part of the knowledge which their Dutch forefathers had acquired; and the migrant Jews kept up pottery in the north of Judea, but entirely abandoned it in the rocky south. Other races too have given up such arts as they did not need, in the stress of life.

In Egypt we see that the Badarian people produced their finest flint work and most elaborated pottery in their earlier stages; in the later, both of these became coarser. The other branch of these flint workers who passed across Europe may well have lost arts which were not essential for success. There is, then, no reason to question the identity of flint types, and their pointing to a common source for the Badarians and Solutreans. The various dating of 10,000 to 15,000 B.C., estimated for the Solutrean in Europe, accords with their being about the world at the same period as the Badarians, though there is no evidence yet as to which was the earlier branch.

Where, then, was this centre of civilization? In the map the range of the Solutrean work is marked from the Black Sea to the South of France, each site denoted by S. In Egypt are marked Badari and the Fayum. Further, flints of acknowledged Solutrean type have been found in the bank of the Euphrates near Carchemish. This type being unknown on the Mediterranean coasts is considered to have come across from the Black Sea to Europe, and it seems that the Egyptian Badarians may well have come down through Syria. Thus we are led to look to the Caucasus region as the most probable centre of their dispersion, to the West and to the South.

Unhappily, exploration in the Caucasus is impossible at present, and the past researches there have not reached before the age of bronze. We are therefore without material evidence. There is, however, another kind of evidence, that of names; although this

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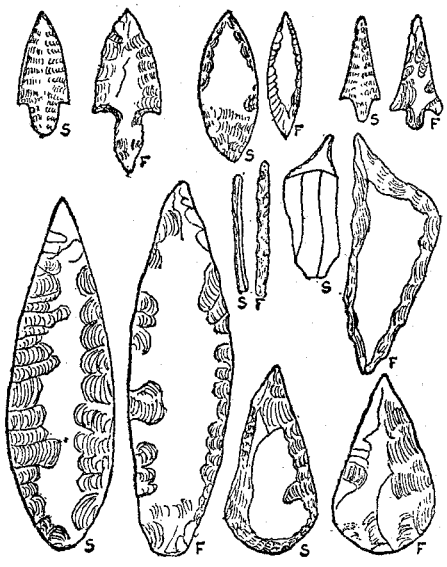
is notoriously a ground for fallacies, such evidence may be worth noting if it is detailed and consistent. Two years ago, Professor Fessenden of Pittsburgh suggested that the Egyptian Book of the Dead embodied references to the Caucasus region, and he rightly insisted that the mixture of fertile lands, lakes of fire, and high mountains was very peculiar, yet alike in the Book of the Dead and in the Caucasus. No region nearer to Egypt could agree with this account. When the Solutrean affinity to the Badarian work was observed, and it seemed probable that the Caucasus was a source in common for these peoples, the chances of the relation of the Caucasus to Egypt began to seem reasonable, and to be worth study.

The so-called Book of the Dead is a mass of magic spells, for the benefit of the dead in a future existence. Much of it is obviously of very remote origin, such as references to reed floats instead of boats. Hitherto it has been looked on as purely mythological, though the Egyptians had frequently added glosses stating connection with sacred places in Egypt. On extracting all the names of places, and their connections, and examining the geography of the Caucasus valley in Ptolemy and in modern maps, some remarkable connections appear.

The kingdom of Osiris is named Akret or Ikret; this seems equivalent to Ekretike, the modern Khartlia, a district in the upper part of the Kur valley. To the east of Akret was the region of Zesert; this word we also know in Greek versions as Tosor, and to the east of Ekretike is the district Tosarene. This is stated to be not far from Aaru or Iaru, the most fertile paradise, in which was a pool of fire; near Tosarene is the river Iora, on which is a great oil spring, in a district noted for fertility and beauty. From Akret the Egyptian sailed down the river to Dadu or Tatu,



Solutrean (S) and Fayum (F) Flints

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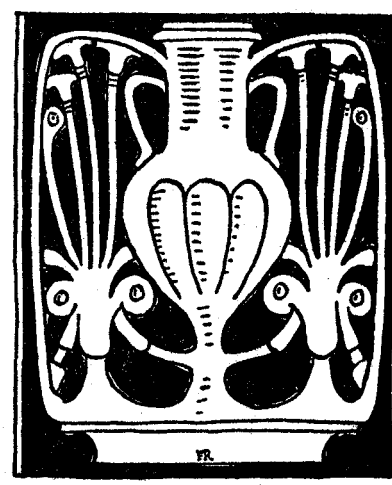
and looking down the course of the river Kur we reach Totene. South of the eastern gate of heaven (that is, farther down the river Kur, and on the south side), was the lake of Kharusa or Khalusa; in that position, near the Caspian, was the lake Kholuata now called Chalasi. Here, five places are all found in their respective positions. We read of the divinity of the stars in On, and the mountains of Andes; looking north from Ekretike there is the city Oni and the mountains of Andish. There are also several other names which appear to agree with modern localities, in their conditions. It seems to be quite beyond accident that they should thus occur together, in the heart of the only region which agrees with the peculiar physical description of the lost paradise of the Egyptians.

Starting, then, from the unquestionable fact of a civilized migration into Egypt, before all that we already know, we find, by its European connections, that it was probably derived from the Caucasus region; then, observing that the nature of that district corresponds with the mythology of the Egyptians, we find this confirmed by the relation of the places named agreeing with the positions of the same names in later times. If we must accept this, it will put a new face on the study of the religion and origins of the Egyptians.



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THE SEARCH FOR THE PERFECT CHILD

HERBERT HOOVER

WE are emerging from a period of reckless waste, of concentration on material resources. At last the day of the child is dawning. But our social thinking is still too much concerned with the negative standards of yesterday. What is to-day the chief obstacle to the attainment of the perfect child? Ignorance, says Mr. Hoover. Parents and teachers lack a positive ideal worthy of the heritage which awaits the boys and girls of to-morrow. Science must help us attain new and intelligible standards.

IN OUR social thinking and our social endeavor which flows out of that thinking, we have come to a very definite turn of the road. In no instance is this so true as in the experiments which are directed towards the betterment of children. Most of the intensive effort for children, of which the past twenty-five years give such signal record, has dealt with results, has evidenced an inquiry into, and correction of what *has been*. Now, though we are far from being through with this corrective task, we have focused sufficiently upon handicaps to be free to begin to think of wholeness, to consider what *shall* and *can be*. This swing from correction to conservation of human lives which represent our highest national resource, follows some years after the sentiment for conservation of our material resources, — our forests, water power, coal, oil, etc. It is an evidence that as a nation we are growing up. From the reckless waste period of pioneering youth, we reach a thoughtful maturity which looks into the future and reckons our potential assets.

One of the most significant economic developments of the past decade has been the springing up in various localities of clinics to keep babies and young children well, and these are beginning to be supplemented by clinics to protect the health of mothers. But in these clinics although they have been known as "well baby clinics" or child welfare stations, the only available measure of health has been a negative one. Health has been interpreted largely in terms of absence or prevention of handicaps and disease. There has been no measure, and not too much understanding, of what *is* positive health in a child, of health which holds the potentiality of endurance and maximum vitality for the years that lie ahead. The very helpers to whom those who are concerned with the protection of children have turned for

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guidance, the medical men, have been trained in their schools and by their experience to observe disease, not health.

It seems an arraignment of our civilization that with all our scientific endeavor and our beneficent intentions we come to this day with no concrete standards to tell us what is a healthy child, what is normality in human beings. Interest and zeal have crystallized to the point where science will shortly have to answer the question: "What is a normal child?" — and then: "What is a perfect child?"

If we are to go ahead racially as we have promise of progressing economically and politically, it is essential to our national life that this question shall be answered. It would give a new orientation to much of the endeavor for the welfare of children. It would lend incentive to parents, stimulus to communities, to teachers and health authorities, to know with a certain definiteness what degree of health, given sound inheritance and wholesome environment, a child may attain.

Such is the impact of the growing demand upon the medical professions and the technical experts to produce more clearly defined standards that I think it is likely within the next few years we shall hear of many conferences of doctors and of experts to discuss and delineate growth in children, both physical and mental; to discover the tests of energy, of vitality; to develop to a much higher degree proper dietaries. And we shall find constantly improved methods of disseminating the results of these scientific findings, which already are under way.

Undoubtedly we shall not quickly achieve and assimilate this new ideal of the normal, — perhaps, better yet, we should use the term, *natural*, — child, which science is to discover. It will take patient accumulation of comparative observation and records. Changes in the curricula of medical schools to this end are coming about. It will mean the re-writing of many medical text books; the rapid development of a large corps of health educators and interpreters, such as the public health nurse and allied workers. But it will come, because there is sufficient impetus back of it and a change of ideals always brings in its wake a corresponding revision of methods and machinery.

So far, one must admit, the normal child, like the perfect child, is a nebular ideal. It will never be a static ideal, even when

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it emerges into fairly clear outlines. It will change with the years, with advancing scientific knowledge and expanding human hopes. Glancing at portraits of different periods we know that even among homogeneous nations, such as the English and the French, types vary greatly with different eras which reflect contrasting manners of living and thinking. The normal child of the year 1880 would not serve us to-day. Our standard of normality is on a higher plane. What we ask of the scientific experts is to define for us, if possible, progressive normality, twenty-first century normality, that we may strive for this in the twentieth century. We need to know, through words, through visual testimony, and in scientific fact the child that nature, working at her best, intended. We need described, in terms that fathers and mothers can understand, the child whose organs are functioning efficiently, whose growth is proceeding unimpeded, whose senses are developed unhampered, and whose potentialities are realized, mentally, morally, and physically.

If the picture is only halfway health, as it has long been, we shall not know how to strive for something better. The ideally attainable must be made visible, so that it permeates the minds of all who are dealing with children to the end that they may recognize shortcomings and correct them. There is a growing proportion of parents who are earnestly asking the question: How far am I succeeding in lifting my child to the highest level of his possibilities, — mental, physical, moral? What are those possibilities?

We already have enough knowledge, which, if brought together, compared, and sorted would give us some approach to the normal child. The crux of the problem is, as quickly as possible to bring what knowledge we have into the open, broadcast it, and make it familiar to the average busy, but deeply concerned, parent. The perfect child will always be a reach beyond us, but we must at least begin to chart the way and to walk in it, aspiring towards what lies beyond. Normal means the median, the typical, and that we have a right to expect and demand.

During the seven years of war and after the war I directed, on behalf of American charity, the care of nearly 10,000,000 different undernourished and waif European children. To some minor extent we were dealing with sick children, but in the main

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our problem was subnormal children, the toll of orphanage, famine, and destitution. Our struggle was to rebuild these children up to an ideal of "normal". And we as laymen insistently demanded from our technical advisers: "What is normal?"

In war-time our advisers declared that it was a complex and indeterminate question; and for war purposes and the practical problem in front of us, with no time for scientific determinations, our job was to battle up from the obvious subnormal. These facts are not sufficient for a country at peace. The multitude of cases we dealt with in those times could be determined even by laymen. A stunted, rickety youngster, who had been one-third fed and that on roughage, barefoot, and shivering in rags, is not hard to diagnose as cold, starved, and subnormal. And the remedy seemed to be food and clothes and coal. Our technical staff then had to devote themselves to advising what was the kind and the minimum food and clothing that would give them a chance for life. They did discover many things as to the mass result of short nourishment and warmth. They discovered the special diseases to which children were subjected by shortages of fats or milk and they learned a hundred things of value.

They found, also, a profoundly encouraging fact that if the children were young enough they would recover strength and grow back to about their right size and health in an astonishingly few months of proper feeding and warmth. That, in fact, the young human is a hardy animal and has a predilection toward the normal if he is given a chance. These masses of pitiable, silent, indolent, woe-begone youngsters would blossom out into playing, chattering, joyous, mischievous human dynamos with a few weeks of proper food and clothes.

During this time all of us on that job had often in the back of our minds the 20,000,000 "best beloved" in America. We envisaged them as always being hale and healthy. We foolishly believed it was only poverty, war, and invasion that could bring vast masses of children to subnormal. We idealized America as the home of flocks of strong, tousel-headed, dirty-fingered boys and girls, occasionally breaking their bones or catching some current contagion, but otherwise under no duress. For all of which we thanked God that the 3000 miles of the Atlantic Ocean had forever guaranteed them from invasion and famine.

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When the draft figures were published in 1920 this illusion suffered a shock. It was shown that 80 per cent of the men of draft age were physically below normal; that one-third of them could not even pass the requirements of a country desperate to raise men for war. We were told, on the other hand, that 80 per cent of the babies born in this country were born perfect. What caused this gap between that 80 per cent perfection at one end of the line and the 80 per cent imperfection at maturity, in a country of good climate, abundant food, of little poverty, and of great devotion to children? The technical people of whom inquiry was made said: improper nourishment, impure food, neglect, ignorance, lack of fresh air, of play, contagious diseases, lack of medical attention to the small defects, failure to recognize and correct faulty mental complexes.

If we segregate those causes the weight of evidence would unquestionably lie upon ignorance, growing out of the failure to disseminate available knowledge, inadequate standards of judgment whereby the mother of Mary and of John may know what to look for, what to build towards in the well-being of their children.

Our first attack upon ignorance is always diagnosis. There was completed last year a survey of eighty-six American cities to determine what safeguards are actually being given to the health of our children. The result has in it much that is discouraging but much that is encouraging. To find that some towns are alive to the problem and are vigorously moving along the road is encouraging. To find that many are doing but little is discouraging. These are some of the results. No one disputes that milk is essential for children, yet of 35,000 fifth grade children examined, nearly a quarter have no milk. A pint of milk a day is set up by our specialists as the minimum, yet 42 per cent of these children had less than this. Only eight of the cities surveyed pasteurized their milk. There were eighteen preventable epidemics among children in these cities in a period of four years. A leading medical authority tells us that of the ten million children of pre-school age in this country malnutrition exists in from 20 to 25 per cent. Postural defects occur in from 40 to 50 per cent. Dental defects are most common, from 60 to 70 per cent have cavities to a greater or lesser extent.

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We need also the positive side, — what the factors are which contribute to the development of the healthy body, the healthy mind, the healthy social organism, and we should have these factors stated in positive rather than in negative terms of safeguards. Unless we know the factors, parents and guardians of children cannot intelligently strive to produce them. There is a definite challenge to the scientific world to-day to produce some kind of formula which will enable all those who care for children, who seek a better era, to mould the boys and girls of to-day into stalwarts to whom we can safely entrust our hopes of the future.

The child of to-day is born into a world which would have staggered his immediate forebears. Through fresh sources of power and energy, through increased and more widely diffused wealth and opportunity, through the instruments which science is rapidly developing and placing in our hands as common tools, literally a new world is being created, which calls for a tremendous adjustment on the part of the individual. It is a world moving at a vastly accelerated pace and consequently throws additional strain upon the mental and physical being of the individual. The child of to-day has a far greater scope of choice in all his actions; the drama of his life is acted upon a much wider stage. He needs to develop a surer balance than was required in a less complex environment.

It is necessary that we begin to rear a new child for this new world, one who is fully equipped to direct its forces and instruments of power, who can master it rather than be mastered by it. We who are concerned in any way with the betterment of children are engaged in a work of racial defense and it is essential that we summon to the task the most accurate knowledge that science can give us, that we perfect our social machinery and man it with experts, and that we look steadily ahead to a clearly visioned goal.

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SWEDEN'S SOLUTION OF DIVORCE

EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

TO turn from the degrading conditions regulating divorce in this country, to those prevailing in Sweden is refreshing indeed. There it is believed that marriage is a wholly human and social affair, a voluntary agreement between two free individuals. Consequently it is subject to cancellation by mutual consent; that which Americans call collusion and an absolute obstacle to divorce, when proved, there being held prima facie evidence that relief should be granted. One year's "trial divorce" is the usual prescription.

THE reputation of the three Scandinavian countries for progressive and humane social legislation is well established. Norway, for instance, was the first country in the world to place illegitimate children on a basis of equality with those born under more fortunate circumstances. It is, therefore, not surprising to discover that the new marriage laws adopted by Sweden a few years ago imply, especially in one respect, a pronounced advance on what is still the rule in this country. These laws were adopted in two instalments, the first of which regulates the general conditions of marriage, while the second deals with the economic aspects of the marital relation. This latter law was drafted by an inter-Scandinavian commission and submitted to the Danish "Rigsdag" and the Norwegian "Storthing" as well as to the Swedish "Riksdag". What probably strikes an American most forcibly in reading the new general law, passed by a large majority in the Swedish Upper House and unanimously in the Lower, is its implicit refusal to consider marriages as made in heaven and, for that reason, too sacred for disruption by mere human law.

It has been said of the Swedes by a recent student of racial psychology, that they are singularly lacking in the religious instinct. To one who knows them well, this sounds humorous, but there may be truth in it notwithstanding various external manifestations to the contrary. At any rate, no one will deny that they are an intensely practical race, in religious as well as other matters, and in spite of the rather marked streak of sentimentality running through the majority. To them marriage is, in the last instance, a wholly human and social affair, representing a voluntary agreement between two free individuals, and being, like all such agreements, subject to cancellation by mutual consent. On

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this point the new law is most explicit, and it probably represents its most notable feature to an outsider.

The contrast to the prevailing trend in this country is particularly striking. Here we seem to be moving in a diametrically opposite direction. Violent efforts are made to nail down the sacramental character of marriage by iron-clad secular laws. Divorce is constantly being made harder instead of easier of obtainment. Most new legislation frowns especially on any dissolution of a marriage by mutual consent, and the ideal frankly avowed in many quarters is to make divorces practically impossible of achievement. In other words, deliberate attempts are made to stamp the very institution of divorce with the suggestion of criminality and utter disrespectability formerly attaching to it. To escape this taint, one party has to place the "guilt" on the other, and in a state like New York only one form of such guilt, generally regarded as the most scandalous, is legally admitted. Theoretically, no one can get a divorce in that State except on a charge of adultery. The result is that the divorce mills are grinding more rapidly than ever, and that thousands of perfectly decent people are being stamped, or letting themselves be stamped, as adulterers by evidence too frequently said to be manufactured, and, of course, manufactured at considerable cost to the parties involved.

To turn from such conditions to those prevailing in Sweden under the new law is refreshing indeed. There the chief and most easily effective reason for a divorce is that man and wife have discovered a mutual unwillingness or inability to go on living together. Having reached that stage, all they have to do is to report their case to the proper tribunal and ask for a separation. To get this, they need give no reason whatsoever as long as the application is supported by both of them. What here is called collusion and made an absolute obstacle to divorce, when proved, is there held prima facie evidence that the relief asked should be granted. Men and women who are thus able to agree on a peaceful dissolution of an impossible union, are officially excused from washing their dirty family linen in open court, with a dozen scandal-hungry reporters taking notes of the more savoury details. Of course, it is known that such publicity can be avoided in this country as well, but the privilege is reserved for those who can

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pay for it and may not even prove effective in their case. In Sweden the procedure is the same for the simplest day laborer and a member of the Royal House, and poverty need not pay for what wealth cannot buy.

While this provision of the law is new in the letter, it is old in spirit. Under the superseded law, dating back to the early part of the eighteenth century, one of the principal causes for a divorce granted one of the parties concerned was "wilful desertion" by the other party. It was the most popular cause, too, statistics proving that during the ten-year period of 1901–10 it figured in close to fifty per cent of the total number of 4735 divorces granted. In a majority of cases this meant that when man and wife had agreed to part company for good, one of them took a trip to the neighboring capitol of Copenhagen and enjoyed himself or herself there until the legal proceedings were completed over in Sweden and the desired decree obtained by the home-staying partner. The courts were no more unaware of this practice than any one else, and it was made one of the main arguments for a more liberal and modern arrangement. It is characteristic of the Swedes that they did not believe, as so many people do here, that the surest road to law enforcement lies through stricter prohibitions and sterner penalties. During their discussion of the new provision, which was hot and prolonged, it was generally held that, whenever a law is violated or evaded on a large scale by otherwise law-abiding elements, there must be something wrong about the law itself, and not about the people refusing to observe it.

The probationary separation of a year prescribed for a divorce based on mutual consent is a common feature of most similar proceedings not carrying a charge of actual guilt. It is meant, of course, to give the parties involved a final chance to ransack their own hearts. A notable feature of the law is that, if they should change their minds at any time during that twelve-month, all they have to do is to come together again. In doing so, they are in no danger of violating the court's order for a separation. If, on the other hand, they remain firm in their desire to part at the end of the year, a full decree is automatically granted to whichever one of them applies for it, and still the court refrains discreetly from any examination of the causes that have sundered them. The quarrels and misunderstandings that drove them apart

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are not given added emphasis by public repetition. Feelings of the most delicate nature are not brutally dragged in the dirt. And because two people have agreed on parting, they are not expected to go their respective ways as mortal enemies for the rest of their lives. To some persons this will undoubtedly seem a highly deplorable state of affairs. To others it must seem not only highly civilized, but so self-evidently rational as to require no argument.

The causes established for a divorce wanted by only one of the parties concerned are not very different from those figuring similarly on the statutes of our various states, the main difference appearing in a desire on the part of the Swedish law to soften rather than to accentuate the charges required. These fall under such heads as lack of support, alcoholism, vice, incompatibility. In all cases of this kind, the complaining party is called on for proofs of the charges made, and when these are held valid by the court, the final divorce is preceded by the usual term of separation. There are, however, another set of causes deemed grave enough, when proved, to warrant the immediate issuing of a full decree. Adultery is among these, and so are physical violence and wilful desertion for a term of at least two years. But many persons in this country, living under laws of a vastly different kind, will be more interested in finding equal validity attached to causes like presumably incurable insanity, conviction of serious crime, and venereal disease. The idea, for example, of keeping a woman tied indefinitely to a raving maniac or a long-sentence prisoner is not only emotionally horrible but socially inexpedient to those level-headed Swedes. The law finally contains what might be called an "Enoch Arden" provision. A wife or a husband may obtain an immediate decree of divorce if the other partner has remained absent without explanation for more than three years. Divorced persons may remarry unless explicitly prevented from doing so by an order of the court.

How the new, almost unprecedentedly novel provisions for the dissolution of marriage will work in practice, remains to be seen. Statistics so far available are not sufficient for definite conclusions. There has, beyond doubt, been an increase in the number of divorces . . . from 785 in 1914 to 1265 in 1921. During the period of 1901–10, the percentage of marriages brought to an end by divorce was 1.15. In 1923 that percentage had risen to 3.23. On

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the other hand, the enactment of the new general law has also been followed by a hardly less marked increase in the number of marriages contracted. Data of this kind is not available beyond 1917, but in that year the net gain of new marriages over those ended by death or divorce was 9534, while the year before the law went into effect the corresponding gain was only 7000. The danger in cases of this kind is always to fix the attention exclusively on any one set of figures. The Swedes realize keenly that an increased frequency of divorce is no evil in itself, if thereby can be obtained a corresponding or still greater increase in the number of successful, durable, and fruitful marriages.

Curious it is to observe how the law that deviates so radically from most of our own laws in its principal divorce provision, shows unquestionable American influence in many other features. The awarding of damages has been introduced, for instance, which implies a complete innovation. The possibilities of obtaining such awards are much more restricted over there, however, and less left to the discretion of the court. In the case of a broken engagement one notes that damages can be granted only when the reputation of the fiancée has been permanently injured by the birth of an illegitimate child. Another provision that may, perhaps, be traceable to this country is the one which requires both parties to a marriage to file written statements declaring their freedom from epilepsy, venereal disease, and previous marital ties. Less familiar to us, and a little quaint, are the minute provisions for the return or non-return of mutual gifts after the wrecking of an engagement. Finally may be mentioned as quite un-American, that marriage between an uncle and a niece, or between an aunt and her nephew, may be permitted by special license from the Crown, after it has been proved by careful medical investigation that such a union is not likely to prove detrimental to possible offspring.

Turning from the general law to the later one regulating the economic aspects of marriage, we have to record a great advance on the superseded law, although in that advance there is little that may not be duplicated within some of the more progressive states over here. The spirit of the old Swedish law was highly patriarchal. The husband was the master of the household and held the right of arbitrary decision not only as to where and how

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the family should live,what it should spend, and so on, but also as to the wife's right to work for a living outside the home. The property was common and placed in the hands of the husband unless specifically exempted from such control by a marriage contract. The wife was regarded as the "supported" member of the partnership, and as such not entitled to anything which the "supporter" did not choose voluntarily to grant her.

The spirit of the new law is one of complete equality between husband and wife. According to one of its paragraphs, they "owe each other mutual faith and support and must take common council for the welfare of the family". Both are explicitly obliged to contribute to the support of the home, and with equal explicitness the care of that home and the children is classified as a form of contribution no less valid than cash payments. This implies a tremendous improvement of the wife's status, and so does another provision to the effect that the husband must furnish her, in agreed periodical payments of decent size, with the funds needed for her own private uses as well as for the maintenance of the home. This provision is mutual, like everything else in the law, and if the wife have larger means, and the husband not enough for his private needs, she is obliged to make similar allowances to him on a basis determined by their social status and the extent of their common income. What either one of them thus obtains from the other for private use become strictly private property as much as if it had been earned outside the home.

The wife has the same right as the man to choose an outside calling of her own, to go into business, to hold property, to conduct financial or legal transactions. She has equal rights with him in deciding every question relating to the welfare of the home or the family. In cases of serious disagreement, neither one of them possesses final authority, but must submit their differences to a mediator provided by the church, the state, or the court. Both have the right to hold property separately and independently of each other, but whatever is not specifically exempted by contract or otherwise becomes common to the extent of making the other partner heir to one-half of it in case of death. On account of this mutual interest in property otherwise private, both are obliged to keep each other posted on their respective assets and what is done with them. In case of neglect or mismanagement, either one of

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them can obtain a court decree establishing a complete division of all their property. In other words, a husband has no longer the right to keep his wife in ignorance of his business affairs, and she can take legal steps to prevent him from wasting his property on speculations, through unwarranted gifts, by mismanagement or neglect, or otherwise. Thus the family is made a true partnership, in which there is no senior or junior except in so far as greater experience or knowledge gives one a natural ascendancy over the other. That the relationship outlined above may, like everything human, lead to abuses, must be taken for granted, but the fundamental justice of it cannot be denied on this ground.

The status of the children resembles that of the property. Both parents have the same right to determine their ways of living, their forms of education, and so on. The law, however, makes a distinction between guardianship and care. The former term relates to the management of property belonging to the children, of which, as a rule, there can not be much. The second term covers everything else connected with their mode of living. One of the few instances in which the law appears to discriminate against the mother is by placing the guardianship in the hands of the father, while the care and support of the children devolves equally on both parents. In case of the father's death, the mother becomes guardian as well as caretaker of her children, and if a widow re-marries, her new husband has nothing whatever to say in regard to the children from her earlier marriage. In case of a divorce, the court decides which parent shall have the guardianship of the children, or the care, or both. And, what is quite notable, the fact that one parent is held responsible for the divorce does not make it obligatory on the court to hand the children over to the other one. The law makes it clear that the children are regarded more or less as belonging to the nation rather than to the parents as individuals, and all provisions are dictated in the last instance by concern for those in whose hands the future of the country will rest. Mere paternal or maternal passion is not held sufficient guarantee of superior fitness for the rearing of the children. The views suggested by the law in this connection are rather remarkable. Some will call them socialistic. Others will be reminded of ideas that used to prevail with the city states of classic antiquity. The thought at the bottom of them, however, is

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not that the children may be regarded as the property either of the parents or of the state, but that their natural connections extend beyond the immediate family to the larger unit of which that, in its turn, is a component part.

These are the features of the new Swedish marriage laws which seem most likely to be of interest to American readers. Considering those laws in their entirety, one is struck by the manner in which they combine justice to the individual with full preservation of interests that may be classed as public. They are thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of the new age, which maintains that husband and wife are not one, but two, and that between them there can be no question of superiority or inferiority except in so far as such distinctions may be established by character and natural equipment. And while the family is recognized as a unit of high social value and importance, it is stripped of all supernatural sanction and thus rendered more plastic for its own benefit and that of the State.

CONTRASTS

NOT marble bright against the blue
Ineffable of Provence skies,
Whose liquid light did once imbue
The lustrous gaze of Laura's eyes,
Can cause the breath in sharp surprise
To press against the throat with pain
As that brief meeting of our eyes
Across the grayness of the rain.

—Edna Louise Smith

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SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI

L. J. S. Wood

Woodcuts by Boris Artzybasheff

YOU can look up from the plain to Assisi on its hillside; you can look down on the plain from Assisi; you can look down on Assisi from the hill above, and in your mind's eye you can always see Francis there seven hundred odd years ago. In the city itself even now it is not impossible to imagine the Francis of young days ruffling it down the street with his companions from the house which is now pointed out to you as his, giving away all his money as he passed; it is easy to picture him, in the first days baptized and worshipping, in the after days preaching, begging, bearing witness, in the cathedral which we see to-day. Hill villages, in Umbria as elsewhere in Italy, merge into the hillside so that even from a short distance it is difficult to tell house from rock; even the city of Assisi is like that too, it has not lost its character. That is how it comes that you can picture Francis from the rock above in the roof huddle that you see below, in the hill-town that you look up to from the plain, in which, too, if you add the trees that have gone, modify to rougher simplicity the cultivation that has come, you can see him wandering with his eyes on Heaven and at the same time looking for his place and his little company's place on earth.

That place, we know, after his first vision and call at San Damiano, which was to be the home of his sister in poverty and contemplation, Clare, he found down on the plain, an oasis among the trees of those days, the little chapel of the Porziuncula.

But while you are musing yourself into the mood to see Francis you will be brought up suddenly by things that jar. That motor, for instance, in the city, its unFranciscan-looking occupants and besiegers. As you look down over the plain to the Porziuncula, that railway train, a thing that can be picturesque enough on an ordinary countryside, jars on the picture you are getting in your mind's eye as it passes so close in front of to-day's church. As you look up from the plain, that massive monument,

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built to house the pilgrims of poverty, meant as memorial of their founder who was laid to rest, — and lost for centuries, — in the solid rock on which and colossally buttressed into which the "Convento" breaks sky and hill, — even that jars. It was on an ass that Francis, in bodily agony and spiritual exaltation, made the journey home from La Verna; his companion walked. It was on the bare earth he loved he laid himself to die. Simple unadorned rock was the Subasio that he looked up to, back to, on his last journey from the city of Assisi to the bare earth of the Porziuncula — and Heaven.

But these things have to be. There have been developments in seven centuries, and the result, call it the progress of civilization or what we will, is our heritage to-day. We cannot stop the process, nor indeed ought we to try to do so, for after all the whole thing, the material and our power to use it, is our gift, our charge from God. But we can, we must if we are to do our duty, guide it, seeking at the same time our own guide. Which is to say that to-day when a seventh centenary gives us an event and above all a personality on which to fix our eyes, we can get Francis into it, or, put in another way, get it into Francis.

To do which, — and here surely is the point, — we have got to get Francis into us, or, put in another way, get ourselves into Francis. Every single one of us, individually, personally. Nor let us shrug that it is impossible as we see things around us to-day. That is what they all said nineteen centuries ago: it was so evidently impossible to get that Man into the world as it was then, to get that world, of Palestine, as time went on of Rome, of the whole Empire which was the known civilization of the time, into Him. Equally impossible, minor but similar event, seven centuries ago with Francis. No more impossible to-day than then.

And Francis too met this same problem. He threw off, literally, all he had; with a ragged piece of brown cloth given him and a bit of rope he had found, a wattle hut for shelter, with three Gospel texts as spiritual baggage, he went out happily, a Troubadour, a *Jongleur de Dieu*, to tackle the world. Houses did not enter into his scheme of things, or rather, for scheme formulation was not in him, into his "spirit". When he saw one ready for the gathering of his people at the Porziuncula he began to pull

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"My brothers, God give you peace." From "Little Brother Francis of Assisi": Woodcut by Boris Artzybasheff

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it down. He stayed his hand on learning that it was a gift from the good people of Assisi, but for him a piece of brown cloth, bit of rope, and wattle hut ever sufficed. Rome formalized in Constitutions his three Gospel texts. That is Rome's job, the difficult job of controlling and regulating such movements when they grow into big things, all the elements and tendencies. Francis, ever submissive to authority, accepted its formulas, obeyed its instructions, but, — here is the point again, — never for a moment did he change or let be changed, — nor did Rome want to change, — the spirit that had gripped him and that he had infused into his people.

Pius XI has just summarized that spirit and, writing from Rome, one quotes: "Revivification throughout the world of that spirit of penitence and reconciliation, sanctification and peace, which is the essential intention of the Holy Year and is also the true Franciscan spirit." That is Rome's summarized, comprehensive message to the world. But for us individuals, to catch it and apply it to ourselves, we must go back, I think, to what was surely one of the great moments of Francis's life, the moment when he met the leper on the wayside. He looked, was sorry, but he did not do anything, he went on his way. Then, before he had gone more than a few yards, it all flashed upon him: "That poor loathsome devil is my brother, he is my job." He went back and, to begin with, kissed the leper's hand. That is an instance of what is called here "heroism of virtue". He did not merely drop charity by the wayside, he embraced a body more repugnant to him than anything on earth. That was Francis. When the love of his neighbor for the love of God gripped him he went straight without second thought. The same spirit which, when he embraced poverty to gain freedom, made him put off literally all he had and go out to tackle the world in a hair shirt. And his companions took on themselves the care of lepers as their job. Personal service, that is what it is, raised in the case of a Saint like Francis, through his friendship with his Master, to a height unattainable to most of us, but in some degree in the power of everyone to-day. The Franciscan spirit, which remains, uninfluenced by outward things, by the inevitable formalities of development to accord with the changes and the progress of centuries. Personal service: "That is my job."

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Musing over history one can surely glimpse something of Francis in those first pioneer founders of what is now the United States. Surely, in a way, they threw off all they had to go out and tackle a great job. And there is a generous Christian simplicity in much that their words tell us of their purpose, of their spirit, truly akin to Francis. Personal service too, of the best, they gave. Has America, has the world so smothered itself in what is called progress, development, that personal service is impossible to-day? Or, can we not pull ourselves up just as we have passed the leper and let the thing grip us as it gripped Francis: "That is my job"? To-day your individual Franciscan is part of a vast, highly developed, even complicated organization, but the simplicity which sent Francis straight out to help, for the love of God and his neighbor, the leper and the world, is just the same. If that were not so there would be no Franciscan Order now. And if there had not been through succeeding generations and were not still something of that spirit of the pioneers in the individual American to-day, America would not be what it is.

Imagine — if every individual citizen of the United States pulled himself together just enough to wonder if the world was not, in some degree, "his job." Imagine, throughout the vast continent, every neighbor talking with his neighbor, not in formal league or society, but in individual, personal, spiritual association, — till, imperceptibly, there came into being that mass spirit which alone can move continents and worlds, realizing and proclaiming: "This is our job." One can see Francis to-day, a less impulsive Francis perhaps, a more diplomatically-minded Francis it may be, but with his spirit unchanged, asking himself: "Is all this that is being attempted, is Locarno, is the Dawes Plan, is The Hague, is Geneva, good? Are they, in any case, trying to do good? Are they based on principles out of which, even if experience shows modifications in protocol and practice necessary, good may come? Very well then, if that is the case, 'That is my job'. I can't say that I am in love with the look of it all; in fact, comfortable as I am, it is in many ways repulsive, but . . . " So was the leper seven centuries ago.

Writing from Rome, one may be excused for thinking for a moment in terms of Rome. Francis had had given him, — having been round begging as usual, — a church, a very small and very

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poor thing in churches, the sort of small poor thing, in fact, he liked, the Porziuncula, the "Little Portion". And he walked, with his bare feet and his piece of brown cloth and his bit of rope, across the plain to ask of the Pope in his palace in his proud city of Perugia a spiritual privilege for his poor little edifice given only to St Peter's and one other noble fane. There was disgust and horror among the great ones round the Supreme Pontiff at the preposterous demand. But the spirit of Francis gripped the Pope and the Poor Little One, the Poverello, got what he asked for his poor little church. We do not know what God knows, so we can have no idea of the spiritual treasures poured out through the Porziuncula since then, but we do know that without good intention, founded on sincerity and good faith, nothing avails, and we know too that in all times and in all places, among all peoples with no distinction of any sort, such good intention, founded on sincerity and good faith, never fails of its reward.

When, then, we go back in years to come, and look down from the city over the plain, it will not only be Francis himself and the Porziuncula that we shall see. Westward beyond we shall see the Francis spirit winging to the far off world and good intention and good deed thence joining those of the Little Poor One and his little poor church on their way up for remembrance.

Woodcut by Boris Artzybasheff

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Four American Women

Portrait Drawings by Walter Tittle

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LILLIAN WALD
Social Worker

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WILLA CATHER
Novelist

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ALICE HAMILTON
Scientist

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CECILIA BEAUX
Artist

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WHY I AM A MORMON

REED SMOOT

Confessions of Faith — X

IN the first place, I was born one. My parents were among the early converts to the teachings of Joseph Smith, the founder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, — my father in Kentucky, his native state; my mother in far-off Norway. What is commonly known as Mormonism had no stancher adherents than Abraham Owen Smoot and his wife, Anna Kerstina Morrison. That I should have imbibed, from infancy, in the home that sheltered them, the spirit of the religion for which either of them would have laid down life, if necessary, will occasion no surprise to the readers of this article. I was the third-born in the household, and Salt Lake City was my birthplace. Since ten years of age, however, I have resided in the town of Provo, fifty miles south of the Utah capital.

What education I received as a youth was in Mormon schools, notably the Brigham Young Academy at Provo, an institution that my father helped to found. I was one of twenty-nine students with which, in the autumn of 1876, it began its first term. I was then in my fifteenth year.

The founding of the Brigham Young Academy (now University), the parent of a flourishing school system entirely distinct from the public schools, and maintained by the Latter-day Saints at an annual cost of three quarters of a million dollars, was the outgrowth of a sentiment which demanded spiritual as well as mental and physical education for the children of the Mormon community. Joseph Smith was the author of such sayings as these:

"The glory of God is intelligence."

"It is impossible to be saved in ignorance."

"Seek learning by study and also by faith."

"Whatever principles of intelligence we attain to in this life will rise with us in the resurrection; and any man who, by his greater diligence acquires more knowledge than another, will have just that much advantage in the world to come."

The Prophet was true to his principles. He established schools

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and championed the cause of education. A Mormon writer has said: "His educational ideals passed over the threshold of Time and strode down the halls of Eternity. With a full appreciation of the knowledge that makes men and women capable and skilful in this life, he prized and taught others to prize, above all, the knowledge that maketh wise unto salvation. How to make a living here, how to solve life's every-day problems, was, of course, important; but how to grapple successfully with the mightier problems of the Great Hereafter, how to store up treasures in heaven and lay hold upon eternal life, was far more consequential. Education meant to him the leading out of all the latent potential powers of the individual, the training to perfection of every divine attribute in man, as the child of God and as a god himself, in embryo. He stood for the full and complete development of the soul, body, and spirit combined, — mental, physical, moral, and spiritual education, the education contemplated and inculcated by the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

In the Brigham Young Academy were taught, along with the ordinary branches of learning, the doctrines of Christ's Gospel. The Bible, the Book of Mormon, and other church publications were among the text books of the institution. Prayer and testimony were required of the students, and the atmosphere of worship pervaded the class rooms. The result was that graduates from this school went forth from its portals firm in the faith, believers in God and in the principles of salvation, equipped not only for expert office work, and skilled labor of various kinds, but also for intelligent and efficient service in the Church schools and mission fields. Being a graduate myself, I shared in the advantages of such a training; and this, without doubt, is one reason why I am a Mormon. Incidentally I will remark that Utah, which is still overwhelmingly Mormon in population, ranks among the leading States of the Union, educationally.

But birth and early training are not the only causes of one's conversion, if it be real and genuine. In my intercourse with the world I have had ample opportunity to come in contact with other religious systems and to compare them with my own. If Mormonism is my preference over all, it is because it appeals to me as the most reasonable of all, the most soul-satisfying religion that I have encountered anywhere.

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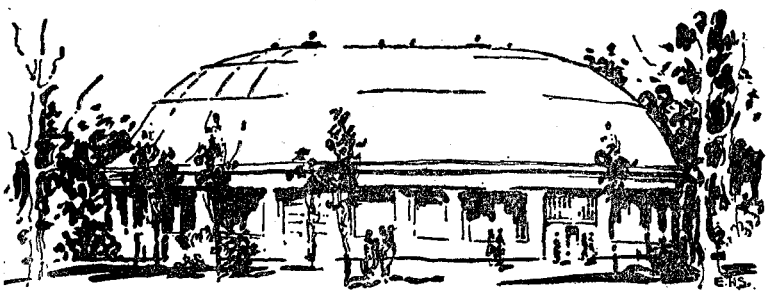
Statue to the Gulls

DESIGNED by a grandson of Brigham Young to commemorate the most beautiful legend of Utah, the miracle of the sea-gulls, sacred bird of Mormon tradition. The early pioneers had planted their first seed, but the corn was scarcely out of the soil when a plague of locusts descended and devoured the crops. In answer to prayer deliverance came. A cloud arose from the islands of the Great Salt Lake, —a cloud of gulls which alighted in vast numbers upon the fields and destroyed the locusts.

The Temple

THE cornerstone of the Mormon temple in Salt Lake City was laid in 1853, but the building took forty years to complete. This structure is as sacred to the Mormons as was the Temple of Solomon to the ancient Jews. It is the ambition of every Mormon to be baptized and married within the Temple. The building is said to contain sanctuaries and to house the records of Mormon revelations and sacraments. But the secrets of its interior are not revealed even to the Editor of The Forum. *For none but members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are permitted to pass its holy portals.*



The Tabernacle

THE Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City was completed in the year 1870. It is built entirely of wood without the use of nails. The timbers are secured with wooden pegs and bindings of cowhide. It is one of the largest auditoriums in Christendom and contains a great pipe organ. If no non-Mormon is admitted to the Temple the doors of the Tabernacle bid cordial welcome to all the world. Here on a Sunday morning the visitor to Salt Lake City may listen to the swelling tones of sacred music and hear a sermon explaining Mormonism.

Drawings by E. H. Suydam.

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It teaches that man is literally the child of God, fashioned in His image, endowed with divine attributes, and capable, by education and development, of becoming like unto that glorious Being, in whose image or likeness all men are created.

It teaches that this earth, which is but one of millions like it, formed for similar purposes, was made, not out of nothing, as some theologians assert, but out of the eternal elements, spirit and matter, and that after it has filled the measure of its creation as a temporary abode, a place of probation for man, it will be converted into a celestial sphere, that the righteous may inherit it forever. Christ's millennial reign is to sanctify the earth and prepare it for celestial glory.

Mormonism teaches that the glorified planets are God's kingdoms, and that to each kingdom a law is given. Whosoever inherits any one of these kingdoms, — celestial, terrestrial, or telestial, — must abide by the law pertaining to that kingdom; all heavenly gifts, whether spiritual or temporal, being predicated upon the principle of obedience.

The Gospel plan, instituted by the Great Creator in the beginning, was designed for the promotion of the lesser intelligences in the midst of which He found himself the most intelligent of all. This plan includes man's fall and redemption, both of which were divinely preordained, and are steps in the march of eternal progression. The condition of this promotion, — this advancement of the pre-existent intelligences who become mortal men and women, is their obedience to the principles of the Gospel. They must have faith, must repent of their sins, must be baptized for the remission of sins, must receive the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands, and do all else that the Lord requires of them.

They who "kept the first estate", — life in the spirit world, — are given a second estate, life on earth, where they demonstrate their worthiness or unworthiness of eternal glory. Satan and his legions, one-third of Heaven's spirit host, kept not their first estate, and because of their rebellion were not permitted to take bodies, which are a means of eternal increase and exaltation; but two-thirds of that great family of spirits, for their faithfulness in the previous life, were or will yet be given fleshy tabernacles, thus becoming "living souls", with opportunities for education in the midst of life's vicissitudes.

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All men are to be rewarded according to their works, as shown to John the Revelator in his great vision on Patmos. They who inherit celestial glory, the highest heavenly condition, which is comparable to the light of the sun, are they who receive the gospel in this life; also those who would receive it if the opportunity were offered. They can believe and repent in the spirit world, and receive baptism by proxy in temples erected on earth for that purpose. These are the valiant, who obey Christ in all things.

The inheritors of terrestrial glory are they who yield a partial, but not a full obedience to the divine commands. They receive not the gospel here, but afterwards receive it, and their glory is likened unto that of the moon. Celestial glory is for those who are cast down to hell, are there purged of their sins, and after paying their debt to Eternal Justice, are released from prison, to receive that for which they are fitted and prepared. They are as the twinkling stars, and are servants of the Most High, "but where God and Christ dwell they cannot come, worlds without end."

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Members

Utah	300,000
Idaho	85,000
Arizona	12,000
Colorado	4,000
Scattered U. S.	120,000
Hawaii	12,500
Europe	37,000
Other Countries	29,500
Total Mormons	600,000

Mormon Milestones

Dec. 23, 1805	Joseph Smith born in Sharon, Vermont
April, 1820	He beheld the Father and the Son
Sept. 21, 1823	The Angel Moroni revealed to him the plates of the Book of Mormon on Cumorah Hill near Manchester, Ontario County, N. Y.
1828–1830	Translated the Book of Mormon
Apr. 6, 1830	The Church organized at Fayette, Seneca County, N. Y.
Dec. 25, 1832	Joseph Smith prophesied the Civil War and the World War
1831–1844	Headquarters moved to Ohio, to Missouri, to Illinois
June 27, 1844	Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum killed by mob at Carthage, Illinois
1844	Brigham Young succeeded as presiding officer
1846	Church expelled from Illinois
July 24, 1847	The pioneers entered Salt Lake Valley, Utah, under Brigham Young
Aug. 29, 1877	Brigham Young, "Empire Builder," died
1882	Congress passed Edmunds Law forbidding polygamy in U. S. territories
1896	Utah admitted as a state to the Union

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DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

All men will be saved except the sons of perdition, who have had every opportunity, not only for salvation, but for exaltation to the highest glory; and then have denied, trampled upon, and thrown it all away. These are the only ones who cannot be saved in some degree of glory; and the reason why they are lost, is that they have sinned away the power of repentance, upon which all salvation is predicated.

These doctrines look reasonable to me. They are scriptural and consistent. They appeal to my sense of justice, of mercy, and of right. They measure up to the eternal fitness of things. I have never found anything better, in my researches for spiritual light, and because of this and my conviction that they are true, I am a Mormon.

My religion proclaims itself to be the Everlasting Gospel, framed in the heavens before this earth was formed, and revealed to man in a series of dispensations, of which the present one, — the dispensation of the fulness of times, — is the greatest and the last. The Gospel's restoration in this age is preliminary to the gathering of the scattered house of Israel, Zion in America and Jerusalem in Palestine being the places where they will assemble to meet their God and King, who is coming literally to reign upon the earth. The Gentiles, with their wealth and power, their steamships, railroads, and other means of rapid transit and communication, are taking part in this work, and will share in the benefits that flow from it. This age is destined to witness the consummation of God's purposes in relation to this planet.

The movement known as Mormonism was made possible, humanly speaking, by the establishment of the Government of the United States, whose constitutional guarantee of religious liberty paved the way for the coming forth of this "marvelous work and wonder". Such is the Mormon position.

The Latter-day Saints believe that they must be loyal to their country, honoring its laws, upholding its institutions, its constituted authorities, and doing all things that American citizens ought to do. They are taught that the Constitution of the United States was inspired of God and framed by wise men whom the Almighty raised up for this very purpose, and that it "should be maintained for the rights and protection of all flesh", so that

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every man may act according to the moral agency which God has given him, that he "may be accountable for his own sins in the day of judgment".

Believing this, they cannot be otherwise than loyal. They do not blame the Government of the United States for their past persecutions at the hands of lawless mobs. They realize that such things were not because of the Constitution and the Government, but in spite of them; and they stand ready at all times to honor the laws of this nation and to defend it against foes without or within. It is because I know this that I am a Mormon.

Indoctrinated from childhood in the principles of the Church to which I belong, I give my hearty adherence to its Articles of Faith, as penned and published by Joseph Smith, the Prophet. They are as follows:

1. We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.

2. We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgression.

3. We believe that through the Atonement of Christ, all mankind may be saved, by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.

4. We believe that the first principles and ordinances of the Gospel are: first, Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, Repentance; third, Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; fourth, Laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.

5. We believe that a man must be called of God, by prophecy, and by the laying on of hands, by those who are in authority, to preach the Gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.

6. We believe in the same organization that existed in the Primitive Church, viz., apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, etc.

7. We believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, etc.

8. We believe the Bible to be the word of God as far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God.

9. We believe all that God has revealed, all that He does now reveal, and we believe that He will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.

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10. We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes; that Zion will be built upon this (the American) continent; that Christ will reign personally upon the earth; and that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisiac glory.

11. We claim the privilege of worshiping Almighty God according to the dictates of our own conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where, or what they may.

12. We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, and magistrates, in obeying, honoring, and sustaining the law.

13. We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men; indeed, we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul, — We believe all things, we hope all things, we have endured many things, and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things.

In conclusion, I am a Mormon because I have received a convincing testimony that Joseph Smith's mission was of God; that he lived to do good and died a martyr; and that his successors, in building upon the foundation that he laid, are carrying out the will of God, with the welfare of all men in view.

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LITTLE MISS NOBODY

CLEMENCE DANE

"There was a jolly miller
Lived on the River Dee,
He laughed and sang from morn till night,
No lark so blithe as he:
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be —
'I care for nobody, no, not I,
And nobody cares for me!'"

— Old Song

Said a girl to me the other day, "I don't mind working hard all my life so long as I'm somebody before I die."

"But you are somebody," said I. As indeed she was, the handsome, restless creature. She had youth, looks, a straight back and quick fingers that bought her food and lodging and inexpensive clothes that were much prettier than the expensive ones of the Somebody she served. I admired her and envied her a little, and so, I think, did her employer. But this unfortunate Miss Nobody wouldn't listen and wouldn't believe it. Her employer had a handle to her name, was a political hostess, wrote verse and attended first nights. Her employer was a Somebody whom people discussed in the daily papers: while she, this poor Miss Nobody of 1926, was, as she firmly explained to me, a nonentity of whom nobody had ever heard "except the family".

Poor Miss Nobody, fiercely assuring you and all the world that she doesn't want anybody's pity, thank you, only her chance to prove that she's as good as the rest of us, — what is really the matter with her? Is this desire to be Somebody, in capitals, just a ridiculous vanity of spirit, or is it a fine flood of emotion gushing down the wrong channel?

It is an ancient emotion, anyway, and has inhabited Titanic breasts! Lucifer tearing down the ramparts of heaven; Cain leaping upon Abel; Napoleon, the little man, observing the French Revolution; Germany anticipating Ragnarok, that war of the gods when all gods die; — these are all victims of the

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same desire that is perhaps not really a desire at all but rather an imperfect creature's effort at self-realization, at self-assertion.

For it seems to me that the ambitious folk, the folk that must arrive or die, are in honest truth the people who think too meanly of themselves, who are a little lacking in self-respect. They do not "own themselves". The lordship of their own souls does not suffice them: they must have tangible fruits of other people's esteem to show them that they are Somebodies indeed. It comes back, I suppose (it's queer how one always does steer back to the Gospel if one wants the light of common-sense on any problem), to that saying of Jesus of Nazareth, — "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it! . . . What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

It's odd how life, religion apart, teaches one that. Desire to be a Somebody and you remain a Nobody to everybody until you wither into death; but get yourself so much interested in the everybodies around you that you cease to wonder or care what particular body you yourself belong to, and, — hey, presto! before you can turn round you will find yourself a Somebody, Somebody with a capital letter to somebody else: to a husband or to a child, to a friend, or even to the world that your employer, Lady Somebody, is somebody in.

That, at least, emerges from the recorded experiences of the Somebodies whom we all admire, the amazing, world-shaking creatures who never, so far as we can perceive, knew or cared whether they were Somebodies or not. There is precious little trace of the desire to be Somebody sticking out of the work of a Shakespeare or a Blake. It looks as if they hadn't time to think about themselves and their position: as if the nobodies who seldom think of anything else were really the conceited folk, in spite of their pose of proud humility. "Oh, I'm nobody: I'm not good enough to speak to so-and-so: you couldn't expect anybody to bother his head about me!" So, I daresay, Satan prided himself on his humility when he found himself crawling in the verdure at Eve's feet, a nobody, a grass snake, an angel who had lost his all through trying to augment his own dignity in his desire to be a Somebody in the commonwealth of heaven.

A far cry from the apple-tree and the garden to little Miss

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Nobody of 1926. But Lucifer, we know, humbly whispered his desires in Eve's ear, and so her latest daughter pays for it.

Cheer up, charming Miss Nobody! Free, self-supporting, gracefully gowned, sensibly shod and hygienically shingled Miss Nobody of 1926! Consider how much more of a somebody you are, at any rate, than your sisters of all the previous centuries! Read the descriptions of the young ladies of the eighties in Charlotte Yonge's *Daisy Chain:* ponder upon the Misses Sympson in Charlotte Brontë's *Shirley:* think of Fanny Price in Jane Austen's *Mansfield Park:* remember Miss Burney's Evelina and recall Richardson's Harriet Byron. Consider the sort of treatment that Pepys thought good enough for his spinster sister: cast a look at poor little Lady d'Ewes, married at thirteen and a half: and so on backward through the centuries to the meek Miss Nobodies of the middle ages who, when company was present, had to sit with their hands folded across their wrists, neither lifting their eyes nor speaking. Own, as you must, that never was Miss Nobody so near to being Miss Somebody as she is to-day! And if you retort that ancient instances are of no use to you, that you want a modern saw to help you to turn yourself into your heart's desire, then I'll give you one that I found to-day in a book of Hugh Walpole's called *A Prelude to Adventure,* —

"The world never looks for more than an instant at self-consciousness; but it dearly loves self-forgetfulness; for that implies a compliment to itself."

There's your recipe!

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DO WORKINGMEN WANT CULTURE?

FREDERICK PAUL KEPPEL

MR. VAN LOON didn't set out to mislead us, says Dean Keppel in reply to the article which immediately precedes his. But his experience hasn't been wide enough. He should have looked west of the Alleghanies before presuming to lay down the law. He is right in saying that the workingman refuses to be patronized, but he works, and works hard, to get the things that the Intellectual holds dear. Over three million "laborers" in America are now studying out of school in an effort to catch up with culture.

ON general principle, one may well hesitate to tilt a lance with Hendrik Van Loon; there is too good a prospect of finding oneself unhorsed and sitting blinking in the dust. He is in the first place as the Lord made him, with a keen eye and a trenchant wit, and as a commentator on American life, though he has never lost the touch of externality which comes from a continental background, he has really made himself one of us, as Hugo Münsterberg, for example, never succeeded in doing. In this instance, one might easily avoid the conflict by refusing to take either his statements or his line of reasoning too solemnly. His object is clearly to stir us up, and we might let it go at that if it weren't that some of us are taking the whole question of Adult Education *au grand serieux* these days. He has succeeded in stirring us up too thoroughly for silence on our part.

In spite of possible danger, therefore, I refuse, publicly, to give Mr. Van Loon a passing mark on that particular paper of his which appeared in the September FORUM. I'd grant him A-minus on his description of the old-fashioned Liberal, with his good intentions and his unconscious patronizing, and I'd certainly give him A-plus on his brief reference to the ultra-radical of to-day, but when it comes to his main thesis, which I take to be that the ideals of those who work with their hands have nothing in common with the ideals of these old-fashioned Liberals, and never will have, I'd blue-pencil a marginal D-minus. If only he hadn't been so sweeping, there'd have been nothing to say except to point out that these workers have no overwhelming monopoly in the matter of low-brow standards. But to leave the impression that the minority who seek and who find the satisfactions of what we call culture is so small as

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to be negligible is, it seems to me, to leave a very false impression, and that is why I am moved to flunk the candidate.

The studies which have led to the recent formation of an American Association for Adult Education make clear that of the great masses of American men and women who are both working for a living and studying, a substantial proportion are working with their hands, and of these latter, at least a saving remnant are following some other interest than that of the pay envelope. Nathaniel Peffer has had much to do with these same studies, and his first comment on Hendrick Van Loon's paper went something as follows:

"What of the little theatres and the symphonies that have started all over the country? When I was a kid in Colorado, if one did not happen to belong to a family in which some one was really talented musically one never heard good music. To-day, in Denver there is a concert a week throughout the season. Even Colorado Springs gets some; it was barren in those days. There are symphony orchestras all over the country. Now the Liberals who were radiant, as cited by Van Loon, were in hope's finest flush about a generation ago. Then: no symphonies, no recitals, no little theatres. To-day, — there they are. Well, how do you find proof there that the people don't care for the fine things? Somebody has cared enough to bring them about. Surely it couldn't be limited to those who already had them?

"True, these may not be the workers, of whom Van Loon weeps most. Maybe they are the bourgeoisie. But something happened to that bourgeoisie to make it demand and take what it didn't have before. If it could happen to them, why not to the proletariat, too? Then why should a Liberal climb up his ivory tower? In short: if there are a hundred times as many patrons of culture to-day as a generation ago, then the good life hasn't been spurned altogether. If this is all the Liberal stood for, and if what he sees to-day brings on a fatal attack of *weltschmerz*, then his liberalism was none too robust, and his passing is not an unmixed tragedy."

In dealing with the so-called laboring classes, Mr. Van Loon seems entirely to have overlooked one significant factor. With our unparalleled economic leeway in this country, a gifted boy or girl can disappear from these classes by way of college and

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professional school without any particular difficulty and without attracting any particular attention. It has been stated that four-fifths of the children of the members of the Union of Locomotive Engineers go to college, and I can well believe it to be true. Any college dean could give literally hundreds of examples of this kind of thing from his own experience. I myself recall one Italian immigrant family, which in a single generation produced a doctor, a lawyer, an engineer, and two professors, and, what is more to the purpose, produced five cultured (and liberal) American citizens.

I am sure Mr. Van Loon didn't set out to mislead us. The trouble is that in this particular case his experience hasn't been wide enough, and he hasn't looked in the right place for his facts. Cities on the Atlantic Seaboard and the adjacent country districts which these cities have drained are not representatives of the United States as a whole, and even in these seaboard cities Everett Martin of the People's Institute or George Coleman of the Boston Forum, or any of the workers in the Foreign Language Information Service could have told him something to his interest. It is true that in these cities, the Jews take fuller advantage of their opportunities than any other group. More credit to them for doing so. But it is not true that this movement is confined to what he calls the Jewish bourgeoisie. The Jewish handworkers have a very active part in it.

But my main point is that he should have looked west of the Alleghanies before presuming to lay down the law. If he had gone to see any one of a dozen librarians in industrial towns throughout the Middle West, say Joseph Wheeler of Youngstown, or Charles Rush of Indianapolis, or if he had observed what is going on in the art museums of some of these towns, he would, I think, have come to a conclusion sufficiently cheerful to spoil his article. If he had visited the night schools in Milwaukee or Portland, Oregon, or the Y. M. C. A. classes in Cleveland, or municipal universities like Cincinnati or Toledo, he would have found that though young Americans by the hundreds of thousands leave school before there is economic necessity for their doing so, lots of them leave not because they are tired of education, but because they are tired of school (which may be a very different thing), and are quite willing a little later on to sacrifice their

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opportunities of low-brow pleasure to go on with their education. If he had known where to look for them, he would have found joint committees of labor leaders on the one hand, and school or college or state authorities on the other. Milwaukee and Cincinnati are good examples of town coöperation, and California and Wisconsin of state-wide movements, both in industry and agriculture. The summer courses for women in industry at Bryn Mawr and the corresponding work of the National League of Girls Clubs would, I am sure, have enlightened him.

Turning now to the Liberal, he may be disappointed, — Liberals are doomed to be disappointed, but I don't think he has disappeared or is in hiding. What has really happened, it seems to me, has been the liberalizing of the Liberal himself. He is no longer concerned with inflicting culture from above, but he has taken on the humbler but much more practical task of helping in unobtrusive ways to make it possible for his neighbor to study what he wants to study, and to do it in his own way. Towns like Buffalo and Cleveland are already studying these opportunities as a community problem, and it will be interesting to see what they make of it. Taking the country over, perhaps as good a place as any to see what has really happened is in the settlements. A generation ago, young Liberals went into these organizations in full hope and confidence that the sweetness and light which they were privileged to shed would provide those less fortunate with what they needed and with what presumably they were eager to have. What is the situation to-day? The successful settlement is one which offers not things in general, but very definite opportunity, professionally and not amateurishly.

I hope to be spared from committing the very crime of which I am charging Mr. Van Loon, namely, of proving too much, but I think I am on safe ground when I say that a substantial and increasing proportion of the three million and more Americans who are to-day studying out of school come from the very people of whom he speaks so positively, and are doing the very things he announces that they refuse to do. He is demonstrably right, of course, in saying that they refuse to be patronized, but he is wrong in tens of thousands of instances in saying that they don't want and won't work, and work hard, to get the things which the Liberal holds dear.

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THE BOOTLEGGING WOMAN

KATE MULLEN

Drawings by Robert P. Tristram Coffin

THE moon is an illusionist. On this night he had silver-etched the boat-houses up and down the banks of the Duwamish river into an incredible loveliness. Incredible to one who had ever seen them by day. Haphazard, polyglot, some of them ramshackle, others jazzily painted and some very spick-and-span. With shabby outhouses, decks, runways, piers, landings, and washings out on the line, — cheap, gay undergarments, staunch work shirts, and raggedy rags, all flapping away there. All this realism the Moon had transfigured into an etching fit for the President's wife to buy.

In one of the spickest of these boat-houses Rose sat crocheting. This evening somehow she did not expect to be raided. Usually, but not to-night. So she sat quietly crocheting, crocheting, crocheting. This was a boudoir cap; a Siwash girl had given her the pattern the summer before. It was made of medallions; Rose still had to consult the pattern occasionally.

Rose did perfect crocheting. And she made perfect moonshine. The first she did for pleasure and the other that she might be economically free to sit in her own little shack of an evening and rock gently so and so and crochet. Or knit. Or tat. But mostly crochet.

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Rose did not make much "moon" but what she made brought first prices from a select clientele. She was part of a ring, Rose was, a ring which the Drys were most anxious to get.

All her life Rose had been beleaguered by poverty until she had learned to make moonshine. But now she was free . . . almost. There was something — one could tell that she was not happy. Sitting in the glow of the low-hung lamp, rocking gently so and so, there was still about her some suppressed bitterness almost virulent.

Except for something Rose was free. Whatever it was she was arguing with it now. It may have been Prohibition for she was telling Prohibition what a failure it was, — how futile and hypocritical. And then she went on and railed against God. Twitting Him. Telling Him what a hard, hellish life she'd led, blaming Him because she'd lost her Mother when she was a tiny baby, reminding Him of how the world had misused and exploited her. Exulting; telling Him insolently how that she was getting back at the world now and at the hypocrites that called themselves Christians. Telling Him that religion was the bunk.

And what she said she meant. She was sincere, Rose, and fearless. She was not even afraid of the imminence of the Dry Squad. Indeed they rather added zest to a life otherwise alloyed with too much crocheting. Rose had a wild streak in her. Rose was hard-boiled too; they might raid her but they'd never get the goods on her. Rose was smart and all those years of intriguing sparse monies from the old rascal who had been her first husband had sharpened her wits of deception. They'd never catch Rose. And if they did, — shrug of the shoulders. She had reached that place in her argument now.

And then she went on scolding God. Meaning it too, — some sophistry mixed in with conviction, but not much. And as she sat talking to Him hatingly, bitingly, unhappily, there came a sharp, significant knock at the door. Rose knew immediately. "What-

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ever — whatever comes," she said to herself like a vow, "I mustn't make a fuss." It was the canny, politic Rose talking to the tempestuous. Another knock. "Better let them in," she decided but before she had time to move there came a shattering blow on the door. Another and another. Rose never stirred. It was the Dry Squad who got the surprise.

They had expected to find something so different. "A bum steer," remarked the youngest Dry laconically, by which he meant that they had been misinformed. Morrison who was leading the raid stood petrified. This dainty room filled with warmth and cleanliness and a woman and crocheting, — a general effect made up of a table runner, an afghan, a tidy or two, a scarf and over the shoulders of this woman under the light a shawl of billowed wool. This woman who never stirred except to rock quietly.

Morrison had expected it to be so different. Where were the others? He had acted on a sure tip; it had been his discovery, his raid; even the chief had had great faith in it. It was to have been a record raid and to find this —

The shack was long and narrow and seemed to taper toward the far end which had the appearance of an altar. A large picture of a woman hung there, an amateurish but vividly beautiful picture of a woman dressed in the style of the Seventies. Under the picture was a bureau and on the bureau a bouquet of bright paper flowers and more crocheting; a light above enhanced the effect of an altar, which was the farthest thing from what poor Rose had intended who was most belligerently Protestant.

Morrison got the effect with the third shiver of the axe that battered the door. Too late to back out he was obliged to go forward. Stationing the others outside he advanced alone, irresistibly toward the woman in the picture. He felt futile and as though they were all laughing behind his back. He felt sorry for himself. It was a silly thing to do, he knew, but he would have to ransack the bureau drawers; the way the Chief did was to run one ruthless hand through and scatter everything regardless.

As he started to open the top drawer, — it was just the sliver of a second, but he felt that the eyes of the woman in the picture were looking down at him, motherly, kind, sympathizing with him. She had the effect of sitting on a throne; it was her wide, full

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skirts which billowed from her tiny Victorian waist; and her hair which was piled up like a crown; she wore ear-rings and held a fan as though it had been a sceptre.

And in that sliver of a second Rose felt it too and looked up from her crocheting to meet the kind compassion in her mother's eyes.

Morrison fumbled through the drawers foolishly. Crocheted sachet bags, soft silky things that clung to his fingers, crocheted chemises, crocheted camisoles, and a fragrance of lilacs. And the eyes of this woman looking down, sorry for him. Nothing hard to the touch except a box; inhibited by the thought of his chief he emptied it; it was filled with trinkets and keepsakes.

And yet — damn her — this woman had the stuff somewhere on the place. He jerked himself out of his first reaction and was now the square-jawed young Federal that had already made a brilliant record. "It's here somewhere," he said like a law. His lips were tight now; he was out to get it.

For over an hour they worked, claw-hammering the boards of the floor, breaking through the plaster board that lined the shack in order to search the aperture between. Outside one of them worked by the light of the moon and his little search-light, poking about among the beams that kept the house afloat. If they ever once got "warm" in their search Rose never betrayed it by one solitary sign.

White-faced but immobile as though she had worn a mask, she continued her crocheting; still rocking; occasionally she even consulted the pattern that the Siwash girl had given her the summer before. Once her white-hot hate hissed — "louse!" It was when they had just gashed a fresh place in the side wall. So they searched that particular place with special diligence. But it was not there. They searched every spot that experience had taught them might be used for a hiding place but it was in none of them. "It's here *somewhere!*" Morrison kept repeating firmly. He had got it from "Pop's Poole Hall" that Rose had just made a fresh batch. He knew it was there — somewhere.

"She may keep it here," Rose heard them say, and it reminded her of a time when she had lain half-conscious and heard the neighbors, looking for a restorative say, "She may keep it here."

Now, Rose was entirely miserable, to the very last bit of her.

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White-faced but immobile as though she had worn a mask, she continued her crocheting; still rocking. . . .

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It seemed as though she couldn't keep it up. Through the battered door the cold night wind struck her back. Neighbors who had gathered on the bank were enjoying the scene, sorry too, some of them, for Rose. Only one thing sustained her, — the eyes of her Mother looking straight at her.

It was a bride picture which Rose had carried about with her all her life. Perhaps she had grown too used to it for it was long years since she had felt its living presence as to-night.

Everything except that seemed battered down about her. She dared not let go her crocheting; dared not stir, — if she ever lost the rhythm of that one-two-three-ing. . . . Now, she no longer consulted the pattern but was piling little loops endlessly about the centre. The tide was rising; she could hear it lap — lap — lap through the loosened floor. And the maddening drawl of gossipy old Jake Withers, who lived two boat-houses away. She who had been so peerless along the river to sit there impotent. Still it was not pride that held her now . . . only one thing; the moment they were gone to barricade the door, to cover herself up inside the shack away from the eyes outside, to be alone with her Mother. To be alone with her Mother!

Now the hammering and chopping grew desultory; there were low-toned conversations; the neighbors stared admiringly, awed too, by the sight of Rose sitting there under the lamp crocheting while the "bulls" searched the shack all about her. And interested mightily to see if they would find the "hooch". It had never entered the mind of Rose that they would — find it.

"It's here — somewhere," Morrison was still saying it monotonously. One Dry was working inside with him. It got on his nerves to hear Morrison keep saying, "It's here somewhere." They were all angrily tired and hated the sight of this nefarious woman sitting there so brazenly. They'd get her yet. Morrison told her so; he stood over her and yelled at her threateningly, "We'll get you yet, old lady, as sure as hell!" It sounded very brave for the neighbors to hear but he did not swear naturally and the "hell" was awkward; the audience sensed it and somebody snickered.

The other Dry was ripping mad, at Morrison, at their failure, at Rose. The spirit of vandalism was entering in; Morrison felt it and the other Dry was possessed by it; he slashed out viciously.

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A sharp, agonized cry from Rose and a moan; it was too late to stop him now, — there was nothing left of the picture of the lady dressed in the style of the Seventies but shredded paper and shattered glass. Morrison spoke quickly, irritably, "That's enough. We're going."

Rose's fingers kept right on crocheting, — mercifully. The rest of her was numb; she could see through the mist, away off, her hands crocheting. She heard them go; heard the engine of their car roar angrily off. Then she moved quickly from her everlasting rocking. The neighbors lingered curiously not daring to address her. Deftly Rose moved a kitchen cabinet up against the battered door and covered the windows where they had been shorn of coverings. Then she turned out the lights, got herself a vantage point where she could watch until they had departed. And waited taut and rigid, all that was feline in her ready to

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spring, all that was emotional in her in abeyance to instinct, waited so until the last reluctant person had gone.

Watching there she was helped by the Moon whose light threw all the river bank into definite outlines. She waited, waited, waited, and then when, sleepy and tired, for it was now close to two o'clock, the Duwamish had turned out its last light, then Rose moved.

Sliding the cabinet back slightly she got down, almost flat, and crept outside. The Moon, still her staunch ally, had thrown all her little pier into deep shadow, — Rose was quite protected. Lying along the runway, she reached stealthily but sure, down under the planks. A sharp little knife in hand she felt around the huge piling where it joined the planks of the pier. Then she cut, — one deft, quick cut. Again and much quicker than it takes to write it down, she cut on another side of the piling, — on another, — another. Four times to each piling she cut until she had cut sixteen times, — until she had cut sixteen fish-lines dyed to the color of the piling. Cut until sixteen weighted quarts of moonshine were done for, until four gallons of "white mule" were lying in the secret bottom of the Duwamish River.

There had been other times when she had found it necessary to destroy her own handiwork and then it had been done with profound regret. Now, when no necessity urged her on, she could not do it swiftly enough. It was like unwinding snakes from tortured limbs, these hideous quarts of bootleg whiskey that had given these men the legal right to invade her shack, to destroy her Mother. Rose was not thinking this. Rose was not thinking. But if she had thought, it would have been this, — that had given these men the legal right to destroy her Mother.

Back in her shack with the lights on, she barricaded herself again and turned and faced — what there was to face. Still mechanically she took her body, as though it had been a crochet needle, over and picked up the fragments of her mother's picture. She took cognizance of them practically to see if they could be pieced together. No, the face was entirely mutilated. Neatly she gathered the glass into a dustpan, the paper and shivered frame she shoved into the stove where it blazed up into fresh, bright warmth.

Then — Rose, still stiff like a crochet needle, went over to

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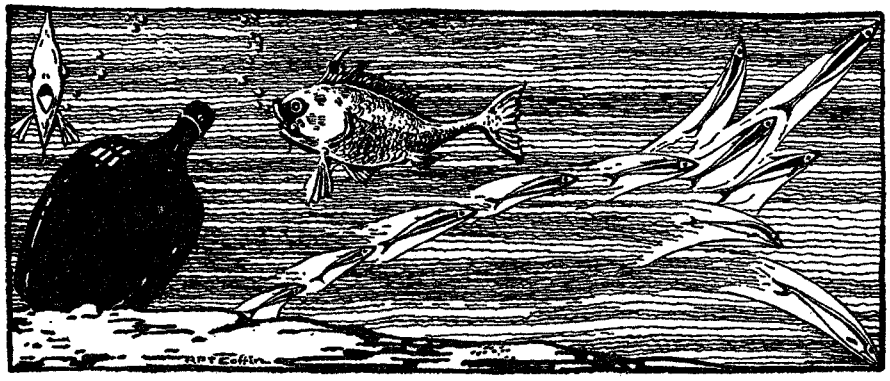
the couch where she slept. And kneeled down and stretched her arms out over the bed until her hands had reached down and clutched about the rod in back. In numb, dumb, blind agony. Something had happened to Rose. Of all that had upheld her, — of either conviction or sophistry, — of the pride of success, of the consciousness of righteousness, of rebellion, of hatred, of martyrdom, — all of them had deserted her now, miscreantly. Now she was utterly bereft, depleted, alone, an Hagar in the wilderness.

She reached still further, encompassing the bed, striving, cleaving, penetrating, agonizing, until at last she "cried out with a loud voice", cried out in the only direction that was left, not from conviction, not from conversion, nor from repentance, — cried out because all that there was left of her was this that cried "God — God — *God!*"

Her voice rose until it cut the air in sharp cleaved edges; like a radiant white shaft it pierced through and past everything else in time, — so eternal that it made the Moon seem a transient and trivial thing in the sky. And the body of Rose became no longer a crochet needle, and the couch held her body, heavy and shaken by great, trembling sobs while she clung there sobbing — "Oh, God — *God!*" Like a child who has found his mother after an agony of doubt.



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THE NEW AMERICAN LANGUAGE

If we were to compile a purely American Dictionary, which of our many creations would be worthy of us? Of our current slang perhaps one-fifth has vitality and appropriateness. The Younger Generation is re-creating our speech. The War did its share. Every day new words appear: each month old ones drop out, too weak to survive the race. Take the term "Highbrow" listed for definition in November. Is such a word worth preserving? If so, why? — and how did it appear? You need not confine yourself to words already known to us. Create some yourself, or indicate the sort of word you need. For each suggestion (stated in less than one hundred words) selected by the judges, THE FORUM *will present a book chosen by the winner, — the volume indicated to be chosen from the books mentioned in the current issue, to the value of five dollars. Please type your manuscript, write name and address plainly and send it to the Contest Editor.*

FOR several months THE FORUM has been carrying on a campaign for a definition of terms. Yet here is no less a man than Mr. Herbert Hoover in "Search for the Perfect-Child". What does the phrase mean? He challenges science to help us to attain new and intelligible standards. We challenge him, and the great American public behind him, to define his term "The Perfect-Child". His article opens a FORUM series on the subject of diet, medicine, health, education. Leaving the lantern to Diogenes, THE FORUM will turn the searchlight into the four corners of the world: In Search of

THE PERFECT-CHILD

CAN you tell us in one hundred words what we are looking for? What is the relative importance of character, physique, intelligence? Do manners and morals count? Cleanliness and Godliness? How shall racial differences be rated? Genius, adaptability, originality, sense of humor, linguistic and artistic ability, — are they necessary? Remember we are discussing childhood, not adolescence, and we do not want a list of physical measurements. A photograph of your Perfect-Child? If you like. But certainly a Definition, thought out, and written out, with great care. Please send it to the Definition Editor before November first, 1926.

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WHAT IS SOCIALISM?

Forum Definitions — Fifth Series

AFTER surveying the chances of Socialism in various parts of the globe just before the War, the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* remarked that America "would seem a better field for socialistic experiment, having more men, more states, and ample political liberty." In asking for definitions of Socialism, therefore, THE FORUM expected to sense the advance or retreat of the ideas in which we may have been experimenting, — and the result has certainly been enlightening.

In the first place we have the impression that in this particular field opinion is more sharply divided than in any of the Definition Contests yet held. And secondly we have been able to make interesting comparisons between American opinion and that of our European entries, which suggest that in the New World the idea is somewhat more fluid.

Fifty years ago an American, on a visit to England, converted Mr. Bernard Shaw to Socialism, and the Fabian Society was the direct result. Two years ago Mr. Shaw's fellow Fabians were controlling the destinies of the British Empire. To-day, at the age of seventy, Mr. Shaw still continues to affirm his undaunted faith in the creed which America taught him. THE FORUM is therefore asking Mr. Shaw a number of questions about Socialism and about the future of Socialism in America. The answers he has vouchsafed will appear in our next issue.

Meanwhile, we note that one of our competitors defines Socialist by an example, — "George Bernard Shaw, whose excellent writings are so amply protected from the mass by copyright." And another, who thinks in negative terms, conceives of Socialism as "What America has been developed *without*". To a very large number, "Socialism is a disease — its cure a term in office." It is "Bolshevism with the lid on". It is "the invocation of a power by which the incompetent man may obtain an equal share of the well-earned harvest with the man who has toiled through the summer's heat". It is "a plan that people often enthusiastically advocate when poor, which automatically ceases to interest them when they become wealthy." Or as Commander

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H. W. Boynton puts it: "Socialism is a political philosophy which expresses the rebellion of those unsuited for economic competition against the characteristics of communal life which grow out of God's law which states "To him that hath shall be given and to him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath".

To others, "Everything good is Socialism." This is proved by the fact that every good measure which comes up in Congress is branded "Socialism". Or again "Socialism is the road to freedom, cleared of toll gates and road agents." Or even "a red flag waved before financial bulls".

Many, like Mr. Charles Platt, stress the psychological factors on which they hold that Socialism is based, viz., "the assumption that mankind is capable of unselfish service, that the individual will give of his best for the welfare of the whole and will rest content with such fractional personal reward as may therefrom be derived."

Others, with Mr. W. R. Winicov, dwell on the claim that "under Socialism each worker would receive the full reward for his labors and not merely the fraction he is receiving now when he is competing with his fellow-men for the sale of his brain or brawn in the open market."

As an example of those who label Socialism the Pipedream of the Unfit, we may cite the following: "Socialism is an iridescent pipedream of an earthly paradise, redeemed from selfishness and greed, in which superior ability, industry, and thrift will have no greater reward than mediocrity, laziness, and shiftlessness. It voices the hope of the unfit and ineffectual, who, lacking the power to rise by their own merit, would debase all to their own level, to create for themselves a synthetic equality which they cannot hope to win by their own merit. It might work in a society composed exclusively of angels. The barrier to its accomplishment is the scarcity of angels."

And here is a typical definition which sees in Socialism a *via media:* "Socialism is that evolutionary change in the form of government of a people, which leads towards the enrichment of the lives of the greatest possible proportion of the governed. It disregards, on the one hand, the vested interests of those who have, and on the other, the outstretched grasp of those who, having nothing, desire all, and in so doing endeavors to achieve the greatest good of the greatest number."

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The ten winning definitions, which represent all shades of opinion, are as follows:

(1) Socialism is a distinct and a diversified intellectual and emotional movement in the national life of civilized nations of our day. It aims to ameliorate and to adjust, primarily by political action, the economic and the sociological inequalities which have developed in the upward trend of human progress. It looks toward a gradual organization of humanity in which each member is to contribute his work in accordance with his ability for the welfare of all, being assured, at the same time, of the right to live, to work, and to develop individually. (*William Schaffrath, Syracuse, New York*).

(2) Socialism is the principle of the social structure of Bee and Ant communities applied to Human society. It is the distilled product of a solution of Capitalism and Communism in Democracy. Its aim is the coördinated State development of natural resources for the due welfare of all. It is individual endeavor so exalted in purpose, that to those of limited vision, it seems destroyed. It is competition replaced by coöperation. It is the premature conception of society as composed only of rational, altruistic, and "human" beings. (*Arthur Harling, Toronto, Canada*).

(3) Socialism is the theory of an equal share for the Loaf, of the Loaf, and in the Loaf. (*Chris F. West, Berea, Ohio*).

(4) Socialism has different meanings in different countries, and among different classes in the same country. To the very rich it suggests an unstable tenure of their possessions. To the very poor it insinuates the dawn of a more prosperous era. The following definition is advanced as applicable to both nations and classes: — A conception of unnecessary inequalities in the existing well-being of humanity, expressing itself in efforts to diffuse the ownership of property. (*Colonel J. C. Breckinridge, U. S. S. Seattle*).

(5) A blanket term for views ranging from anarchism to mild progressivism; an epithet applicable to economic and political ideas differing from those sanctioned by "successful" men. A result of the realization that society is becoming more of a unit whose interdependent parts should act more synchronously; a conviction that it is inadvisable to allow the direction of modern society by groups of privilege — large financial and industrial bodies. An effort to rectify some of the adverse developments of Capitalism, varying from attempts at destroying it to measures of Fabian modification of the present structure. (*C. F. Haywood, Lynn, Massachusetts*).

(6) Socialism is a body of industrial, political, and social theories and movements, designed to extend the sphere of government so as to inaugurate in part or completely, systems of public coöperative ownership and administration of the means of production and distribution.

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It aims at the establishment of systems of compensation for workers (Brain and Brawn) in terms of their service to society and the physical and social needs of the individual worker. Through the proper functioning of these instrumentalities, speculation and uncertainties of business would be eliminated and each member of society strive to serve his fellow man without fear of speculative interference. (*John A. Mathes, Brooklyn, New York*).

(7) For those who do the work of the world socialism demands the earth and the fulness thereof. It holds as an economic and moral wrong the power to control the lives of others through the ownership of natural resources and the principal means of production and exchange, and offers as a remedy collective control for the public good of all economic activities. "And they shall build houses, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them. They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat." (*A. V. Curtis, Terre Haute, Indiana*).

(8) Socialism is a political and economic theory, and embodies a social ideal, the ideal of society as ultimately strictly coöperative. It holds that by regular stages of evolution society is proceeding toward the final goal of a collective democracy. When this goal is attained, competition in business will have been abolished and profit will have ceased to be an end of industrial activities. The means employed in producing wealth will be owned in common by the working people; the products of industrial labor will be the property of the individuals who create those products. (*F. L. Grant, Warren, Massachusetts*).

(9) Socialism is neither a shibboleth nor a creed to be believed. It is merely an economic readjustment of society which those who accept it think would make for greater happiness. It is an extension of the patriarchal idea, in which the whole tribe contributes communally to its support, and all its possessions are in the hands of the chief, to the vastly more complex modern industrial world. A benevolent, and, it must be confessed, rather despotic State is to be substituted for the Chief, the citizens representing the tribe. Its advantages are the abolition of poverty, want, and disease; and its danger, the checking of initiative. (*Earl Russell, London, England*).

(10) Socialism is a big question mark. It asks why, with all the wonderfully productive machinery and improved methods of organization, the workers are still slaves. It asks why our civilization is so cruel and ugly. It asks why little children still toil in factories. It asks why those who create do not enjoy the advantages of what is created, why those who build automobiles walk, those who build Pullmans ride in box cars, those who build palaces live in hovels It asks: Is not the Industrial Civilization we have created a Frankenstein that has made itself our master? (*Henry Flury, Washington, D. C.*).

George Bernard Shaw Defends Socialism in the November Forum

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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

THE BEAN TEST

ONCE a year I become an earnest bean-picker. Along about the hottest day in July, the beans decide that they "want" to be picked. At least, so the lady who is going to cold-pack them says. She doesn't work in a refrigerator, in spite of the name she gives her mysteries, but in a kitchen, and, as I said, she chooses the hottest day in the year; so I can hardly complain if she wishes me to enjoy a little sympathetic sizzling in the bean-patch. Anyhow, she herself is above picking beans. She's a skilled craftsman, an artist. She has attained the sublimation wherein, after adding the heat of a kitchen stove to July at its darnedest, she is able, with an esoteric gleam, to believe that what she is doing is really the *cold*-pack method.

Now bean-picking is one of the lowest forms of human activity. The lowest is bean-eating. Such kindred activities as blueberry-picking may be rated lower, too, I suppose, because there is always the lure of a rake-off for the furtive picker. But what are you to do with filched beans? Also, God did not ordain that blueberries might not be gathered in the cool dawn. No, there are specious attractions to berry-picking which render it unfit, as a test, to compete with bean-picking.

Not that I would exalt the humble bean-picker. I have just admitted that he is measurably lower than the angels in the kitchen. Though he requires a certain amount of fortitude, he doesn't require much strength or skill. But he has his points. Don't mistake me, reader. I am not referring to the gatherings of a mess for supper, — of a mere couple of quarts, — with the succulent reward of your virtue only a few hours distant. I mean picking for the red-hot cold-pack process, — picking bushels, wheelbarrows. Well, that kind of bean-picking has its points.

I have mentioned the kind of day the canning expert selects. I have alluded to the time of day God has assigned to the bean-picker. "Daylight Saving" is of no avail; at ten o'clock "Standard" he begins and not a minute before unless he is willing to

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risk the "rust", a plague in which God and the Devil seem to work in collusion. Nimble little fingers that might share the work seem to be needed in the kitchen. He is left alone with the beans and the sun. Perhaps it is just as well, though; for I find that on those rare occasions when I have coadjutors, I glean basketfuls from rows that are supposed to have been covered. Not that I pretend to be a really great bean-picker; but I think, in all modesty, that I may be said to have a nose for beans.

Along with such a nose your perfect bean-gatherer should possess what the athletic people call "a great pair of hands". In fact, the whole man, it may be said, is called into play. To squat for hours and yet to squat with such subtle variations that the knees do not stick fast is in itself no mean feat, — it requires a great pair of knees. And then the eyes! As in other phases of life, one must look before and after. It is astonishing how different a bean looks from behind. Even the brain is not wholly idle, for there must be instantaneous selection, without massaging each pod, of those beans which really "want" to be picked. The sympathetic reader may readily conceive how painful it is to an accomplished bean-picker to see misfits pulling the bushes to pieces and dropping the pods one by one into the basket. Indeed, the final accomplishment of the master-picker is to pick handfuls with a rhythmic, sweeping gesture, — not violent, so that the bushes are torn asunder, but without making deposits in the basket till the hand is quite full. This process of course requires the picker to open the hand before each new pod is added and yet to close it before any of the old pods slip out. My proficiency in this respect, if I may call it such, I attribute to nothing so much as to a youth assiduously spent in playing jack-stones.

It should be clear from the foregoing, without laboring the point, that there are great varieties and degrees among bean-pickers. I have often wondered, in fact, whether the expression, "Shucks! He ain't worth beans!" might not originally have applied to a man's capacity as a picker. I shall be told, I fear, that the expression stood for capital, that any one "not worth beans" was poor indeed. But I like to believe that it stood for capacity. How many men accounted competent and successful, could we take them out a-picking, might prove to be actually *not worth beans!*

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In fact, I have long fancied that bean-picking might be used as a universal test of low grade capacity. In the absence of Exacticus I hesitate to put the idea forward seriously, but it *would be* a splendidly accurate and simple form of measurement. Instead of complicated intelligence tests, with only a harvest of papers at the end of the day, you would get a crop of beans garnered while the simple process was searching out and setting in order all sorts of applicants for academic or industrial promotion. It is true, of course, that the method might be found difficult in northern climates during winter, yet no doubt a synthetic bean could be devised.

But the great advantage, in addition to the simplicity and economic saving, would lie in the fact that the test would really find out what we want to know. It does not seem to occur to the contrivers of intelligence tests that any high-grade moron is likely to be required to do things with his hands quite as much as with his head. Of what avail that he can tell which word is correct in a given puzzle-sentence or that he can under favorable conditions reproduce a series of figures? Here he is raw from school applying for a job at factory, office, or farm. Of course he doesn't know much; for a while he will have to do chores. It would be a comfort to dispense with the gratuitous misinformation with which his application is usually accompanied and to know simply whether he has the elementary capacity to pick beans, — to know, in addition to the fact that his mind is at least twelve years old, that he has perseverance and "a great pair of hands".

Consider, too, how the bean-test would simplify the problem of immigration. The embarrassment of Gertrude Ederle at Dover (and also of the official, let us hope) was the result of red tape. Yet even a customs official could see at a glance that it would be an effrontery to question *her* capacity, — like the lady in *Hyperion*, "she could have ta'en Achilles by the hair and bent his neck." Or the Countess Cathcart embarrassment on our side. Secretary Kellogg need only have asked, "Can she pick beans?" Over the wire would probably have come the reply, "She *won't*;" — *voilà*, the problem solved!

If I were Uncle Sam, I should want to know, of peasants coming from Europe, not whether they could read and write, but whether they could pick beans.

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POETRY

ECCO IL SANTO

SEVEN centuries are counted
Since the soul of Francis mounted,
Led by Sister Death, the stair
To those Paradises where
Holiness is debonair.
Should he come again to-day,
Singing down the starry way,
Troubadour of God, the Lark
Of Assisi, would he hark
Happier laughter than he knew
When his carols shook the dew,
Under skies Madonna-blue,
From the twinkling olive trees?
Oh, unshriven Centuries,
Fall before him on your knees!

But the Centuries stand proud
As Saracens, their heads unbowed:
"Friar, cord your faded gown;
Take your barefoot jog from town
On to town, as legend tells,
And adore our miracles.
We have made man lord of things;
Given him force that far outflings
Giant fables; given him wings;
Given him eyes that pierce like spears
The farthest flecks of light, and ears
That listen across hemispheres."

Like the Star of Bethlehem
Friar Francis smiles on them.

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"So my Lady Poverty
Dwells on earth no more?" saith he.
"And my Brother Sun's glad glances
See no longer battle lances
Foam with blood? Old Craft and Greed
Do not gorge on cruel need
Of their fellows? Life is freed
From fear, for robbers cease to go
On dark errands? There is no
Wolf to trouble Gubbio?
Trust assoils the wolfish heart
Of its sin and of its smart?"

Challenged by that capuchin
The Centuries go phantom-thin
Till their waning gold is gray
As his worn frock. Melting away
Like sails on the horizon, they
Glimmer ghostly and are gone.
But the Dream glows on and on
In new dawns forever breasting
New adventure, ever questing
Up the sky for purer day.
Time shall yet to Francis pray:
"Father, of thy courtesy
Print thy mystic wounds in me
That I bleed and burn until
Life shall do Love's perfect will."

— *Katharine Lee Bates*

THE DEATH OF ST FRANCIS

LO! As they bore him through the gate,
The birds began to sing,
And all the flowers opened wide
Their petals — everything
Within the little garden seemed
To live more gaily — "Bring

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Him in and lay him there," one said. . . .
The bells began to ring. . . .

They bore him to the little hut
Close to the garden wall,
And laid him on a bed of straw,
And knelt beside him. All
The world grew still — and now the birds
Hushed every little call. . . .
But Francis raised his head, and said
"Tell them to sing!" A tall

White lily at the doorway bowed,
And whispered to a lark
"St Francis says to sing — to sing!"
And then — O hush! O hark!
Such melody from feathered throats
Arose, the little park
Was drenched in trills and tremolos —
Like sunlight after dark!

And Francis closed his eyes, and smiled —
But still, he did not sleep,
For as the Lady Jacqueline
Leaned down . . . "Why do you weep?"
He said, "Why do you weep for me,
Dear Lady, now I keep
My tryst with the Beloved One?
I go from deep to deep. . . ."

And as they prayed beside him — lo!
The sunlight touched his thin
Brown hands, and Francis raised his head. . . .
"O Brother Sun, come in!
Come in!" He cried; "As shadows lose
Themselves in light, so sin
By Love can be dissolved," he said,
"Dissolved and lost therein. . . ."

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And then, with soundless footsteps, came
An Angel, eagerly,
To lead his soul to God — and so
He died — if dying be
But passing sweetly out of time
Into eternity.

— *Mary Dixon Thayer*

ST FRANCIS OF ASSISI ACCORDING TO HIS BROTHER IN CHRIST URBAN TIMOTHEUS OF PADUA JONGLEUR OF THE LORD

HE was, or so it seemed to me,
As living a man as may be met:
No stuffed and feathered effigy;
No saintly silhouette.

He did not come to save our souls,
But make them worth the saving; nor
Did he contrive a hell of coals
With God as janitor.

Having himself sinned well and long,
He had no wish to salve himself:
The pedestal was just as wrong
For him as was the shelf.

We dwell upon his body's death,
Forgetting how he won the rich
Reward that nailed at Nazareth
Another in his niche.

Reason and ecstasy combined
To make him master, keep him slave:
With starry logic he divined
The ladder in the grave.

— *Joseph Auslander*

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Wilhelm Hohenzollern

A Biography by Emil Ludwig

TRANSLATION BY ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE

FOURTH INSTALMENT—ATTILA AND THE HUNS

THE Court of William the Second, with its cold glitter, — which we propose to ignore, though of its sycophants we shall have something to say, — was not the favorite abiding-place of its master. The excitement of bedizenments and banquets quickly palled; splendor repeated itself *ad nauseam;* the craving for publicity was only to be satisfied in the streets, by perpetual goings and comings, by entries on a much larger scale and with much more resounding effects than at first. None the less, everything had to be kept up to the mark in Haroun-al-Rashid style for the visits of foreign potentates who were to be dazzled by the power and glory of the German Empire, as symbolized by the *Weisser Saal.* Not only was gala-dress supplied for six hundred Court lackeys, but so many were kept, in view of the great banquets, that none worked more than a hundred and forty, and many only eighty days in the year. The Grooms of the Chamber were on duty from seventy to a hundred and fifty days in the year; the rest of the time they (mostly young men in the middle twenties) sat idle in Berlin.

THE LAST OF THE KAISERS
From a Drawing by Johan Bull

Happier than at Court was the Emperor at the chase. Eulenburg, so frequently present, says that "the hunts were horrible. This massacre of unfortunate creatures, utterly unable to escape from their fate, is no kingly recreation. Strangely enough, no one at Court seems to realize that it adds nothing to the glory of a sovereign to cause these hapless wild creatures to be driven into a great enclosure in the centre of which the noble sportsmen are posted, pouring out their shots on the panting, desperate brutes as they hurl themselves ever and again against the farthest hedges; and this never stops until all are dead or dragging, mortally wounded, on the ground, and at the end of the day are put out of their agony." As numbers were the sole aim, and the game was driven up to the mouth of the gun, the Emperor, in three December days with Prince Donnersmarck, could proclaim his one-thousand-six-hundred-and-seventy-fifth head, and in his forty-third year cause to be inscribed in golden letters on a block of granite: "Here His Majesty William II brought down His fifty-thousandth animal, a white cock-pheasant".

UNCLE AND NEPHEW

In the early nineties English opinion was still unanimously in favor of Germany, — still strongly under the influence of the tradition of Waterloo and the policy of Disraeli, who had always been in favor of Germany as against Russia; there was as yet no talk of German competition; Bismarck's legacy, embodied in his approach to Salisbury, was still "on the table". It was reserved, then, for William

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the Second's dynastic sentiments to bring about the estrangement of two countries which had fewer reasons for antagonism than any other two nations.

The Prince of Wales, who was about twenty years older than his nephew, was as different from him as the plate is from the impression, — everything in him was white where it was black in the other, and vice versa. The one seems to come out of a play by Sardou, the other out of Ibsen's *Wild Duck*. Prince William's youth had been as empty of gallantries as even Prince Edward's old age was prolific in them. The Emperor's virtue was contrasted with a world-renowned libertinism, his pathos with an easy-going irony which took its toll on everything. The one always wanted to dazzle, the other never, — rather did his royalty bore him; and while the nephew's fantastic imagination strained after the mediaeval, the uncle asked no better than Merry Old England. Neither nerves nor conceit troubled this man; a great respect for his own mother made it still more difficult for him to understand his nephew's hatred for *his*, — indeed, this heir to the throne had even expunged from his heart that impatience which had embittered the existence of his brother-in-law Frederick, and taken refuge in pleasure from the humiliations of inactivity. For all that, he was not only shrewder and more experienced, but in a certain sense more energetic, than his restless nephew.

These contradictions of temperament could have found no worse intermediary than the Emperor's mother, — and she painted to her brother a distorted picture of his nephew, before he really knew him at all. She and Edward were so attached that till the day of her death they wrote each other every week.

First Hits at Edward

Already in his youth William had included his mother's brother in his hatred for herself, — at first, no doubt, simply because he was her brother. Even then he gave away his English uncle to the Tsar, which is the more surprising because the Tsar was by no means well disposed toward Prince William and on the other hand was Edward's brother-in-law and might pass it all on to him. When his uncle was a guest at Potsdam in '84, Prince William boasted of his antagonism in a letter to the Tsar: "The visit seems to be bearing fruit under the fostering hands of my mother and grandmother. But these English happen to have forgotten my existence . . . and I swear to you that everything I can do for you and your country, shall be done. But it will take a long time." And, a year later: "I don't in the least look forward to the Prince of Wales's visit, — forgive me, he's your relative, after all, — for with his intriguing disposition he will certainly try to play some political game with the ladies. May Allah consign him to perdition, as the Turk says. . . . It's to be hoped the Mahdi will drive all these English into the Nile!"

Scarcely had he come to the throne when he made his uncle feel that *he* was only a prince. At his first visit to Vienna, in September, '88, the young Emperor, knowing that Edward had announced himself for the same time, laid down as a condition that he must be received alone, even refusing Edward's offer to be present in Prussian uniform at the Vienna railway-station. He obliged him to leave Vienna for a week and go to Hungary, — and never reflected that ere long his uncle would succeed his aging mother, and would revenge himself as King; nor yet did it occur to him that no man of honor, though but a private individual, can ever in his life forget such humiliation. Who can wonder, then, that the uncle, before his nephew's visit to London, demanded a letter of apology from the latter, who made but a half-hearted acknowledgment of error, and that but for Salisbury's urgent intervention the Emperor would never have been invited at all?

Already this first visit, — invested by the wise old Queen with all the glitter which was sure to gratify her grandson, — was complicated by little private incidents. Edward, but recently appointed Admiral of the British Fleet, could hardly enjoy seeing his nephew promoted to the same rank at the age of thirty, and it must have been with ironical feelings that he observed him presume upon his honors as if he had earned them. For the Emperor immediately advised the Queen to station twelve units in the Mediterranean instead of five, and told Edward, at the parade of the Fleet, that *his* fleet was going to be much more modern in equipment.

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Regatta Politics

And yet the Emperor was more strongly drawn toward this country, — the object of his jealousy, — than toward any other. No foreign state was so frequently visited by him, for Norway, in his estimation, meant no more than a few harbors. For the next five years, that is, from '90 to '95, he went to England every summer to take part in his uncle's regattas, though he liked Edward as little as Edward liked him; during these eighteen summer weeks, in the dangerous intimacy of life on board, the antipathy of the two men developed into an enmity which was to affect the history of the world.

The nephew would be the Emperor at one moment; the next, a merry-andrew. His uncle was treated, — by Eckardstein's account, who was with him four summers, — "partly as *quantité négligeable*, partly as the victim of his schoolboy pranks, conversational and otherwise."

Edward, who was unused to this kind of thing, and disliked it, gave the Emperor's friends his frankly ironic opinion: "I can't quite make out my nephew's game. I can understand a man's wanting to buy diamonds when he hasn't any, but if he can't afford big ones it is more practical for him to chuck a hopeless game. The Emperor's interest in ships is all very well, but when one sees him taking a hand in everything with that paralyzed arm of his, as he's doing just now on deck, one can't help being afraid that he'll get hurt." Whether Eulenburg was wise enough to keep this to himself, or malicious enough to repeat it, it is certain that these poisoned shafts did sooner or later reach the Emperor and implanted in his heart such wounds as never ceased to rankle. With every year his reception grew cooler; the Prince called his guest "the boss of Cowes", and said: "The Regatta used to be my favorite relaxation; but since the Emperor has been in command here, it's nothing but a nuisance. Most likely I sha'n't come at all next year."

There were hard trials, assuredly. In August, '93, a sudden coolness with France over Far Eastern questions seemed to point to a war with England, — couriers came from London to the Queen, and the Emperor too had to be informed. During dinner with Edward, the Premier's private secretary arrived with letters and reports: France, relying on her Russian friends, was aiming at an expansion of territory in Farther India. When the Emperor had read the dispatches he burst out laughing, clapped his uncle on the back, and cried: "Well, now you can go to India and show whether you're any good as a soldier!" Whereupon he returned to the *Hohenzollern*.

A Breakdown

There he summoned Eulenburg to his cabin, — and completely broke down. "I had really never seen him so lose his self-control. . . . After the visit of the French Fleet at Cronstadt it was the second shock resulting from the non-renewal of the Russian Treaty." The Emperor said:

"England's fleet is weaker than the French and Russian ones together. Our little fleet would be of no use at all. Our Army isn't strong enough yet to fight on two fronts. That's why the French have chosen their moment so deftly! Our prestige is at an end, if we can take no leading part. World-power, — what sort of figure can a nation cut without that? What are we to do?" Eulenburg and two other intimates soothed him, but when they left "he still looked wretched, white, and nervous, biting his lips. . . . He felt himself suddenly driven into a corner, as it were, with his Big Navy talk, and politically speaking, put in his place, — which for his precious vanity was a tough morsel."

There was a yacht-race next morning, and the Emperor was exclusively occupied with the steering and manning of his boat; while Edward breakfasted and lunched on board, remaining there from ten o'clock to four, when the tension was relieved by reassuring news from London. Edward never heard anything of his nephew's collapse, which was best from a political point of view; though from a human point of view it would have been better if he had known of it and thus seen, as we do to-day, that the Emperor's bluster was but a screen for his nervousness and sense of impotence. But, as it was, his uncle regarded him as, first, impertinent, and then indifferent; and as the Emperor never asked what had in the meantime been arranged in London, all

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Edward saw him do was dine and breakfast.

In the same week, during a race round the Isle of Wight the yachts were stopped by a sudden calm. As the Emperor was expected to dinner that night by the Queen, Edward tried to induce his nephew to abandon the race and so get back in time. Answer by flag-signal: "Race must be fought out, no matter when we finish." When, after ten o'clock, he was announced to his aged, punctilious, dignified grandmother, he had offended her more keenly than any kind of note, begging her not to expect him, could have done; and he had again exasperated his uncle, whose respect for his mother made such remissness seem unthinkable.

In the summer of '95 England was isolated. The Liberal Cabinet was dissolved, Lord Salisbury returned to power, and with him Chamberlain; friends were looked for, Germany first of all. In July Salisbury suggested to the German Ambassador the break-up of Turkey; Hatzfeldt was electrified by the magnitude of the scheme. What Bismarck had striven for through a decade, — the separation of the Austrian and the Russian spheres in the Balkans, — was at length made possible; the Russian coolness toward Germany might not disappear, the Dual Alliance would lose its object; while England, at last, would automatically join the Triple Alliance.

Salisbury and the Emperor

But the name of Salisbury was enough to awaken Holstein's distrust, because Bismarck thought highly of him; even private letters from the Ambassador failed to convince him, — here again he judged others in the light of his own duplicity, and imagined that England was insidiously aiming at destroying the Triple Alliance and bringing the Balkans down on their heads. "England", he concluded, "is not yet ripe for an alliance; we can wait." He even refused the Ambassador permission to go any further. This point of view was suggested to the Emperor in the usual way; it corresponded only too well with his own feelings. He repeated it in the same words to Rothenhahn, with exaggerations: ". . . And we are in the agreeable position of being able to watch and wait, since no one in Europe can do anything without us." And then, again on the way to England, he was advised to put Lord Salisbury off.

The peer did not arrive at Cowes at the appointed time, nor until an hour later, and pleaded *force majeure* as his excuse, — a defect in the engine and no other boat available, — all demonstrable reasons. But the Emperor, whom no sense of dignity protected from the fear of not being treated with sufficient deference, was offended. He lost his temper, and not only declined the proposal but derided the Turkish scheme, so that the interview came to an end "in very considerable agitation". Invited to a second interview, in which the Emperor evidently wished to efface the impression of the first, Salisbury never appeared, but sent a note of regret; and, "the result," says Eckardstein, "was a deep-seated, lasting coolness between the Emperor and Salisbury. . . . The latter, years afterwards, repeatedly said to me, referring to the disastrous interview: 'The Emperor seemed quite to forget that I am not Minister to the King of Prussia, but Prime Minister to the Queen of England.'" But Holstein, who had desired the issue, though not in so brusque a form, ascribed the affair to a mood of the Emperor's, — the same in which a few months later he despatched the Krueger telegram.

"Most Brilliant Failure in History"

Personal jealousies were working for or against these politics. The nephew, during just those days, got himself snubbed by his uncle because he wanted to take control of the Regatta; and took his revenge by entering his yacht for the Queen's Cup and withdrawing it again at the last moment, thus forcing his uncle to cover the course alone; then he offended him again by telling him that he had never been a soldier. Is it surprising that in this state of mind, — reflected, of course, in the retinues, — each should hear what the other said of him? "He is an old peacock," said William. But Edward said more wittily:

"He is the most brilliant failure in history."

The Krueger Telegram

In the autumn of 1895 the situation in the Transvaal, where England was about

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to come to grips, stirred the Emperor to definite threats, edited down by Hohenlohe in the official dispatches, but privately reported to the members of the English Cabinet by Colonel Swaine in Berlin, whom the Emperor had overwhelmed with reproaches. The last days of the year there came from Africa a kind of justification: Jameson, an English doctor, with the connivance of Cecil Rhodes and the Johannesburg agitators, had raided the Boer Republic of the Transvaal from Capetown.

Then news reached Europe of President Krueger's victory over the meddlesome adventurers, and on January third the Emperor called a Conference at the Imperial Chancery. The Emperor himself, highly excited, opened the proceedings: "Now is our moment. Germany can obtain the Protectorate of the Transvaal." The means thereto: Mobilization of the Marine Light Infantry; troops for the Transvaal, a landing in Delagoa Bay; under this pressure, a Conference for the neutralization of the Transvaal; at the Conference, cry raised against England; issue: position of most-favored-nation, hitherto England's prerogative, coming to Germany. The statesmen were dismayed. Hohenlohe said quietly: "That means war with England." But warnings made the Emperor only more acrimonious, it was "an excessively animated and even dramatic conference". No resolution satisfied him, and it was finally Kayser, the Colonial Director, who thought of a way out: — "Congratulate Krueger."

Marschall breathes again, — the sedative for the Emperor is found! and the telegram is made out: "I send you my sincere congratulations on having, without any appeal to friendly Powers, succeeded through the energy of your own people in opposing the armed raiders who have belligerently invaded your territory, in restoring tranquility, and in upholding the dignity of your Government in the face of alien aggression." The Emperor, after his first flourish of trumpets, listened rather moodily to this mild performance, but the signatures were appended and the draft immediately dispatched.

The effect was unprecedented. Hatzfeld, the German Ambassador, who had to bear the brunt of the reaction in London, wanted to resign "by reason of the incomprehensible insanity which has come over the Wilhelmstrasse". The Emperor, by his own account, received threatening and abusive letters from members of English society. Some days after the telegram he wrote a letter of apology to his grandmother, assuring her that he had only wanted "to give expression to his indignation with the rabble who had acted in opposition to the peaceful intentions and instructions of Her Most Gracious Majesty . . . I challenge any gentleman to point out to me wherein this was in any sense offensive to England." No reply. "The Germans in the City", wrote the Ambassador to Holstein, after many another week had gone by, "can hardly get any Englishman to do business with them. . . . The bitterness is beyond measure." Salisbury, he said, "was prepared for its coming either to a rupture with us, or . . . the breaking-up of the Triple Alliance in a certain space of time. . . . More serious is the evident desire to draw nearer to France."

But the gravest effects of the telegram consisted not in this outcry, but in the clever misuse made of it by Naval Circles in Germany. It was Tirpitz who gave the Krueger-Telegram the credit of having, more than anything else, "shown the nation the necessity for a battle-fleet."

English Advances

Still, in spite of this, three times did the English in the next few years seek an alliance with Germany; three times the decision lay with the Emperor, who dominated foreign affairs precisely as Bismarck had before him, — nothing was done without his approval, and this was never a mere formality.

What was now within reach had been the dream of Bismarck, — that England should be obliged, by Continental developments, to seek German support. Prophetic indeed were Bismarck's words in his instructions to Hatzfeldt of January, '88: — "The question here is not that of greater striking-power in the event of war, but of precluding war. Neither France nor Russia will break the peace if they are officially informed that, should they do so, they will have England against them from the first. . . . If it were now established that England was protected against French aggression by a German, and

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Germany by an English, alliance, I should regard peace as ensured for so long as such an alliance subsisted. I believe that the effect would be relieving and tranquilizing throughout the whole of Europe. . . . In my judgment, England gains nothing by carrying her policy of isolation so far that every Continental Power, as for example Germany, is obliged to make arrangements for safeguarding its future without regard to England."

Nothing but a request from England was wanting to make Bismarck's authority successful in obtaining this last and most valid guarantee of peace, — a few more years in office and he would have won England over. Now, three months before his death, the ripe fruit fell to those who had presumptuously wrested the Empire from his mighty grasp. And they refused it.

Germany's No

The refusal, couched in the form of a postponement, was attributable, therefore, to the Emperor's disbelief in the honesty of English intentions, — that is to say, it was the psychological fruit of his unhappy youth and the vexatious domestic experiences of his manhood. The second reason was his wish for a Fleet, that instrument and symbol of jealousy, which could only be obtained from the Reichstag in the event of friction with England, never if he were in alliance with her.

Much personal ill-feeling was in the air when, in the autumn of '99, England received again, after years' absence, the Emperor, the Empress, and Bülow.

In November of that year the Press took the position that public opinion in both countries was still so excited that any official reference to politics would be unwise; and so the reports dwelt only on the fact that the two monarchs had kissed each other on both cheeks, and that the Emperor had shot one hundred and seventy-eight pheasants, three hundred and twenty-eight rabbits, and a single partridge.

Even the solitary partridge, figuring among the record-numbers of the Royal shoots, was liable to be regarded as the attempt of some anglophobe to reveal the nakedness of the land to German readers.

Dates of Diplomatic Folly

1894	*Hohenlohe succeeds Caprivi as Chancellor.* *Holstein, Privy-Councillor.* *Eulenburg, Confidante to Emperor.*
1890–95	*Emperor meets Prince Edward at Cowes Regatta.*
1895	*Marked increase of German Navy.*
1896	*Krueger Telegram.*
1898	*English advances. Death of Bismarck.*
1899	*Visit of Emperor and Empress in London.* *Hague Peace Conference.*
1900	*Bülow succeeds Hohenlohe as Chancellor.* *Boxer Rising. German minister Ketteler slain in Peking. Waldersee expedition to China.*
1901	*Death of Queen Victoria and German Empress-Mother.*
1904	*Russo-Japanese War begins.*
1905	*Meeting of Emperor and Tsar at Björkö.*

The Hague Conference

"The Conference would, under God, be a most happy omen for the new century. It would unite in one powerful group all those Powers now unobtrusively seeking to make the vast conception of Universal Peace prevail over the elements of unrest and discord; and at the same time would cement their accord by a joint consecration to those principles of equity and justice whereon are founded the security of States and the welfare of nations."

This peroration to the famous Peace-Manifesto wherein the Tsar, in August, 1898, convoked the world to the inaugurative Conference on Disarmament, was answered by the Emperor in these words: "Can we imagine a monarch, a Supreme War-Lord, disbanding his illustrious, historic regiments, consigning their glorious flags to arsenals and museums, and thus delivering his cities to anarchists and democrats?"

Yet these two spheres of thought were less remote from each other than they seem. The Tsar's humanitarian impulse happened to be, at that time, in accordance with the views of those surrounding

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him, who otherwise would have put a spoke in his wheel; but the Emperor was timorous at heart, despite his trenchant rejoinder. Behind their glittering phrases both monarchs were uneasy. At the Conference it was soon made manifest that genuine Pacifists there were none, except the United States. It was too early. Europe needed the stench of ten million corpses to awaken her.

But from the very first no one was sterner and more cynical than William the Second in his opposition to the ideas with which, at the end of the old century, it was sought to formulate the political conceptions of the new one. Even now he was less afraid of alliances outside the Empire than of the emergence of the Reds within it; he could listen more calmly to the ocean roaring around the coasts of Germany than to the subterranean growlings in the interior. Hence his allusion to anarchists and democrats, certain to destroy his cities if his soldiers were withdrawn. The troops, the troops! The mailed fist to protect him, the big guns that with a turn of the wrist could be swung round to shoot inward instead of outward, the bullets that would spatter, if need be, upon the head of his mutinous subjects! When during the tramway strike in 1900 riots broke out on the Dönhoffsplatz in Berlin, he wired to Headquarters: "I trust that at least five hundred will be snuffed out by the time the troops return to barracks."

"Imbecility! Bedlam!"

In Germany itself the few discerning individuals who had strayed into Court circles could detect his uneasiness in the very violence of his comments, written and otherwise. "Sheer imbecility! Bedlam!" he wrote on a statement of the Russian Minister; and upon the proposal that all the Powers should refrain from calling more than a certain percentage of their people to arms: "If he suggests that to me, I'll box his ears!"

He sent to the Conference, despite the caution of Prince Münster, the other delegate, a bellicose professor as expert, and directly the heart of the matter, — i.e., the Court of Arbitration, — was approached, there was no holding him at all. Here the Emperor was undoubtedly at one with national feeling; half Germany was laughing, and Holstein for once expressed the thought of all when he too pronounced against "such a ludicrous institution", suitable for little nations, perhaps, but not for great ones, since "the State has no higher purpose than the protection of its interests. These, however, for Great Powers, are not necessarily identical with the preservation of peace." And Bülow quoted Holstein by the page in his communications to the Emperor, — who wrote beside Russia's declaration that she would always be ready to submit to arbitration "*I* never will!" And beside the word Peace-Bureau: "O *herrjeh!* Manager, Frau von Suttner! . . . The East-Prussian frontier is sealed with a chain of fortresses and quick-firing guns, and behind that is infantry with Maxims. I'll take a part in this Conference-comedy, but I'll keep my sword in my belt for the dance afterwards!"

Upset the Apple-Cart

The Germans, in fact, so completely upset the apple-cart that Bülow proudly stated: "Scarcely more than the name is left . . . by reason of the clause inserted on Germany's demand, whereby compulsory arbitration is debarred in all instances where the vital interests, or the honor of a State are concerned. . . . The idea of arbitration is in every respect unattractive. Owing to Your Majesty's firm and decisive attitude it has, however, been possible to persuade the remaining States to abandon all that was of importance in the idea."

In like fashion, nineteen hundred years ago, had the Tetrarch made his report to Caesar upon the suppression of the dangers threatening to arise from the new Galilean teaching. These leaders of Europe, brought into contact with a spiritual ideal, passed blindly by, and thought with démarches and protests, with clauses and annotations, to gut a vast conception, to parody an apostolic gesture by the antics of a clown. The danger past, a reflective epilogue is supplied by the Emperor: "To think of the great things that dreamy youth was playing with, in that silly prank of his!" But soon he reverts to his old part of the soldier trusting in his God, and retrieves with it his natural speech, for he concludes: "In practice I, at any rate, will henceforth rely and call upon God and my sharp sword alone! . . . and spit upon every one of their resolutions!"

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To China!

For this act he found, within a year, an appropriate place in the Great Wall of China. The Boxer Riots had supplied European rapacity with a pretext for a crusade against the heathen, whereby a yellow port or two might sample the ennobling influence of Western civilization. "Then I may count on you for China?" said the Emperor to Waldersee. In the summer of 1900 he was undergoing one of his recurrent phases of extreme excitability. The Partition of China was then a novel idea.

It was not until a few days afterwards that he heard of the assassination of the Ambassador in Peking. That this Mortimer's death was eminently opportune he soon made manifest by the frantic haste, — more headlong even than usual, — with which he arranged for a punitive expedition. *Weltpolitik*, — that was the watchword; and where more easily acted upon? And in a periphrase sufficiently astounding for its style alone, the Emperor exclaimed, at the launching of a ship which took place at that time: "the ocean is indispensable to Germany, but the ocean makes it clear that on it, and across it, no great decision shall be made without the German Emperor." So in all haste an expeditionary force, and an iron-clad squadron into the bargain, were ordered to China. "Honestly speaking," wrote Moltke, who was in the Emperor's suite at this time, "it is pure greed, — we want to cut our slice out of the Chinese cake. We want to get money, make railways, set mines going. . . . We're not an atom better than the English in the Transvaal."

The political question offered greater difficulties, for as the Emperor was at Wilhelmshöhe, the Chancellor on his Russian estate, the Secretary of State at Norderney, the Under-Secretary of State at Berchtesgaden, Holstein, who reigned alone in Berlin, was unable to restrain his sovereign from taking his own measures, and failed to convince him of the danger of a provocation of England. While he, against his will, was obliged to receive Waldersee, — first his enemy, then his friend, and then once more his enemy, — in order to give him political instructions before he sailed, Bülow was enraptured with the new Commander of the Forces. He saw in Waldersee's disappearance across the seas that of his only rival for the Chancellorship, — for Hohenlohe was eighty, and about to retire for good and all.

The Hun-Speech

Great days for the Emperor, — State-drives and speeches, flags, cannons, and the drums of war in prospect, and no need to diminish the Home-Forces. And then Peace played another trick on him, or tried to. On the evening before the festivities of departure came the tidings that the Allied troops had taken Peking, and that the Imperial Court of China had fled. "Naturally," writes Waldersee, "this was at first a great disappointment to the Emperor. He had got it firmly fixed in his head that his Ambassadors and all their personnel had been assassinated long ago; the Allied advance on Peking, until now regarded as impracticable on account of the rainy season was directly on my arrival to begin under my supreme command, and mine would be the glory of having taken Peking. That dream was over; the Ambassadors were alive, there had been practically no rainy season . . . and Peking had been taken without much sacrifice of life."

What! Was the great idea to be ruined by petty side-issues such as absent rains and assassinations? No, — there could be no going back in this! The very next day the Emperor addressed the Marines on parade: "You must know that you are about to meet a crafty, well-armed, cruel foe! Meet him, and beat him! Give no quarter! Take no prisoners! Kill him, when he falls into your hands! Even as, a thousand years ago, the Huns under their King Attila made a name for themselves that still resounds in terror through legend and fable, so may the name of German resound through Chinese history a thousand years from now, and may you so conduct yourselves that no Chinaman will ever again so much as dare to look askance at a German!"

The mounting excitement in each successive speech of the Emperor's could hardly be ascribed to the murder of the Ambassador, known to him for three weeks, because he had laid his plans for the raid before he heard of it. Moltke sufficiently accounts for that. At any rate,

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it is certain that Eulenburg, whether he knew of this speech or only anticipated it, had in the meantime secretly summoned the journalists and given them, in his own cabin, a quite different Imperial speech to take down. But one of them "slipped through the official fingers. He snapped up a bit of the speech and before long the whole of it was known to the public."

Attila and the Huns

Its effect endured for twenty years. Nothing made it easier for Germany's enemies, even in peace, to demonstrate that the Germans were barbarians at heart than did this speech of the Emperor's; and when during the World-War nation after nation was led to believe that in the centre of Europe lived sixty million Huns who worshipped this new Attila as their sovereign, it was not only the better instincts of the German people that were misjudged, but also the bad instincts of the Emperor and, after a lapse of a thousand years, that reckless, demoniacal, savage robber-chieftain among Kings was insulted by being likened to William the Second. In the double fallacy of this parallel lies the explanation of the double misunderstanding, all over the world, of Germany, — a great, tranquil people, conscious of its subjection to a little, boasting monarch, was obliged to pay the penalty for the claptrap of its vainglorious sovereign, who degraded them with the title of Huns that he might ape an Attila.

He began by playing at hegemony. The troops of all Europe under a German Field-Marshal, — that was his dream; and when the Tsar, urgently consulted about Waldersee, wired his acquiescence, the Emperor informed London that his friend the Tsar had offered the supreme command to Waldersee. Whereupon the Tsar said to the German Ambassador that it was "only a feeling of fellowship for the Emperor" that kept him from protesting against this representation; while Salisbury "could not understand why the Emperor was so set upon a German General having the supreme command, since it always implied great risks for any Power which undertook it". Bülow and the Office were superseded, the Emperor wanted "to direct the whole business as a purely military affair, — from the saddle, as it were," wrote Eulenburg, imploring Bülow for help.

The "World Marshal"

Waldersee on his departure was given (as he states himself) the marshal's bâton, a private car to Naples, then the very best cabin on the boat, together with two hundred bottles of champagne, fifty bottles of punch, and two body-guards, on whom the Emperor impressed these commands: "If the Field-Marshal ventures too near the fighting-line, your duty is to hold him back, — if necessary to catch hold of his bridle!" Then the Emperor urged the commander of the forces to be sure to squeeze out a big indemnity, for he needed money for his Fleet. Scarcely had the "World-Marshal" vanished from the sight of Germany enthusiastic on her railway-platform, and Europe laughing up her sleeve, than the Tsar dispatched a collective Note to the Powers, bidding them withdraw their troops to the coast, for all danger to Europeans was at an end. The poor Emperor reviled this as such "want of consideration, such a complete misapprehension of circumstances, and such a lack of even superficial judgment as would positively knock one over."

When Waldersee set foot in China six weeks later, he could still hold a grand parade, uninterrupted by the rains. The foe was either beaten or extinct, no quarter was given, no prisoners were taken, — the Emperor's behests were strictly carried out.

Meanwhile the effects abroad had their counter-effects at home, and German princes and parliamentarians revolted at last. The Emperor, they declared, had undertaken the campaign without asking the Reichstag for the wherewithal. Under these circumstances the aged Hohenlohe preferred to make his final exit; and Bülow, the new Chancellor, was clever enough to imitate Bismarck's speech of '66, and save the situation by demanding an indemnity, — this time, it is true, without a victory behind him. In his fear that something might happen again, he wired to Eulenburg: "As you foresaw long ago, the danger of a coalition between the German Princes and the Reichstag against H. M. is immediate. . . . Find some

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pretext for writing to the Emperor, or better still, wire him at once, advising some caution in his speeches until the Chinese question is settled in the Reichstag." Whereupon Eulenburg did warn the Emperor in this sense, and the Emperor retorted that he would say what he liked. . . .

By such arts did Minister and friends have to restrain their sovereign's eloquence, so as to reconcile, at least to a certain degree, the outcome of his brilliant ideas with the fact that he possessed a legislating House of Parliament.

William Solicits the Tsar

When in the beginning of 1904 Russia declared war on Japan, it was with difficulty that the Emperor was kept neutral. Would not Russia be at his disposal in any event? If she won the war, Germany would have counseled and supported her; if she lost, she would be weak enough to be forced into an alliance. This last idea was elaborated by Holstein, and in October, 1904, was laid before the Chancellor with the argument that the combined pressure of Russia and Germany would oblige France likewise to join! According to this scheme, the Emperor was to make a "defensive and offensive alliance with the Tsar for the preservation of European peace".

The Ragtag and Bobtail

"No one knows anything about it," wrote the Emperor to the Tsar, "not even my Foreign Office; the work was done by Bülow and myself alone. The point is this: if you and I stand shoulder to shoulder the principal result will be that France must frankly and formally join us by the mere fulfilment of her obligations to Russia, which is of the greatest importance to us, especially in consideration of her fine harbors and her useful Fleet, which would then be completely at our disposal." Then he proceeded to designate the heads of the Republic with which the Tsar was allied as "Clemenceau and all the rest of the ragtag and bobtail." That was the reason why they must first be of one mind between themselves, for as those Frenchmen "are neither Kings nor Emperors, I cannot put them on the same footing in a confidential matter like this as I can you, my cousin and friend."

If in this letter we substitute "Trusts" for "Countries" and suppose it to be written by the heir of a coal-magnate to his principal rival in business, and sent without consulting anyone whatever, it is clear that no general manager could retain his position in that colliery. Bülow indeed had read the original paper, but not the letter; instead, it was read by the ragtag and bobtail in Paris, which was neither King nor Emperor, but merely intelligent and hostile. Before long came an answer from the Tsar such as anyone might have expected, — he would be obliged to begin by showing such a proposal to his Paris *compagnon*. As this was impossible, Holstein's masterpiece vanished into the Secret Archives.

In the Bay of Björkö

Six months later it was resurrected in a form which Holstein, on another occasion, called "Operetta Politics". The Emperor had devised a scene, the like of which he never in the whole course of his existence had the bliss of figuring in again. Russia was finally defeated in the naval battle near Tsushima, in May, 1905. "Kings are easily caught in the depth of such doldrums," thought the Emperor, and arranged for a secret meeting of their yachts in Finnish waters. He started without delay, had the contents of the relegated document wired to him the day before the rendezvous, copied them with his own exalted hand, altered them at a critical point, and prayed, — in the absence of Bülow, — to the Lord "that he may lead me and guide me according to His will, for I am but the instrument of His hand, and will do what He gives me to do, however arduous the task."

Next day, on board the *Polar Star* in the Bay of Björkö, he was embracing the defeated Nicky, who undoubtedly must have been glad, in the situation he was in then, to sink upon the heart of a friend. As soon as they were alone, they established the fact that "France had flatly refused to dance to our tune, and evidently had no intention of ever fighting in the cause of the two Empires." Then the talk turned on England, and they outdid each other in reviling her. The Tsar, — so the Emperor lost no time in informing Bülow, — described King Edward, in English, as the greatest mischief-

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maker and the falsest and most dangerous intriguer in the world; after which he gave the Emperor his English word of honor that never in his life would he combine with England against him. Then followed a banquet on the *Hohenzollern* which lasted till broad daylight.

On awaking next morning the first step was another interview with God who, before the Emperor undertook to haul in his dear friend, was consulted after the manner of the Moravian Brethren, and caused him to open the Book at the pregnant text: "He shall reward every man according to his works." The work being now certified as pleasing to God, the Emperor stepped, filled with joyful anticipation, into his boat "with the treaty in his pocket." Another embrace, this time on the rope-ladder, and then "an excellent lunch in the saloon". "An historic lunch", thought the Emperor. As the Tsar spoke skeptically of the French, the Emperor ventured to express a suspicion that Edward had possibly made another of those "little agreements" which were a foible of his, with Russia's ally behind the latter's back. "The Tsar hung his head very dejectedly, and said: 'That is too bad. What shall I do in this disagreeable situation?' I felt then that the moment had come! As his ally, without informing or consulting the Tsar, had taken a free hand in policy, *he* was of course at liberty to do the same. 'How would it be if we were to make a little agreement, too? . . . We would become good friends of the Gauls, and then all obstacles would be removed.'

"'Oh yes, to be sure. I remember well, but I forgot the contents of it. What a pity I haven't got it here.'

"'I possess a copy, which by an extraordinary chance I happen to have in my pocket.' The Tsar caught me by the hand and drew me out of the saloon into what used to be his father's cabin, then he shut all the doors himself. 'Show it to me, please,' — and his dreamy eyes lit up. I drew the envelope from my pocket, unfolded the paper on Alexander the Third's own writing-table, right in front of the Empress-Mother's photograph . . . and laid it before the Tsar. He read it once, twice, thrice. I sent up a fervent prayer to the Good God that He would be with us this moment and guide the young monarch aright.

"There was a dead calm; only the gentlest murmur came from the sea, and the sun shone bright and clear into the pleasant cabin, while right before my eyes lay the *Hohenzollern* in her dazzling whiteness, and the Imperial Standard fluttering high in the morning-breeze. And I could read there, on its sable cross, the words, "*Gott mit Uns*"; and as I read, the Tsar's voice said beside me: 'That is quite excellent. I quite agree!' — My heart beat so hard that I could hear it; but I pulled myself together and said, quite casually as it were: 'Should you like to sign it? It would be a very nice souvenir of our interview!'

The Forefathers in Heaven

"He glanced over the pages again. Then he said 'Yes, I will.' I flung back the cover of the ink-bottle, handed him the pen, and he wrote, with a firm hand 'Nicholas' and gave the pen to me. I signed my name under his; and when I stood up he folded me in his arms, much moved, and said: 'I thank God, and I thank you. It will have most beneficent consequences for my country and yours.' . . . Bright tears stood in my eyes, — indeed, my brow and spine were quite wet with perspiration and I thought: 'Frederick William III, and Queen Louise, and Grandpapa, and Nicholas I, — they surely have been near us in this hour! They surely have been looking down on us, and joy has filled their hearts!'

"When I drew the Tsar's attention to the fact that it would be well to have counter-signatures, as is the custom with such documents, he quite agreed, and we instantly sent for Tschirschky to come over and Admiral Birilow to come down. . . . We gave them both a résumé of the treaty, and the old sailor mutely caught my hand and kissed it reverently. And so the morning of July 24, 1905, at Björkō, is a turning-point in the history of Europe, and a great relief for my beloved Fatherland, which will at last be freed from the Russo-Gallic strangle hold."

This letter, filling seven sheets, is one of the clearest revelations of his character, — more natural, more naïve, than the "Directions to his Diplomats". Here we have a vivid, strictly veracious account of a successful exploit, written to an intimate without the usual "Imperial pose", a tale

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that might have been told at a cavalry-mess by a twenty-three year old subaltern, and nothing is really astonishing about it except that the teller is a forty-six year old monarch. This inspiring consciousness of good intentions and clever management, of having acted for the highest good of his country; this armament of jesuitical pretexts and provisos whereby he so easily excuses the psychic pressure he has exercised; this sense of the omnipresence of God, — all these have taken the place, for him, of Constitutional Right, of Secretary of State, and of international insight. Here is a believing Christian who, after a night of jollification, devoutly turns up a text and reads good omens on the Imperial Standard fluttering in the morning-breeze, putting his trust in these and in the signature of a defeated, deserted monarch, trapped in the cabin of his yacht, while from Heaven look down their ancestors, allied of old as these are to-day and just as mutually treacherous. His tears of joy are as real as the ruthlessness with which he constrains the helpless weakling to betray his allies; the oriental dodge of the counter-signatures is as natural to him as the historic thrill at the sight of the old writing-table; the murmur of the sea is as actual as the luncheon, the cold sweat of suspense as the kiss of friendship.

Collapse

Bülow at once discovered that the Emperor had materially impaired the value of the treaty by his independent clause, arranging for support "in Europe" only. He consulted Holstein, and they agreed that on this addition he should base his request to be allowed to resign, — one of the cleverest moves ever made by this expert in human nature, for in the Emperor's present happy frame of mind he was not only certain of risking nothing, but would even strengthen his position and gain to a certain extent the upper hand over his sovereign. Indeed, this request pierced the Emperor to the very heart. His refusal has not its equal in all William the Second's correspondence.

First he boasts of his achievement. "If Bismarck had succeeded in this . . . he would have been beside himself with joy and would have let the whole nation acclaim him." Then came reproaches and lamentations. "To be treated like this by my best and most intimate friend . . . it has dealt me such a terrible blow that I feel quite broken, and cannot but fear I may have a serious nervous attack. No, — you shall not do this, for both our sakes! . . . We are elected by God, we were made for each other. . . . You are worth a hundred thousand times more to me and the Fatherland than all the treaties in the world. . . . To please you, and because the Fatherland seemed to demand it of me, I consented as it were to ride (with my disabled arm too!) a horse I knew nothing about, and if it has brought me within an inch of my life, *you* are accountable for it! . . . And now, because my position seems too serious, to you, for whom I did the whole thing, you want to let me down like this!! No, Bülow, — I have not deserved it of you! . . . Why, it would be a disavowal of your whole policy, and I should be a laughing-stock for the rest of my life. But I should never survive it! . . . Telegraph 'All right' as soon as you get this, and then I shall know you're not going. The morning after your resignation the Emperor will have ceased to live! Think of my poor wife and children!"

Only once again are we to see the Emperor in so serious a state of collapse, — in November, 1908; but Eulenburg and other intimates describe this nervous break-down as typical, when external events unexpectedly overwhelmed him. Then all the dash and bluster perpetually imposed, by sheer will-power, upon a body and a mind unequal to the burden, would evaporate, revealing all the more forcibly the underlying weakness. These are the moments in which the onlooker is constrained to sympathy, — a man of habitual pretensions loses grip of himself; the theatrical hero casts his skin, and emerges as a pitiable being, frightened, trembling, yet even while he trembles asserting himself, claiming his rights, throwing all the responsibility upon his friends who are shamefully leaving him in the lurch.

So that instead of Bülow's being brought down by the treaty, Bülow stayed, and the treaty lapsed. For what was bound to happen in the next act? The Tsar, when he got home, was drastically raked over the coals. Lambsdorf, "in the greatest

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agitation", showed Witte the document, pointed out that Russia would have to defend Germany, if Germany had to fight France, though for fifteen years they had been vowed to do that for France against Germany. "These details," said Lambsdorf with blighting irony, "no doubt escaped His Majesty in the midst of the Emperor William s chatter"; and forthwith he delivered the Secret of the Cabin to Paris, whence it took flight to London, so that Edward was soon acquainted with his nephew's schemes, designed to league the continent against him. How mortifying for Nicky! After the nuptial embraces in view of the ocean, the ancestors, and the flags, — what a come-down, to have to write to the Emperor and say that unfortunately he "had not had his papers with him", and must first consult France: should she refuse, the treaty would become invalid in the event of France going to war with Germany. That meant: "It was the dream of a summer morn, and my Ministers have waked me with the words: 'The Dual Alliance is the Dual Alliance.'"

Thus was the hero of Björkō twice robbed of his laurels. The consequences of his adventure were increased distrust on the part of France, who sent a general to keep an eye on the Tsar; revulsion of feeling among Germanophiles in Petersburg, who considered it a piece of foul play; reinforcement of the anti-German group, who moreover attributed the lost campaign to the Emperor's advice; even Witte, long inclined towards Germany, seceded; and early in the following year the most formidable of her adversaries took the reins, — Iswolski.

Nicky Is Cast Out

The Emperor's false sympathy on the *Polar Star* turned to envenomed hatred: "Enclosed I send you another previous production from the schoolboy idealogue who sits on the throne of Russia. The latest phase of the Russo-Gallic alliance . . . makes it clear that Paris will always have a *contre-coup* ready whenever the two Emperors attempt to approach one another, and that the Tsarlet will always, on the plea of their immemorial alliance, go in off the deep end. That he should get out of it by talking about 'my' Triple-Alliance idea, as if *I* were to get any particular advantage out of it, is really more than childish innocence! And all this served up under the snivelling mask of eternal heartfelt friendship!"

How well this last phrase described himself, he quite failed to perceive.

A Document of 1924

William the Second regarded the Sea-Scene at Björkō as his masterpiece: long after his fall, long after 1918, he starred it in a dedication of his Memoirs to General Suchomlinov, — a dedication which is interesting for other reasons as well. It runs:

"The treaty concluded by the Tsar Nicholas II and myself at Björkō laid the foundations for a pacific and amicable coalition between Russia and Germany, which both monarchs had at heart. Its effect was destroyed by Russian diplomacy (Sazanov, Iswolski), by the Russian High Command, and her most prominent Parliamentarians and politicians. The World War, so greatly desired by them, did not fulfill their hopes, made havoc of their plans, and cost the Tsar as well as myself our thrones.

"The terrible consequences of the onslaught on Germany both for Russia and the world at large show us that the future welfare of both countries depends upon such loyal coöperation as was theirs a hundred years ago, — that is, when once both monarchies have been restored.

Best thanks for sending me your Memoirs.

William I. R.

Doorn, 1.VIII.1924"

TO BE CONTINUED

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High Silver

A Novel in Six Instalments — VI

ANTHONY RICHARDSON

SATURDAY afternoon was generally a time to be anticipated with gladness; for Tristram was free from Arguad's. But to-day Claire was out lunching, and he was at a loose end, moreover disturbed by the motive of her absence. It was four years since the day Mr. Bond had married them, three since John Arguad had received him in the frowsy little office in Museum Street. Tristram sat by the fire now, inert, and with his mind blunted. There had been a scene in the morning of a sort only too frequent. Once he had thought the familiarity of repetition would bring not contempt but a sort of dull acceptance. Now he knew that always a wound could bleed. Claire had told him at breakfast, "I'll be out to lunch."

"Very well," he'd said. And then, merely in order to appear at least civil, he'd asked: "An important show?"

She had frowned and tapped her teeth with her thumbnail in that irritating way she had, and it was not without a certain degree of malice that she'd said: "I suppose I'd better tell you. You'll only nose it out in the end. I'm lunching with mother."

"Claire," he said evenly, "I think that's too bad, I really do."

She turned on him. "And why shouldn't I? You're harsh on mother just as you were on Colonel Rivington. And she *is* my mother, even if she has her faults. You can't stop me from seeing my own mother!"

"You were glad enough to leave her once, Claire. This isn't fair on me."

Years before she would have burst into tears but now she was too sure of her ground to exercise her arts unnecessarily. "You can do what you like," she said, "but you can't stop me." And he had let her go.

The drumming of the rain irritated him with its melancholy and incessant rhythm. He said to himself as he often did these days with great bitterness, "Oh, God, to be quit of all this." Galahad of Mostyn Haven could go as far as to admit that desire, but ideals of duty yet held strongly. Claire was beyond rebuke now, and on his part he could but endure. Sometimes like the half-forgotten scent of a flower or the lilt of an old song, the memory of Pauline Loftus came to him and he saw her, tall and slender in her brown suit standing in Barn Park with the chicken in her hands; sometimes she sat by his side as they drove to Clovelly with the sea-breeze in their faces and a strange deep comfort in his heart.

Often Tristram thought to himself: it will all come right in the end as long as I'm true to myself. And now he opened the window because the room was stifling. The rain blew into his face, a soiled London rain, yet none the less refreshing. He thought of the hills above Taw and of how the Devon mist crawled over the wooded heights, a gray sombre veil settling down on the flats along the river. He felt the rain moist against his lips, and was almost walking over Quarry Field or crossing the Old Moor; and then Libsters which overlooked and guarded the valleys and terraced orchards and patch-work field. Libsters —

And as he remembered that Libsters now was no more, that it was a barren wilderness and ruined trees, he shut the window with a bang.

When Claire returned she jerked her hat from her head and took off her black coat. "It's too filthy for words," she said. "I'm soaked."

"I say, that's too bad," and Tristram took her hat and coat and placed them over a chair by the fire.

She fluffed up her hair with her fingers, sat down and kicked her shoes free from her feet, felt her stockings.

"You'd better change," he told her, his guardian spirit awake.

She obeyed without a murmur, and all the time she was in the bed-room she said nothing. He wondered to what her silence and absorption were preliminary. When at

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length she joined him, her face was serious like a puzzled child's. She sat down on the floor beside him, lit a cigarette. He was still wondering, when she said in a low and rather stifled voice: "I had a beastly lunch."

"I'm awfully sorry, Claire."

She leaned against his knee. "I'm worried to death about mother," she said. He drew in his breath sharply but said nothing.

"She's been awfully ill, Tristram, and she's dreadfully poor. She asked me to lend her some money and what could I do?"

"Quite," he said.

"And Tristram, she won't get better because she won't let herself. She's so poor she can't — can't get *it*. It's driving her mad."

A great sense of horror and shame filled him. He could even then have jumped up and run from Claire who'd been so near the horror. It seemed to him that the net of catastrophe was all about him, he was caught, dragged into contact with all that he considered most vile, bereft of all that was lovely, all he'd hoped and striven for. If he'd never snatched Claire away that night four years ago, this would never have come about. He would be free, master of himself, somewhere miles away from this sordid house and wretched life. And yet he told himself: I did what was right, I could have done nothing else with honor.

He asked Claire desperately, "What's to be done?"

"It means we shall have to pay for the cure, if there is one. There's nobody else to help her."

He saw at once the situation. He had grown accustomed to variations on fate's theme. He stroked Claire's cheek. "We'll do our best," he said. "We'll pull her round somehow — if it's possible."

And if there was no outburst of gratitude from his wife he overlooked the disappointment because he knew she was worried and at her wit's end. She on her part had known what he would do and with anticipation and anxiety absent from her thoughts she forgot to say more than "We must try and find a cure at once."

But he could not help wondering if it was possible for some people to know each other too well.

"Oh, I forgot." Claire stretched an arm out and took a letter from her discarded coat. "This is for you. It was on the tray downstairs."

And a minute later Tristram said: "It's from Pauline Loftus. They're back in town."

"Oh," said Claire.

Flo Swinton lived in a boarding house in Gower Street. There is a dismal hopelessness about Gower Street, a forlorn aspect of self-condemnation. Tristram had come "to have it out with her", for Claire had said it was the better way. The first thing he heard as he entered was Mrs. Swinton's laughter, a full throaty noise, coming from a room on the left of the narrow passage. He perceived that he must announce himself and went in. Four people were seated at a table, playing cards. Suddenly Tristram found himself face to face with Mrs. Swinton. Her black hair was drawn tight over her head like a Dutch doll's, her ample bosom was laced into a black silk bodice. Her white strong neck rose out of the low collar like a pillar.

"Why, it's Tristram Lauderdale," she said, and rose from her seat. She seized him by the arm. "Now everybody. Allow me to introduce Captain Lauderdale. Tristram, left to right, Mr. Mortimer, Miss Ballantyne, Mr. Charlie Penn."

Confused and crimson Tristram bowed. Mr. Mortimer, a small and very Jewish gentleman, waved a hand. "Pleased to meet you," he said, and busied himself with the pack. Miss Ballantyne lifted her nose and looked down it. Charlie nodded and looked away.

"Now would you mind if we finished the rubber?" Mrs. Swinton asked.

"I'd much prefer it," said Tristram.

The game dragged on. He wondered how long he would have to sit in this frowsy room, consumed with irritation and every moment regretting more and more the object of his mission. At the end of a quarter of an hour Mr. Penn rose.

"Our rubber!" piped Miss Ballantyne.

"Well, I'm off," said Charlie Penn. "Goo'bye, Flo. I'll drop in and see you later."

Mortimer who still sat at the table lifted an eye and asked: "It's Bolty?"

Penn nodded vigorously. "Ye'ah." He screwed his fat lips together in a knowing way. "Ye'ah, he's been back a week. I'm seeing him at the Beagle."

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"I'll join you, then," said Mr. Mortimer. And they went out together.

Miss Ballantyne yawned in a genteel manner. "And I must get along. Bye-bye, Flo."

And with that Tristram and Mrs. Swinton were alone.

Tristram asked immediately: "Did — er — the gentleman who sat there — did he mention someone called Bolty?"

Mrs. Swinton smiled in a prim and ladylike fashion. "Oh, Bolty Loftus. Why, do you know him?"

"I was at school with him."

"Really, how interesting. The world's very small . . ." she babbled on. She was talking against time. Tristram for his part was only waiting for a momentary lifting of her conversational smoke-screen to thrust home. At last he got his chance.

"Mrs. Swinton, I've come here to try to help you. Claire and I want to do all we can."

She asked in a husky voice: "What have I done? What do you want me to do?"

"We want you to get well and there's only one way. Have you seen a doctor?"

She nodded. And then: "It's no use going into all this." Her voice rose. "I don't want to be helped. Why don't you go? Why?" She was beating her hands together, her mouth open, her eyes wild with panic.

"Because Claire has asked me to come and I've found out how to put you right. If you'll only do what I tell you."

The spirit that had flared up in her for a moment drooped, ebbed away, leaving her limp and inert. Tristram drew forth a plain white cardboard box, opening it exposed a row of packages like seidlitz powders.

"You see?" He gave her instructions. "And you'll do it?"

Her teeth were chattering. "Oh, you're a good boy, Tristram. I'll do it — yes — Oh, my Christ! You don't know — I hate the taste of the stuff but it gives you life. You don't know —" The perspiration was shining on her large white neck, dead white like a deep root buried, unknown to light.

Before Tristram called again at Gower Street he renewed his acquaintance with Pauline Loftus. He had suggested to Claire that perhaps they should ask Bolty Loftus and his wife to dine.

"Where?" Claire had asked.

"Well — here."

"Oh, don't be upset," she'd said, "but they wouldn't want to come to this pig-sty." Nor apparently had she minded when he set off to Kinnerton Street alone. He found Pauline at home and for the first seconds of recognition was astonished. She was in a short green dress, and very smart. When he entered she was putting a picture straight on the wall, one knee on a chair, the other leg long and slender in its gray stocking, bare of her scanty frock. Her arms were high above her head. She tilted her small head round at him.

"This rotten thing's slipped," she greeted him. "Will you do it, please, while I stand back and see if it's straight?"

Once again came that feeling of complete and reciprocal friendship.

"Bolty's out," she said. "And you'd like some tea? Or would you rather wait and have a drink?"

"Oh, tea for me," said Tristram.

After the flat in Westbourne Square this little house with its crooked staircase and small neat rooms was very restful. It had an impish look about it. He stretched out his legs soothed and at peace with the refinement and delicacy of the place.

She asked him about his work and he told her of Argaud's. "And you like this better than chickens?"

"It's a better sort of job."

"And it's a great success?"

"Oh, well, I wouldn't say that, but it — well, it leads to things."

She sat like a schoolgirl on a pouffe, her hands clasped round her knees. She glanced away from him. "I wonder. It's a tag, that 'it leads to things'. It infers to me an attitude of waiting, waiting for things to evolve, instead of taking direction of one's own accord."

He laughed at her frank criticism. "You mean you can quicken up the processes? 'I am captain of my soul'?"

But she was serious. "I do think one can shift one's mental furniture as easily as one can spring clean a room — if one wants to."

"Unless one's born without that capacity."

"Of spring cleaning?"

"Yes. Or rather the desire to spring clean."

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"But that's cowardice," said she quite definitely.

"Is it?" he asked her. "Is it cowardice or is it because if one's discovered one's mental furniture to be cheap imitation instead of what old Argaud calls genuine antique — and there's fear of finding one's house empty and bare when you thought it cosy and full? Perhaps — perhaps there'd be nothing left, don't you see?"

"You could buy new."

"At a very high price."

"That's true," she said. "It's the price that matters. Very likely one wouldn't get a good return for one's money. Perhaps there isn't even a spiritual Whiteley's in the Kingdom of Heaven —" she broke off suddenly.

"My dear man," she said, "I've forgotten tea."

They left that dangerous ground over which they had wandered, both impelled by the same urgency of awakening disillusionment. It seemed to Tristram that she had pointed the way to him, urging him to go forward still more courageously, prepared to lose all for a grain of truth. To scrap old weapons for new. But alone the task was too formidable and terrifying. If only she could explore with him, if together —

To stop that truant thought he asked "Is Bolty well?" realizing that the question was a courtesy hitherto neglected.

"Oh, he's busy," she answered evasively.

"I met a man who knew him the other day. A Mr. Charlie Penn."

Fear, then anger touched her face. She attempted to speak casually: "Oh, Penn." And then, "Do you know him well?"

"I've only seen him once. If you'll forgive me, once is enough."

"Yes." Her eyes were level and steady with his. "Yes. He's a horrid man."

But before Tristram could swing their conversation back into its former direction, Bolty Loftus came in. He was extremely immaculate in a lavender-gray suit, shirt and collar to match, with a fine check tie. He looked more handsome than ever, a little tanned by the southern sun, his skin clear and his fair hair brushed flat and close to his head.

"Of all people! Galahad! I'm delighted." He nodded to his wife. "I'm sorry to be late."

"Yes, I'm glad to get back," Loftus replied in response to Tristram's questions. "There's lots to do and I'm on a good thing. You're in business too, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Tristram, and described Argaud's.

"H'm. Better come in with me."

"What's your line?"

"Lord knows! Commission agent, I suppose. Hard up one day, rich the next. Drop in and see me sometime. We might do something together if you're selling for Argaud's."

"That's very good of you," said Tristram, and glancing in Pauline's direction tried to catch her eye. But she was bending down tugging at a strap of her shoe. "Now I must go," he said. Shaking hands with her he could discern nothing of her thoughts though her silence in regard to Bolty's proposal implied that she did not approve.

When Tristram had gone Pauline said at once to her husband: "When did you see Charlie Penn?"

He jerked his head up. "Charlie? Day before yesterday."

"I asked you not to," she said softly. "And you promised."

"It's a matter of business."

"He got you into trouble last time. I don't like it." He tapped a cigarette on a gold case. "I know my Charlie. I know you, Pauline."

"You don't," she said, "you don't, my poor Bolty. And moreover, keep Captain Lauderdale out of all this sort of thing. He's perfectly happy as he is and once you get hold of him — "

"He seemed happy enough here," Loftus said. "A homely little fellow, our Tristram."

"Bolty," replied Pauline, "even if we don't like one another do let's try to be civil. I'm not going to leave you yet."

"Well, let me know when you want to," — he blew the cigarette smoke through his nostrils. "I may have something to say about it, don't you know?" And he left her, whistling as he went a disjointed bar or two of "My Sweetie's gone away, She didn't say why, She didn't say where. . . ."

But Tristram on the top of a bus had

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little thought of Bolty and his offer. His mind still glowed with the thought of Pauline. Up to a point her philosophy was that of Stuart Rivington; and yet it was different. She too had had ideals, yet had somehow managed a compromise without dishonor and self-deception. Tristram was sick with doubt. All my life, he thought, I have tried and tried to be kind and generous. That cannot be wrong. It's the world that is so cruel, and more cruel to me because I hate its cruelty. What he made of his life was no concern of others. It lay between him and his conscience. And conscience cried: How could you have done otherwise? You are the ultimate judge of yourself. Do you condemn? Then like demons come to torment him phrases of the Colonel's scorn returned. "You deserve what you have got . . . you're just the last person the world needs . . . you're a weak young fool."

At Argaud's one nine o'clock the following week Tristram found a letter from Mr. Bond. "Most of us are unhappy because we build up our lives on bad foundations," the vicar wrote. And then, further on — "Miss Rivington is very well and wishes me to tell you she will write to you herself within a few days. She has been very busy, and I regret to say Colonel Rivington is not what he was in health. He is living in the past and the other night Miss Rivington, hearing sounds of talking from his room went in to find him calling softly for Constance who was your mother. He is obsessed with the idea that Constance is in some sort of trouble and he cannot go to her. Whether he would like to see you, I do not know, and certainly it would be rash to ask him. But after death reconciliation cannot be made. Perhaps if you see fit, you might turn up here accidentally."

In the light of subsequent events the letter stirred Tristram deeply. He leaned over his desk, his mind afire with pictures. He saw himself that first afternoon at Mostyn Haven, sitting on the form near the window and behind the blackboard, felt again the shame of his bare knees, desired once more knickers that buckled below the knee, and with that came the smile of Bolty Loftus, that treacherous one smile of charm for all occasions. In its turn came memory of Claire at Egham, in the punt on the river: the sombre lounge of the Matadore Hotel; then, Brinton meeting him at the station on his return, Emily all smiles in the doorway of High Silver: Pauline amidst the chickens, elfin Pauline with the brown hands: then Loftus once more. Yet always the ghosts most dominant, Stuart Rivington and Pauline Loftus. It seemed to Tristram that life was approaching a climax. He had a presentiment that something was about to happen, as if all these years he had been preparing for this something: all roads of his life were leading to a place of meeting, all pointed the same direction.

He was attending a sale for Mr. Argaud. In the train to Farnham he wrote again to Mr. Bond. "If I can get away," his letter concluded, "I'll try and come down for a week-end. But it depends."

As Tristram made his way down the Harrow Road, taking the first alley after the bridge before Royal Oak, he saw before him, just out of the circle of light from a street lamp, a figure vaguely familiar. Fifty yards from his flat in Westbourne Square he recognized Mrs. Swinton. She came to meet him, walking swiftly, her collar high about her neck. She greeted him in breathless fashion, saying, "I've been waiting since five. I thought you'd be home by half-past."

"Come into the flat," he said, wondering why she was here and what it was she wanted.

"No!" she shook her head vehemently. "No, I won't if you don't mind. It's private. I wanted to see you."

"Oh, very well," he said, none too graciously, "I'll walk to the station with you."

She shuffled along at his side, keeping pace with him. "I've done all you told me," she said ingratiatingly, "I've finished the first box."

"And the other has arrived?"

"Yes, it came this afternoon. You are a good boy, Tristram."

"It's done you good?"

She nodded, her eyes bright over the collar of her coat. He could not see the cunning in her look, nor the strange eagerness and the sly queer way she peered up at him. She said at once: "I haven't touched a drop."

"I'm very glad," he replied, and shuddered. Her very phrase was grotesque and horrible.

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Mrs. Swinton would not come to the point until she was certain of his attitude. She appeared nervous, moistening her lips, making half hearted attempts at laughter, breaking off suddenly and for no reason.

"Now what is it you want, Mrs. Swinton?" Tristram asked abruptly.

She had edged close up to him and her fingers were twitching at his sleeve. He could see the reflection of his eyes in the dark, blind upstaring eyes, moist with despair and misery. Her breath caught in her throat as she asked him almost in a whisper: "I promise I'll never ask again. Only this time. Five pounds! Can you let me have five pounds?"

He started away from her and she made as if to clutch him. "Mrs. Swinton, confound it all. I'm sorry but I haven't got it."

She became violently agitated. "It's a dreadful thing to confess, but you'll understand, Tristram, I know you will. You're a good boy. It's rent."

He frowned with suspicion. "But why this so suddenly? You've money of your own."

"I'm in debt. I've been such a fool. If it wasn't for you, Tristram, I don't know where I should be." Her voice quavered with self-pity. "How could I go to little Claire, to my little daughter and tell her what I'm telling you? It would break her heart."

"Oh, my God," was all he could say. And then, after a moment: "But I can't possibly keep you, go on helping you."

"No, no! I shall be getting some more money next month. I've no one in all the world to go to. If you can't help me I shall have to end it."

"This is ridiculous. Don't talk like that. Then if I let you have five pounds you can manage?"

"Easily, indeed I can."

"All right then."

She raised her hands as if to embrace him. The wild exultation in her face almost frightened him, so grotesquely glad she seemed, so overpoweringly glad.

"I'll send a cheque," he said.

"God bless you!" and she wrung his hand.

"Goodbye," he said and was gone.

She watched him cross the road and walk briskly toward Royal Oak Bridge. She was unduly excited, feverish. Within two minutes she was in the sitting room of one of those innumerable private hotels of doubtful reputation which form Eastbourne Terrace.

Mr. Charles Penn, a cigar in his mouth, was reading the Evening News. His eyes narrowed at sight of her. "Had your interview?" he asked.

"Yes, Charlie."

"Well," he glanced at his watch. "We'll be off and get a bit of food. This is a rotten place to wait in."

"Charlie," she pleaded. "Won't you let me have some money? Need you wait till the last lot arrives?"

"My dear Flo," he answered, "you agreed to wait and it's a bargain." As they left he asked: "Who'd you see? What's it about?"

"A little secret, Charlie, with a handsome young man."

"Piff!" he said, and hailed a taxi.

He said nothing to Claire of his meeting with her mother. He argued with himself proving silence best. Nevertheless he experienced a twinge of conscience as he wrote out a cheque. He had forgotten that for him also it was the end of the month and there were bills to be met. He decided to ask Argaud for a raise. There could have been no time less propitious but Tristram was desperate. When he did ask he blundered, and John Argaud shrugged his shoulders.

"I've been noticing lately," he said, "that you're not so keen as you were. I'm not trying to quarrel with you, Mr. Lauderdale, when I suggest that if you like I'll buy you out."

This sudden thrust took Tristram unawares. But it was true enough that he was tired of Museum Street; tired of the sombre shop and warehouse, tired, too, of the continual round of routine, the strain of appearing bright and intelligent when he was on edge and weary of life, of himself. But crossing the park and taking the path that runs along the Serpentine, he shook such thoughts from him. His misery was a dark prison and there was no way out. He was caught within four lofty walls whose stones he had himself placed one upon another. I've buried myself alive, he thought, and now only remains the long wait for death.

There are four trees in Kensington

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Gardens that stand a little apart from their fellows. They enclose a ten foot square of deepgrass. At such a time as this, with a hint of evening in four o'clock sky, and the park emptying, this small space is like a little castle. A keen wind was springing up out of the east, hurrying the low clouds across the sky, piling up rain in the west. Tristram turned up his coat collar, raised his head and saw in the ten foot square of tree-guarded ground, a girl. She was reaching up, holding a morsel of bread to a squirrel, and the posture was familiar. He stopped in his stride, and then ran forward.

"Pauline!"

She gave a little cry of alarm, retreated, and then, "Good Lord, you scared me! Whatever are you doing here?"

Tristram suddenly felt as if he'd known she'd be here all the time and that he had come to meet her. He stood and gazed at her, because she was so like some woodland creature; he stood and gazed because the shrine held an image and he knew the time for worship was nigh.

"You shouldn't be here, Pauline. Will you go? Will you go?"

And because she understood so well, had known it all in her queer and lovely way, because she too had plumbed the depths and yet knew no fear, she said: "My poor Tristram. And you've been so hurt!"

Her words, her very compassion stilled him.

"I can go on no longer," he said simply. "It's not fair to ask me to go on any longer. I think it's the end," he said calmly.

She laughed softly. "Oh, but there's never an end. Tell me about it."

"I'm going to leave Argaud's."

"Yes?"

"I'm going to leave everything."

"You're talking nonsense," she said. "Be sensible."

"I've made life a dream," he continued. "And it's turned out a nightmare. Only you are real, Pauline."

She shook her head at him. "Am I? What do you know about me? It is another idea, Tristram. I'm no paragon of virtue. I'm Bolty's wife. Even if I disapprove of some of his methods, I don't take the final step of — leaving him. As far as he goes he suits me. Isn't that a chip off the idol?"

"I don't care about idols any more."

"No? Well, they're hard come by. It's a folly to lose them."

"What a long time it takes to prove oneself a fool! There used to be two pictures at High Silver — I shall go back and break them!"

"You're beside yourself," she said. "My poor Tristram!"

"See, Pauline. . . ." He told her, standing in the chilly breeze with the evening roaming across the park; he told her of Erica, of Claire, of Flo Swinton. Chiefly of Flo Swinton.

He held out trembling hands to her. "I want nothing now but you, Pauline. I don't care who, what, or why Bolty is. I don't care what you think. Pauline, it's you I want."

"And you think it's as easy as all that?" Her mouth drooped a little at the corners, so hard she fought for control. "My dear," she said, and each word was a touch of icy death to his hopes. "How could that work? Is it so easy to renounce? I don't think it should be. What should we do, you and I? You just don't *know* enough, Tristram. To leave your wife? To take your hand from the plough? No, no, my dear, a thousand times no."

He gazed at her in an agony of despair. "I'd better go away — no — I'm sorry. I thought —"

"You poor blessed fool," she whispered. "You know I do. But there's no peace that way."

"But you do care?"

"Oh, yes, assuredly."

"But must I go?"

"Isn't it better? It's all too late now. Don't let's spoil it all because it is too late." Bravely she fought to keep this flood from drowning them both. She raised her hand to her forehead. "This isn't fair," she said piteously. Tristram took her in his arms beneath the trees while darkness crept around them and the lights sprang out distantly, one by one.

A minute later she was free of him. "When and if ever a time comes . . . till then I trust you."

"Oh, I'll come," Tristram answered. "To the end of the earth, Pauline. But till then I'll try again. But oh, my dear, my dear, why should it be like this?"

Then she went, slipping between the tree trunks, running swiftly across the

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grass, running away from him till he lost sight of the blurred outline of her figure and heard no more the patter of her footsteps on the grass.

Tristram reached home at half-past six. Claire was not in. The bed-room was disordered, the drawers of the wardrobe half open, shoes scattered on the floor. In the kitchen were no signs of preparation for dinner. By seven o'clock he began to worry. She must have been delayed somewhere. On the dressing table he found his cheque book and wondered what she had wanted with it. He sat down to wait, glad of an opportunity to regain his composure. I know nothing but this, he thought: that in Pauline only is salvation and that I by my very readiness to sacrifice myself have offered up both her and myself on the altar of my wretched idealism. Nor dare I face her again, and there remain only these ten minutes in the Park, the dozen words, the emptiness of it all, the utter emptiness. Then his mind swung to the practical: I must put it right with Claire, he said, I must do my best to prevent bad from becoming worse. It's not too late, — our house must be house-cleaned!

And even as he thought that, she came into the room.

She was dressed in her outdoor things; panting from her ascent of the stairs, and she blinked in the strong light. Then she stepped into the room and said with extraordinary bitterness: "Oh, it's *you!*"

He was astonished at her appearance, by the venom and hatred in her eyes. She faced him like a wild-cat, white with passion, filled with a fury he would never have believed she could contain. For a moment he thought that she had followed him into the Park, had seen him with Pauline, and that they were both being swept into the grotesque tangles of melodrama.

"I've got you to thank for this," she said. "You fool, Tristram, you blind fool."

He backed away from her, aghast at her vehemence, its vulgarity and force.

"What in the world — ?"

She brushed past him, into the bed-room, seized the cheque book, and tossed it on the table. "Why didn't you tell me you'd given mother five pounds?"

"Because —" and he stopped. How could he tell her it was the last concession, indeed now, by Heaven, most utterly the last. "She asked for it," he said in a dull voice, filled with dread and a horrible fear.

"What have you done?" she cried. "Do you know what you have done?" She was beyond self-control, worked up into a fury of fear and shame and illogical hatred. "I suppose she told you it was for rent, or something?"

He nodded because he could not speak.

"And that cure! She never took it. She sold it."

"*Sold* it?"

"Yes. Oh, I got it all out of them. She took the first lot and then agreed to sell the rest to a man called Charlie Penn. He was going to give her ten pounds for it when the last lot arrived. He'd sell it again. He's a brute. And mother — mother was crazy with drink. She'd got to have it. So she came round to you and fooled you. It was easy. Why didn't you tell me?"

"But — now — ?"

"Now? God knows! She was run over by a taxi in Russell Square, thanks to your five pounds and the drink it got her this afternoon. Her leg's broken and there's a foot crushed. But she's raving. When she came to see you, she was drunk then. What a fool you are!"

Claire was in the bed-room, packing a portmanteau. "What are you going to do?" he asked her.

Her back toward him, bending over the bed, she made no reply, sweeping past him to collect some things from the sitting-room. He caught at her arm as she passed, but she jerked herself free.

"I'm going to look after my mother."

"Now?"

"Yes. Please give me some money."

He wrote out a cheque. "That leaves me twenty pounds," he said, and he handed it to her. The action calmed him, a dull fury taking the place of his bewilderment. He was now quite cool and collected. He took the portmanteau and followed her downstairs.

"Do you want a taxi?"

"I don't care."

"I think you'd better. It's a long way. I can do nothing?"

"*You!*"

They waited at the gate in silence. He glanced down at her once but her shoulder

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was turned towards him. Her attitude was aggressive and vulgar. He wondered how he'd ever loved her and if indeed he ever had. He waved to a passing cab and it slowed up, wheeled round, and drew alongside.

As he held the door open for her he said, "If you want me, Claire, I will contrive to be there if possible."

"Want you? I don't want you."

"Goodbye, Claire."

She leaned out the far window. "Gower Street," she told the driver.

Tristram watched the cab drive across Westbourne Square, turn the corner into the Harrow Road. He stood for a long time by the gate, and then gazed up at the house behind him with a great loathing. It was dark and silent, as if it should never be inhabited again.

Nor did he spend the night in Westbourne Square. It reminded him too forcefully of a prison from which release now seemed certain. Whatever Claire would do, she would not return of her own free-will nor would he seek her out. He marvelled at himself for past tolerance, could laugh at it, seeing now how right Stuart Rivington had always been. Claire had left him of her own accord, deliberately, and without regard to his position. Her first duty was to him and she had renounced it. This time she should pay fully. His scorn for himself drowned sentiment and any apprehension of what might come. Overwhelming was this sudden discovery of truth — Grandfather was right!

Tristram packed a suitcase, counted the change in his pocket. Before he left he wrote to John Argaud. "I am taking a short holiday," he announced. "Following our talk of the morning I feel it would perhaps be best for us to part company — " He gave the name of his solicitors, and sealed the envelope with a fearful satisfaction. As the gate slammed behind him he felt a thrill of excitement. There remained but one thing — Pauline.

He could go to her now honorably and with a clear conscience. Bolty Loftus could go hang. Nothing would stop him now in this new knowledge from taking what he desired. I have done my best for others, he told himself, and a sorry business I've made of it. Now my first duty is to myself.

All the way to Kinnerton Street Tristram rehearsed what was to come. If Bolty Loftus was in, there would be trouble. But what could Bolty do? It was his turn now and there were old scores to be paid off. Kinnerton Street was quiet, the cobbles glowed beneath the single lamp like beaten gold, the buildings of Wilton Place tall and ghostly against the deep blue of the sky. Footsteps echoed down the pavement and a policeman passed, a huge shadow reeling before him. Tristram leaned against the stone wall of the arch, counting the doors along the street till he picked up the stone steps with the iron railings which was Pauline's house. A thread of light half way up betrayed her presence in the drawing-room. She must be sitting there, reading or perhaps fallen asleep, waiting for Bolty's return. He could see her, her hands idle in her lap, her eyes half-closed, her head against a cushion. She would be breathing quietly, tired out after the afternoon's distress. Or was she perhaps aware of his presence, and was she there by that very window longing for escape from her prison, longing for him to come instead of Bolty?

He left the arches and walked quickly to the door of her house. The slit of light was still above him, though the rest of the place was in darkness. He pressed the bell with determination, and waited. He thought for a moment that the blind moved, the thread of gold became a bar, a suggestion of a shadow flickered past. This was no time to be kept waiting, so he rang again. The door creaked, flew open. Over the white shield of a dress shirt, Tristram saw the sweet disarming smile of Bolty Loftus.

"Hullo," said Bolty, "*you*, Galahad? Well, I never. Come in."

There was nothing else to do but follow him into the tiny hall. Tristram, irresolute, taken by surprise, noticed at once Bolty's hard shrewd regard of him over the back of his hand as it held a cigarette to his lips.

"Oh, stick your hat up anywhere," the smile was still there. It was only the upper part of the face that signalled danger. Awkwardly enough Tristram placed his hat on a peg, fumbled, let it slip. Somehow the situation was becoming exceedingly difficult. Not every evening did one walk into an acquaintance's house to demand his wife. If only he could see Pauline first!

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"Nice of you to trot around. Come upstairs and have a drink," Bolty said.

A fire was crackling in the grate cheerfully, a silver tray with siphon and decanter rested on the table, the illumination of the room was amber. The sofa was pulled up close to the hearth, a book turned down open on the arm of a chair. Tristram went in quickly, stopped short. Except for himself and Bolty the room was empty. In his impetuosity he had not reckoned on this. In response to Bolty's invitation he sat down in a deep arm-chair sick at heart.

"Well, my worthy champion, and is life well with you?" Again Tristram became aware of the other's superiority and sophistication. Now as years before at Mostyn Haven, it was Bolty's acceptance of the situation which paralyzed him.

He moistened his lips. "I hope you won't think it — well — abrupt of me coming around —"

"Not at all. Friend of the — er — family and all that."

"The fact of the matter is — "

"I know." Bolty held the glass of whisky high against the light. "I know."

Very charming that smile now. But this was better. If Bolty knew, then . . .

"I know. Often at loose end in the evenings myself. Pity you don't come round more often. We'd like to see you. Remember the little party at Hunter's Inn? I thought that great fun. Pauline enjoyed it and so did I. She's keen on the country, Pauline is. Now I myself — "

He expounded his views; and all the time Tristram sat in his chair, listening, listening for the click of the lock downstairs when Pauline should return. He found difficulty in following Bolty's conversation. Suddenly the room, the crackling fire, the mellow comfortable light, the deep cushions, became hateful. Tristram rose to his feet, buttoned his coat and standing by the mantlepiece said: "Look here, Loftus, let's stop fooling. I don't want to be rude — " And Bolty Loftus stood too, fingering his black tie, standing very immaculate and debonair with one hand in his pocket. So they faced one another for a second, frankly hostile, each filled with contempt for the other.

"Oh, by the bye!" and the smile crept back to Bolty's face. "You must excuse Pauline's absence. She took it into her head — she has her little idiosyncrasies, you know — to leave for France by to-night's boat-train." His hand left the side pocket of his coat, held out an envelope. "I expect she's just written to apologize for not being here in case — well, in case you came around."

Tristram took the letter, and as his passion and bitterness swept in a flood to his lips, as he drew back white as death itself, Bolty Loftus pushed him gently to the door, saying, "Well, good night. I expect you're tired."

Then he was in the street once more, walking blindly towards the arch with its guttering light Beneath that darting tongue of flame he read: ". . . because I could not even trust myself, a new thing for me, my dear. And because, Tristram, you just don't *know* enough. It isn't that I'm not proud of it all, but how can you change so quickly? They're hard come by, the old gods, and you've no right to sacrifice them for me, for yourself. It's not a question of right or wrong. It goes further. There must be only one vice and one virtue: weakness and strength — and they're only the Devil and God. You *must* see for yourself, Tristram. So I've gone back to the South again because in that way only can I be any good to you. Perhaps sometime you'll see. . . . Dear, it isn't a bit easy."

There the policeman found him, hatless beneath the lamp in Kinnerton Street arches, and being a kindly man, a family man, with an eye ever open for troubles of all sorts, and seeing how the young fellow was put about, stopped, and with his hand in his belt said: "Now then, sir, you oughtn't to hang about here."

The strange young man before him tore up in little pieces a sheet of paper, and said: "I oughtn't to hang about anywhere, Constable." And laughed, saying, "I'm a much worse character than even that. I'm hardly even a character. But don't you trouble, Constable, I'm taking myself in charge. I'm going back to prison. This is the end of my ticket of leave. I'm going down to see the judge who lives in a place called High Silver. You'd like High Silver, Constable, as I used to. I shall do what the judge tells me. He's called Stuart Rivington and he's a good judge. Don't you bother, Constable."

"Now come along, sir — you go 'ome."

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But for a long time after Tristram had gone the policeman stood scratching the short hair over his ear, because he was a family man and didn't like to see young fellows in trouble of a sort beyond his comprehension.

High Silver was bright with the afternoon sun, bright with suspense. The last hours were more terrible than all the other years of waiting put together. Emily went about her work on tip-toe. Erica sat just outside the Colonel's door, knitting mechanically, making a winter waistcoat for Mr. Bond, who was downstairs waiting as well. Now he appeared at the top of the stairs, his arms folded and his face very grave. "How is he?"

"Much the same, Cyril. I went in just now and he's wandering a little. He was talking about a gun and I remember he nearly quarreled with Major Scaife over it at least twenty-five years ago. It would be much better if he'd rest but he will go on writing."

"It's the only thing that's real to him now." He pulled out his watch. "We ought to hear from the boy."

"You wired to Westbourne Square?"

"Yes, the old address."

He paced the landing silently, up and down, up and down. The knitting needles clicked and flashed and downstairs three o'clock struck. A minute later the front door bell rang violently in the silent house.

Erica put down her knitting and ran downstairs. Tristram was in the hall and she noted at once the dark rings beneath his eyes and how ill he looked. "Dear boy," she took his arm, "Dear boy! So long since I've seen you and now it's this."

Because she spoke in whispers, Tristram followed suit. "Why—?"

"You got our wire, dear? It's good of you to come so quickly. I hope it's not disorganized your work. But I'm afraid, very much afraid—" She blinked back her tears. There was no doubt of her meaning. Grandfather was dying. They'd wired for him: they expected him and here he was. In a sense that was all that mattered. This was no time to discuss his troubles. But he must see Grandfather. Grandfather was right and his advice would be good and would moreover be taken this time. He must see him at once. Could he?

"Yes, dear boy, of course. But be patient with him, he's writing."

"It's the third Friday? I'd forgotten." They went upstairs and joined Mr. Bond.

"You're well, Tristram?"

"Well enough, Mr. Bond. This is a sad meeting."

But Mr. Bond said nothing more because he was an honest man.

When Tristram entered his grandfather's room the Colonel lifted a shaking hand. His blue eyes were wide open and unseeing. "How do you do," he said, and Tristram realized he was unrecognized.

"It's Tristram, Grandfather. I've come to see you." The necessity of the statement, the distant courtesy of the old man came as a severe shock. The flame was burning low and already in his presence was that eternal transparency of approaching death. And yet behind the lustreless eyes still gleamed a spark of that old invincible vitality. "It's Tristram," he said again.

Death stood aside at the bidding of the old man's will, struggling with memory: "H'er? Come back to see if I'm done for?" This was Stuart Rivington again, dragging back from the shadows to have a last quip.

"No. I've come back, Grandfather, to apologize for what happened long ago. And to tell you you were right and to ask you what to do."

A smile touched the sunken lips. "What's happened?"

Tristram touched the thin arm, "Can you listen?"

The Colonel gazed at him vacantly, then like a light behind a mask consciousness flared up: "Of course I can. What is it, boy? I'm sorry if you're down in your luck."

Very nearly this first admission of kindliness broke down Tristram's control. He saw before him not this emptying husk of a man, but one who would always have been his friend. If he had only listened, these many years!

"I must tell you, Grandfather, because you're always right. Claire left me. . . ." He knelt by the bed for half an hour. He made no excuses for himself. He told the details of all his pain, with no exaggeration or bias. And as he talked the Colonel nodded his head now and again and once said: "No one man's opinion is right, you

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know." The minutes slipped by and the afternoon sun shone more golden with the silver of noon draining away. Yet toward the end of the recital a chilliness crept into the arm beneath Tristram's fingers, a vacancy took the place of the vital embers burning in those pale blue eyes. Outside Erica waited with Mr. Bond and Emily whispered to Brinton in the kitchen. High Silver was full of whispers, the curtains swayed with the movement of a passing breath, the house was crystal bright with sunshine, seemingly neater, cleaner, and more in order. Four o'clock struck as Tristram finished.

"What had I better do, Grandfather?" he asked.

The Colonel's fingers fumbled at his lips, a film of perspiration gleamed on his ivory forehead. His shoulders twitched and the eyes turned to Tristram were filled with a sudden dread. "What's the time?" he asked.

"Four, Grandfather."

A terrible agitation strained the old man. He raised his hands to his forehead, the pajama sleeves flapping back to his elbows. He fought for memory, beat back the fantasies crowding his brain. And then Erica came in, beckoning Tristram aside, and bending over Stuart Rivington she said: "Do you want anything, Father?"

"My letter, Erica, I haven't finished my letter."

"Better lie still, Father, you're tired."

A tinge of color stained his cheeks. "The devil!" he snapped. "You've fussed me all my life. Can't I die as I want to? Give me my letter."

And since there was nothing else to do she gave it to him. But Tristram stayed in the room. No one had the right to deny him this last service. He pulled up a chair close to the bed, and guided the trembling pen. Slowly and painfully the straggling words filled the page. There could never be an answer to Tristram's question now. He sat there hardly seeing, certainly not comprehending the tottering sentences, only realizing that second by ominous second his last refuge was becoming inevitably beyond his reach; watching with agonized fascination the final struggle of Stuart Rivington against life. In lucid moments the Colonel ground out his sentences, and once when the darkness descended upon him and as he struggled forth again, he said: "I must finish. I won't be beaten."

This was the final round, the least and yet the greatest of all his contests. It held for Tristram a terrible excitement. It was impossible for Grandfather to fail. It must be impossible. If at the end he should be beaten, he who had stood steadfast for so long, who above all others was indomitable, what then? He felt that in this last victory he too would share something of that granite strength of purpose. And thinking that he wondered if this only were the solution of the puzzle. "There is only one virtue and one vice," Pauline had said: strength and weakness. Beyond all questions of right or wrong, above love and hate, greater than malice, fiercer than shame, the very Hell and Heaven of existence: weakness and strength.

In the light of this, his arm aching with constant strain, cramped and numb, Tristram saw like an unholy pageant the lost days, the ruined years. One by one they came, pictures on the sunlit wall of the room. He was allowing Aunt Erica to kiss him on the steps of the pavilion. He saw again the bowler's arm swung high, heard the click of his fallen wicket. He was in the study downstairs, Aunt Erica was crying in the hall; he was being beaten for attacking his grandfather. Claire was walking ahead of him down Deepy Lane, they were going to Hunter's Inn. His eggs had been cold for breakfast. He was leaning over the back of the trap, straining to catch a last look at Libsters. Already he could hear the buzz of saws, the thud of axes. These and a hundred other phantoms passed by. He had taken the gold of the world's beauty and had wasted it. And yet —

"Three words more, three words more."

"Yes, Grandfather. Take it easy."

Half-past four struck. "What shall I say?"

"Yes, yes. We'll tell him that. Is the blind up? Your aunt's a fool. If Constance was here — Did Scaife write to me last or I to him? It doesn't matter. If Bath is going up-country, tell him to take my ponies with him. Where's Constance? She's always running away from me. Where's Constance?"

"Your letter, Grandfather —"

"Yes, yes. We're going to tell him —?"

"That I've come back."

Erica in the room again, Mr. Bond at

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her side, at the foot of the bed the nurse. Somebody wheeling something into the room. Another flash of reality: "Why the devil can't you leave me alone! It's Friday."

The pen scratching, digging into the paper. A downward steady stroke, an even cross-stroke. "That's the *t*, Grandfather."

"Yes, I can see. Don't fuss."

The doctor talking aside to Aunt Erica, scratching his chin, shaking his head.

"You've got 'Tristram has come', Grandfather."

"Don't cry, Erica. Don't be an affected fool. Where's the pen, boy?"

And then above the quick short breathing, a deep sigh, a click of the indrawn breath. Stuart Rivington sat up in bed, his mouth open, his eyelids high over his indignant eyes. Then slowly he rocked over on his side, the letter fluttering to the floor.

As the clock struck five, Tristram saw Aunt Erica turn to Mr. Bond. He went quickly from the room and ran downstairs. The front door was still ajar. He passed out and stood alone in the drive. Beyond the gates of High Silver the postman was whistling as he collected the letters. Over the tops of the trees, receding like a tide across gaunt Emeries, draining the gold from the green of Barn Park, and leaving the scarred hill of what was Libsters bleak and gray, afternoon was drooping into evening.

Somewhere beyond the fairy country, leagues from Taw's steadfast waters, were lands more meet for exploration. He raised his eyes to the splendid zenith of the sky and turning saw already in the West a hint of red.

THE END

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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by contributors, or to any view expressed in these FORUM *columns*

Anne and Regina

Miss Anne Temple and Miss Regina Malone, two young American college students, neither of whom is more than twenty-two, discuss the question, "Is Youth Deteriorating?" in the July number of THE FORUM:

Two ladies, whose united ages
Pan out at less than forty-five,
Have canvassed in THE FORUM's pages
A subject that is much alive:
Is youth in morals, mien, and dress
Worse than the youth of long ago?
Miss Temple (Anne) pronounces "Yes",
But Miss Malone (Regina) "No".

Revolt, as neither of them doubts,
Is deeply rooted in the young,
Who cast aside like winter's clouts
The creed to which their parents clung;
To Anne, however, they appeal
Like ostriches but lately plucked.
While brave Regina by their zeal
For Freedom is immensely bucked.

The arguments, the *pros* and *cons*,
Are posed with admirable skill
Worthy of dialectic dons
Who ply the philosophic quill;
Anne dwells upon the wild stampede
Of youth without a guide or goal;
Regina bids us rather heed
Its high unconquerable soul.

The disputants are wondrous frank;
They've got the latest jargon pat
(We, like America, have to thank
Freud and his votaries for that):
But, as their names and views I scan,
I wonder, while I watch the fray,
What would poor old Regina Anne
Think of the damsels of to-day!

From "Punch" (London)
July 21, 1926

A gentleman who admits to three score years and ten, who "early learned to keep his eyes and ears open and correctly to interpret the messages conveyed to his mind by those antennae", writes:

Editor of THE FORUM:

I am just cynic enough, and skeptic enough, to hold the opinion that many a girl who has danced a brief time along the primrose path of dalliance has grown to be quite as respectable a member of society as her more puritanical although less romantic and less daring sisters who never have "hopped the traces", if I may use such an unconventional, although, perhaps, rather Victorian, newspaper quip of the latter eighteen hundreds, in so dignified a situation as the pages of THE FORUM.

Of course, it is true that we always have had the Fairy with us. It always has been true that more than one young woman in each community of more than a few hundred has deserved the reputation of being "kind to the boys". But I doubt if it ever has been true before, since the degenerate days of Rome, that those who were so spoken of were *in the great majority*, and those who were "unkind", in the sense intended, were in the pitiable minority, as they most undoubtedly are at this

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time, in certain classes of our mongrel society.

The "loose" girl of the nineties was so rare that she was marked; and, of course, shunned, by those who were willing to throw the first stone. To-day, believe me, conditions are completely reversed. It is now the "stony cold" girl who is shunned; not, of course, openly, but who finds herself left out of social gatherings of the "co-eds", for the simple and avowed reason that "death-heads are not wanted at our feast", by the "neckers", and the "knee-ers", and the "far-as-possible-ers".

To me it seems that the significant feature in all this has been ignored or overlooked by, or is quite unknown to, the writers of the articles published in your July issue: that a sort of secret order, a quasi Free Masonry of dissipation, sexual and alcoholic, exists, from which those who refuse for any reason to participate in the Bacchantic rites are rigidly barred.

G. E. HARTER.

Toledo, Ohio.

And this, from the father of a daughter in Vassar:

Editor of THE FORUM:

My comments are those of a man in middle life with moderate tendencies along most lines. Words fail me to describe my feelings toward the mediocrity of the "Youth" articles. When a college girl of twenty-two finds desire to express her opinions in a dignified magazine along the lines of "Reaping a Whirlwind", it is time to class her also as uninteresting as a "plucked ostrich".

Poor Regina, let her get away to a humble home and raise a little family of her own and Heaven help her to keep them sweet and wholesome. Be as smart as she pleases but cease her chatter about sex.

We as a people need no emphasis on sex from such reputable and character-making monthlies as THE FORUM. Sex is bigger than a wood-chuck in most of us and will grow bigger still if we feed it on such articles as you have printed in the July number. Your prerogative is to be wholesome not loathesome, hearty not hateful, inspiring if not intriguing.

W. GRAY HARRIS.

Worcester, Mass.

Editor of THE FORUM:

In the July number you first present two articles by different young women on the "Deterioration of Youth" and despite the fact that they seem to think they are arguing on different sides, they both demonstrate the fact that Youth *has* deteriorated — not, I will admit, much more than Youth has ever deteriorated, only to-day they flaunt their deterioration, seem proud of it, and are given a chance to blazon to the world what they ought to be ashamed of, and what the world cares very little about, and what is unfair to the millions of decent young people who do not do what these shameless hussies appear to think is so smart. It used to be considered very "bad form" for men to boast of their intimate affairs, so why is it any less disgraceful for women?

A. B. S.

Seattle, Wash.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have read with great interest and mingled, — I had almost said mangled, — feelings, the papers on "Has Youth Deteriorated?".

To the young, all questions are new, and they do not dream that their elders had the same temptations and battles that they have, and that they likewise thought that conventions and restraints were not a blessing in disguise and that they too "kicked over the traces". But, once upon a time, there was more of restraint and guidance, more reverence for youth.

It is not fair to the young people to hurl them into the mad maelstrom of life as we have been doing. We allow them to see the most pernicious shows, read the most lurid literature, indulge in the most undesirable amusements. Nor are the subjects taught in high schools and colleges the most suitable for the age and understanding of the students.

Biology, for instance, is more than a science of physical life. I wonder if any one of our young wanderers in this marvelous subject, has read *The Ascent of Man* by Henry Drummond, — especially the chapters on "The Evolution of a Mother" and "The Evolution of a Father". Have the teachers?

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I have not heard of any concerted action on the part of parents, teachers, or employers to combat these influences.

Let us not place all our criticism on the youth of our day, — it is not yet in such desperate straits; not if the elders assume their responsibility. Then our sons and daughters will not fail us.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Cincinnati, O.

The State of Georgia

In July, Thomas Boyd, well-known American novelist, recounted the experiences of Mr. Julian Harris (son of Joel Chandler Harris, the creator of our "Uncle Remus" stories) in unbridling the State of Georgia from tyranny of the press, and in unsaddling her from the Klan. THE FORUM *accepted Mr. Boyd's article in January, 1926, five months before the Pulitzer medal was awarded this fearless editor for his services to his State and to the country. We are now involved in a great furore: Has Georgia been "besmirched"? Has there been "collusion" between Mr. Boyd, Mr. Harris, and* THE FORUM?

Editor of THE FORUM:

None of us likes to laugh right out loud in the face of our friends, and I feel that if I knew Tom Boyd I would want him for a friend, he possesses such a genial good humor and witty insight. When I read his article on "Defying the Klan", I laughed and cried, — the rain fell and the sun shone at the same time; and the Devil must have been whipping his wife.

I wanted to spring to the defense of Julian; I have been fearful for him ever since he won the Pulitzer. Which goes to show, we can take care of our enemies, — but God save us from our friends. Won't you help me pray for Julian?

Then I noted your refreshing remark about THE FORUM being dedicated to the principle of free speech, flashing up like a rainbow in the sky, although THE FORUM came not to bring peace but a sword. All of us, of course, are free with our own kind of speech, — but I have faith in THE FORUM, even to the extent of the mustard seed.

The State of Georgia is vastly interested in Tom Boyd's article. The great body of organized folk, — or semi-organized, — who are putting their shoulder to the wheel to better conditions (i. e., the several thousand men in responsible walks of life, the active women's organizations, etc.) will smile somewhat at the idea that Julian Harris is the super-man who has done it all, — and I suspect that Julian himself is somewhat embarrassed.

JOHN NELSON.

Providence, R. I.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Through your ROSTRUM I want to thank Mr. Boyd for his splendid defense of Julian Harris and his daring and brilliant work as Editor of the "Enquirer-Sun."

Hats off to a man who defied even a court of law with the most delightfully honest logic, to stand firmly for a just and right cause.

To say "I was born in Georgia" should arouse the pride one naturally feels in one's own state. I *was* born there but I have no feeling of either pride or loyalty towards a realm so utterly disgraceful and persistently degraded. More power to Mr. Harris.

ISOBEL GREGORY DEXTER.

Washington, D. C.

Many southern newspaper editors are commenting on the article. In fairness to all and with malice toward none, in the interest of freedom of the press, we are publishing excerpts from as many of the editorials as reached us:

The Macon Telegraph:

"In the July issue of THE FORUM there is an article by Thomas Boyd, who undertakes to paint a picture of this new or modern Moses. But instead of painting one picture that probably was intended to make the leader stand out upon the canvas, with all Georgia following his triumphant march out into the light and salvation, he has painted two pictures. The leader is there all right, with his white robe and his prayer book, with a shield and spear. And then Georgia is there. But Georgia is so ugly, so contemptible, so hopeless, so black that the reader wonders if Julian Harris really saved anything worth the Pulitzer prize. Upon inquiry of some outstanding figures in Columbus as to how that city would or did receive the news of the Pulitzer prize, the reply was that the Columbus citizenry

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would not endorse the judgment; that it was felt that the "Enquirer-Sun" under Mr. Harris played to the galleries, the outside world; that he would traduce his State or slander his city to get publicity from the North. In reading THE FORUM's article never was there found so much sound basis for a charge."

Greensboro Herald-Journal: "Julian Harris is more sincere in his efforts to help Georgia than the papers are who criticize him. Julian Harris is fearless, and merited the Pulitzer prize several years before it was rightfully awarded his paper. Sometimes he might err, — we all do, — but most of the time he is right. He doesn't color his news columns. He features and prints adverse newspaper criticism concerning himself. Julian Harris is the man who removed the mask from the Klan in this State."

Columbus Ledger: "It is time to call a halt on attempts to besmirch Columbus and damn Georgia. . . . Not only should we deal with the mudslinger direct, but we should go after the magazine management which permits such damning injustices to appear in their columns. The article is not only black, but decidedly vicious, and quite contemptible throughout, slur after slur being cast upon Columbus people and other Georgians without the slighest excuse. Publishers of the magazine should be required to print a story retracting the black parts of the article."

Quitman Free Press: "Recently THE FORUM printed an article about Julian Harris and his work in the Columbus "Enquirer-Sun" which resulted in the award of the Pulitzer medal for the greatest services rendered by any editor in the country. The award was made because of Editor Harris's effective work against the Klan. Incidentally the writer in THE FORUM depicted some features in Georgia which reflected on the State, — the percentage of illiteracy, the fact that the Klan originated in Atlanta, certain statistics about lynching. It sounded like a black page but it was all a matter of statistics. We can't deny those but we are accustomed to palliate such unpleasant truths by pointing with pride to other features in Georgia which denote progress and enlightenment."

Dalton Citizen: "If Georgians are to continue to jump on Julian Harris because he stands for education and advancement, — and dares to express his thoughts, thereby winning national fame, — then indeed, do we pray for an intellectual aristocracy that will also rout envy and jealousy."

Editor's note: In subsequent issues THE FORUM expects to publish many articles on the South. When a writer can come forward with an article showing, by actual statistics, the cultural progress of Georgia, it will be published promptly. Perhaps we should first define "culture". Certainly it does not include statistics showing how many famous men, from President Harding to Will Rogers, have spent the night in Columbus, Georgia, as one editor would have us believe.

Apologies Herewith

Perhaps, after all, we have too much confidence in the statements of our contributors.

From the Rostrum of July 1926:

Editor of THE FORUM:

Mr. Power has a parallel in G. K. Chesterton who claims that the whole world is wrong and the only perfections are found in the Roman Church. This change of heart took place in G. K. C. after he married Hilaire Belloc's sister. Another case of too much Punch and Judy. Judy predominating. Intolerance indeed! The truth is, American Protestants are digging their own graves with leniency, over-indulgence, and over-intolerance and they will wake up, I fear, when it is too late.

JOHN RUSSELL COREY.

Boston, Mass.

In reply:

Editor of THE FORUM:

A cutting has been sent to me of which I enclose copy, and which I am told appeared in THE FORUM. No doubt the facts as stated in the letter have already been contradicted, but if not, will you kindly state that I am *not* Mr. Belloc's sister; that my maiden name was Blogg, that we were married twenty-two years before my husband became a Catholic, and that I myself have not yet been received into the Church.

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This will give Mr. John Russell Corey all the information he requires. It is just possible that both Mr. Belloc and his sister, Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes, may demand an apology! I am quite willing to feel honored by his mistake, but they might feel aggrieved.

FRANCES CHESTERTON.
(MRS. G. K. CHESTERTON)

London.

Comment on Mexico

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have read with much interest the letters of Messrs. Burke, James, Scotford, and Winton published in the Rostrum section of your August issue and I cannot pass Mr. James's letter by without adding a loud "Amen!" to what he has to say.

Through the accident of birth I am the son of seven direct generations of high dignitaries of the Church of England and have spent the greater portion of my life in Egypt, India, and Australia, coming to New York for graduate study. Upon the completion of my undergraduate work I went to Latin America for a period of three years and have lived in practically every one of those many small countries, from the Argentine on the south to Guatemala and Honduras on the north, being in Spanish Honduras during the revolution of 1924. Every word of what Mr. James has to say is, I regret, all too true. A visit to Guatemala, which is but a four-day trip from New Orleans, during the last week in Lent (Holy Week) would be enough to convince the most skeptical of the truth of the statement regarding the combination of Catholicism and Paganism.

I have come away from Latin America sick at heart to think that such conditions have been allowed to exist these many years and am glad to know that one country at least has taken steps to correct the evil. If the practices of those "men of God" who "sacrifice home, family, country, friends, position, etc., etc., to spread the Gospel of Christ to the 'heathen'" can be classified as "Christianity", then Christianity, as such, has no place in my life. It is time that the "civilized Western world" awoke and replaced these "purveyors of the truth" with intelligent educators in an effort to substitute light and understanding for ignorance and superstition.

GEORGES MONTGOMERY MITCHELL.

New York.

The British Association for the Advancement of Science convened in London in August. Several papers were read and reported on, their "news" reaching this country after their appearance in this magazine.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Congratulations on beating the British Scientists by a month and a half. After reading yesterday's Times, I re-read the Huxley article in the July FORUM for all the real dope.

JAMES CREESE.

New York.

Short Skirts Again

No doubt a complete cycle of styles has come and gone since we published Mr. Hugh A. Studdert Kennedy's article "Short Skirts" in June. Nevertheless, the letters that continue to pour in are irresistible:

Editor of THE FORUM:

In regard to Mr. Studdert Kennedy's article "Short Skirts" in the June issue. Supposing the words, "man" and "boy" were substituted where indicated in the following excerpt from the article:

"It was a masterpiece of color and light, but as each successive *girl* (substitute *boy*) mounted the dias, and, throwing aside a gorgeous wrapper, posed unclothed from the waist up, these two sterling women could see nothing in it but an outrage on decency.

"Now, I am not concerned to defend such shows, — I really dislike them, not because of the shows themselves, but because of the audience, — but I am concerned with their effect upon the audience. The first hour at the Casino de Paris was atrocious. The audience was an indecent audience; but gradually a change was noticeable. The horrified gasps, the semi-hysterical giggling, the 'Land's sakes!', the 'Good nights!' died away. The mother from Vermont became silent, and I had almost forgotten about her when the curtain went up on a scene which was supposed to be the climax. It represented the interior of a Roman bath. Whatever may be thought of such exhibitions, there

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can be no doubt that it was a perfect picture, a Leighton, a Collier, or an Alma Tadema. The lighting, the setting, the faithfulness to detail, the draped or half draped figures of the *women* (substitute *men*,) their pose and movement were all characterized by a very excellent restraint. Suddenly, at the top of the marble steps leading down to the bath a young *girl* (substitute *boy*) appeared; she paused for a moment, and then, throwing aside her wrapper, descended the steps, unclothed, to the water's edge."

Would Mr. Kennedy's theory still hold, and if not, why not? I should like to hear from him on this point.

CHARLES B. SALA.

Miami, Fla.

And here is Mr. Kennedy's reply:

Editor of THE FORUM:

My answer, of course, must be that the theory holds. It is all a matter of custom and tradition. For centuries, the appearance of the unclothed male form in public has been accepted without comment, while that of the woman has been barred by most so-called moral codes. The very fact that this is so, and that the appearance of the unclothed male form is so accepted, indicates how the dissipation of mystery dissipates, at the same time, the purely sexual interest which this mystery is calculated to evoke and foster. As to the effect from an artistic point of view, once the nudity of male and female are placed on the same footing, it will be the same. As a matter of fact in many of the tableaux at the Casino de Paris, men and boys appeared practically unclothed and the artistic effect, in appropriate setting, was the same.

HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY.

San Francisco, Calif.

Brewed in the Bone

Mr. Rutherford Towner's article "Prohibition and Caste" in the July number was a powerful stimulant:

Editor of THE FORUM:

I do not know which to admire most, Rutherford H. Towner's depth of sympathy, his powers of indignation, or his faculty for perverted vision. This last is of such amazing comprehensiveness and ingenuity that it amounts to positive genius. A man who can see wrong everything he looks at for seven straight pages, wrong fundamentally and wrong in its implications, is to be envied for the illusions he can get out of the world. Truly admirable is the warmth of a heart that can feel so strongly alike for the burdened rich, set off by themselves into a caste where even if they can get all the liquor they want they have to pay so much for it, — and all this in addition to the separate caste the income tax shunts them into, — and for the slighted poor, so discriminated against by prohibition which deprives them of their inalienable right to get drunk and throw their money into the saloon-keeper's till. So many teary words have been shed over the sad fate of the workingman since prohibition was enacted that one wonders why the wordy weepers did not discover before that time how much they loved the workingman, how strong they were for his rights and how indignant they were that he too could not ride to his work in a motor-car, enjoy the blessings of a fat and growing bank account and keep his children in school. Doubtless the reason is to be found in their estimate of the supreme importance in life of a glass of beer and a pre-dinner cocktail.

Most intriguing also is Mr. Towner's discovery of a new kind of martyrdom for the A. E. F. For its members who were lucky enough to come home, — or does he, under the circumstances, consider them unlucky? — could not stock up with quantities of beer, whiskey, brandy, wine sufficient to last them until prohibition might, perhaps, be made a dead letter. Would he like to have a new bonus provided to compensate them for this discrimination against the inherent right of every man to do what he pleases with his own life, regardless of others and of the community?

If Mr. Towner believes it is such good psychology to "Resist not evil", why does he flame so vehemently against prohibition, which he seems to consider the most evil thing in present American life? If he thinks that policy is so very wise and fine and efficient why does he not adopt it in this case, accept the evil of prohibition, obey its mandates, cease talking against it and tell all his friends not to resist it? His vision of the United States as a "sober

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nation" previous to prohibition is the crowning example of his ability to see things wrong. Perhaps if he had looked up statistics before making that assertion and learned that there had been a steady increase in the proportion of alcoholic liquors made and in the per capita consumption he would not have seen things in just that way, — and perhaps he would. It is all of a piece with his inability, or refusal, to understand that the desire and aim of prohibitory legislation has never been to interfere with the habits and wishes of the individual, although such interference is an inevitable result, but to uproot a commercialized vice that has become a menace to society. Since Mr. Towner thinks that this interference is such a desperately evil and tyrannous thing for a nation to do does he think it is equally tyrannous and wicked and foolish for a railroad company or a manufacturing concern to forbid its employees to indulge in liquor drinking?

FLORENCE FINCH KELLY.

New York.

Pay Your Money and Take Your Choice

The first of the following writers prefaces his letter by the remark, — "Please publish this in THE FORUM *if you dare." "Dare"? What is the gentleman talking about? Even if he were correct in his statement that "the editors and owners of the magazine are partly Jewish", we should be only too glad to acknowledge it, as well as to publish his opinions.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

You bring an "Unsparing Biography of Wilhelm Hohenzollern" (as you choose to call him democratically) by Emil Ludwig and above this article one can read "A non-partisan Magazine of free discussion". I am sure it is "free" but certainly not unpartisan to publish this article, unless you state that Mr. Ludwig is not a German (Germanic Aryan) but an Oriental of Jewish faith and very likely of Talmudic religion. "Ludwig's" real name is Cohn. The editors and owners of your magazine are partly Jewish as I gain from the list of names on the page of contents. I call your attention to the truth that has come out in quite a few papers and magazines lately. The game is up I would judge, and it seems to me it would be wise to take a different attitude.

WILLIAM SCHAUMAUN.

New York City.

And this, from a reader who extends his subscription because he "cannot forego the pleasure of being able to finish the Ludwig series on William II of Prussia":

Editor of THE FORUM:

In the year 1887 I was a medical student in Berlin at the various University Clinics and as matter of interest picked up with some of the political gossip that was afloat at that time. The Crown Prince was always spoken of with the greatest *gnade*, but the Crown Princess Victoria was certainly much *geschimpfed*. I one day saw the Crown Prince make entrance to the city on his return from the *Manövre* amidst the great applause of the populace as he drove down Unter den Linden.

Being a medical man my interest was keen in following up the controversy of the German and English physicians. The perusal of Ludwig's article brings back freshly to mind the much better controversy of the friends and foes of the administration.

The Old Kaiser and his wife Augusta were always considered with reverence and respect. It was a pleasing sight to see these old people at Palace Window, which was the daily custom at prompt twelve o'clock. The happenings of these few months of 1887 may have had much to do with the World War. This is perhaps a matter of personal opinion.

I am very grateful to Dr. Ludwig through THE FORUM for a great pleasure.

DR. H. E. WELCH.

Youngstown, O.

This one, too, is appreciated:

Editor of THE FORUM:

Enclosed please find two dollars for your splendid magazine. Three dollars is all the change I now possess.

Being an old man 82 years old, living in an Old Folks' Home, we have very little money at my age. I admire THE FORUM so much I forward two dollars to you leaving me only one to use and trusting Providence for the future. This shows you how much I appreciate the splendid articles you are publishing each month.

The first instalment of Wilhelm Hohen-

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zollern enlightens me to his early life, which has changed my views clearing away my prejudices that I had formed of him. You are giving the very essentials of his life.

I wish you success in your efforts to put forth the truth in every article, giving both sides the high unbiased idea of right. Lovers of reading will surely gain some fine things.

CHARLES S. LIVELY.

St. Louis, Mo.

A Page from the Past

The following story is particularly appropriate this month when the world is observing the seven hundredth anniversary of the death of St Francis:

There is no place in the world where education and honesty of thought are respected and valued as highly as in China. Eighty generations of scholars have left their mark on the country that was once the Middle Kingdom, and veneration of scholarship is still a characteristic mark of the Chinese people. But it is a scholarship that respects the past and demands loyalty to the great masters of their race. So allegiance comes as the parcel and lot of the common round and is the foundation for much of their thinking.

I remember sitting through one long hot summer's afternoon in the study of an old Chinese gentleman, whose reputation for scholarship had traveled far beyond the walls of his city. It was a study without pretense of comfort. At the windows oiled paper replaced the glass. The floor was paved with rough and uneven granite flagstones; angular chairs were crowded around an unvarnished table upon which was a broken tea pot and little handleless chipped cups retained their tea stains from the days gone by.

The old scholar was a deeply religious man and his thinking was tinged with mysticism. We were comparing the merits of Christianity and Buddhism and I was urging upon him the Way of the Kingdom. I pointed out that the way was the Tao of Chinese thought; here was the Tao of Lao-taz made flesh; here was the Tao of Chinese philosophy born a man; the Tao for which hundreds of sages had searched in vain, but now all search could terminate and dreams be realized. In court and palaces, in temples and hermit cells, men of serious living have always sought this Tao, never finding but ever searching for it. And the Tao was the fulfilment of the Chinese law and the prophets, for in Jesus the "Tao was made flesh and dwelt among us".

We talked until the shadows began to lengthen and the buffalo were driven home from the paddies. I would have given much to have persuaded him, for the Chinese Church needs such men as Mr. Tsen.

"You would have me follow Jesus and forsake my own masters," the old man finally said to me.

"Yes," I replied, anticipating much, for throughout the afternoon there was that delightful Oriental courtesy which tells of a genuine interest, but which can also be a mask that covers the heart.

"There on my shelves," he continued, "I have always had copies of your own sacred books for over thirty years. I have read them many times and often during the lonely watches of the night I have wondered about them. I know what your Master taught and I admire Him; there are times when I could be happy following in His steps. But you should never have come to me seeking a disciple for Jesus. I believe in being loyal to the Great Ones of the past and it is this lack of loyalty among Christians that I cannot understand. So I will continue to revere my own masters. Your Master never had but one disciple and that was Fan Lan-shi."

The Chinese name meant nothing to me and I had to confess it.

"Wait," he said, "I think that I can help you." The old scholar slowly rose to his feet and went to his books and brought back a dog-eared history of the Christian Church, yellow with age. After turning the pages back and forward he found what he was searching for, and without comment pushed the open book across the table to me. There out of the Chinese text flashed the name

"Francis of Assisi"

Mr. Tsen sat with his elbows on the table and slowly ran his fingers through his hair. "I don't understand," he muttered "why after two thousand years Jesus of Nazareth never had more than one disciple."

I sat facing him in silence.

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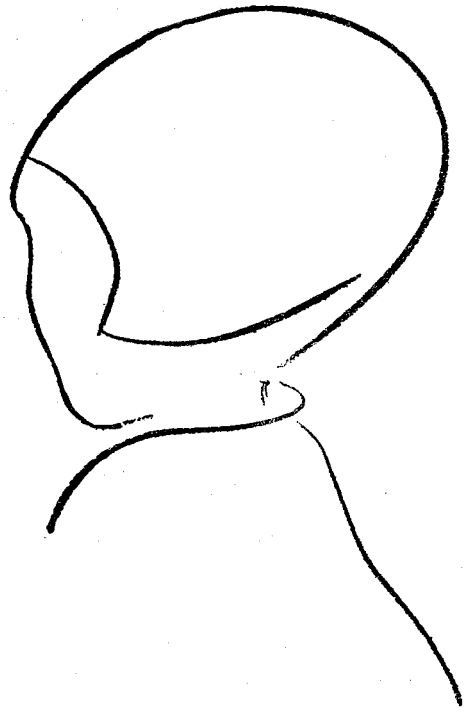
Soon after that I left him, but my face was burning as we parted. He asked me to return and tell him more about my Master. I have never returned. But I will never forget him, for his words burned deep and have left a scar. As I threaded my way through streets choked with traffic my heels kept beating on the paving stones, "Your Master never had but one disciple and that was Francis of Assisi." That night the watchman's gong did not register the hours of the passing night for me, but rather told of the only disciple that Jesus ever had.

CLARENCE H. HORNER.
Grace Church
New York.



A Child's Heart

I *love* the song birds
In the wood.
The *worm* won't sing,
The ugly thing —
It only squirms!
But when the birdies
Take their *food*
I feel *so* sorry
For the worms!

ROSE PASTOR STOKES.
New York.

Jerry Smith, American

A footnote to our Definition Contest:

Editor of THE FORUM:

"Americanism", during nine post-war years of appalling material prosperity, has been in the witness chair, on the docket, on the rack, under the fluoroscope. It has been interrogated, assayed, estimated, psychoanalyzed, dissected, x-rayed. Your recent symposium developed a fog of definitions. In the meantime one answer has been worked out at Budapest:

AMERICANISM IS JERRY SMITH

In April, 1924, the League of Nations appointed Jeremiah Smith, a Boston lawyer, as commissioner to effect the financial rehabilitation of Hungary. In July his work was done. During the intervening two years he has accomplished his mission to the expressed satisfaction of the League and to the profound relief of the Hungarian Government and people. With impressive ability and singleness of purpose he camped on the job of helping Hungary put its house in order. He did nothing else. He avoided the limelight, ducked speech-making, dodged the camera men. No press-agent for him, no publicity. People forgot where he was and lost interest in what he was doing. For two years Jerry Smith self-effacingly gave the best that was in him to Hungary.

The laborer is worthy of his hire. But Smith did not conceive his job as labor. He found it hard work but he chose to regard it as help. During his two years of stewardship, while he was telling the Hungarians how to save money, the American commissioner won the respect of a war-stricken people by his personal example of economy in living.

When the job was ended and he came to say good-bye, the Hungarian premier handed him a cheque representing his accrued salary for two years. He refused to receive it and declined to accept the decoration suggested by the Hungarian government in recognition of his services

One such act as Jeremiah Smith's from the heart of Budapest is worth many months of talk at Geneva. Examples such as his count more for peace on earth than hate-preserving treaties.

Jerry Smith may be Americanism!

GEORGE MARVIN.
Keswick, Va.

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.— *Keats*

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In this department there will appear each month a signed review by at least one member of THE FORUM BOOK REVIEW BOARD, *reviews by special assignment, and an occasional unsolicited review. The last are paid for upon publication at the rate of fifteen cents a line. They are limited to 300 words.*

The Queen's Taste

The two new volumes of QUEEN VICTORIA'S LETTERS (Edited by George Earle Buckle. Longmans, Green & Company. Two volumes, $15.00) and diaries are not only full of interesting side lights on history, but help to build up that full-length picture of the Queen, begun by the first and second instalments of her private papers. The first Letters showed us Queen Victoria as a charming girl Sovereign full of youth and vivacity, enjoying life in every aspect, from a ball, or a gallop in the Park, to some great State ceremony or a confidential talk with her first Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne. Surely he was the wisest, wittiest, most genial and most fatherly statesman who ever set the feet of Royalty in the path they should go, or taught "reigning without tears" to a high-spirited Prince or Princess. If the Queen asked Lord Melbourne to explain to her a difficult constitutional or legal point she did not bring down an avalanche of dreary political pedantry upon her head, but some amusing or even exciting historical story, or reminiscence, in which the desired information was fully conveyed and yet happily concealed.

The second series showed us the Queen's married life and her partial but entirely voluntary eclipse, owing to her trust in her husband's judgment and good sense. The new volumes show the third period, that of the Queen's widowhood. The fourth and last will illuminate for us the wonderful period of her old age: the period in which she was the most experienced personality concerned with public affairs. Quite apart from her possession of the throne she knew more of the details of the art of government and of executive action than anyone else in the country. After the deaths of Disraeli and Gladstone she might have been the mother of all the ruling statesmen and indeed of any person holding high office in the State.

Further, she gave no ground whatever for any form of personal disparagement or disconsideration. No one would have dared to appeal to the people over her head on an issue involving political morals or national honor. Had any one done so the country would have growled out, "Leave her alone, you fool. She's worth ten of you," and whatever the merits the Queen

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would have won. In a word, she was trusted. The country knew she spoke the truth, was never an intriguer, and meant to do the right thing, and whether she always succeeded in her endeavor did not matter.

No little part of the Queen's success in getting hold of the British people was based on the fact that she never took advantage of the trust they showed her. If she had, it would soon have vanished. As it was, her popularity made her strangely humble in the last resort. Though apparently self-willed to the point of arrogance, and royal to her finger tips, she never for a moment forgot that she was a constitutional sovereign, and held her great office by the will of the People and reached the throne by virtue of an Act of Parliament.

Therefore in quarrels with her Ministers she never pushed matters to extremes. She might throw out an angry gesture of warning, but in the end she always gave way and meant to give way. It is true that she snubbed her Ministers; "wouldn't be put upon by any one;" and could and did make her so-called servants extremely uncomfortable when they did things of which she disapproved. But that did not prevent her having a very wholesome fear of stepping into the arena of direct responsibility. A Prime Minister who had the nerve (and it took a good deal in her latter days), to tell her in plain terms that he would not be responsible for carrying out, or refraining from carrying out, a particular policy or line of action always had his way.

The Queen's part was to warn and not to act on her own. These warnings were regarded with a kind of superstitious dread by her governments. Lord Salisbury, in his speech in the House of Lords on the demise of the Crown, referred in dignified language to this phase of the Queen's constitutional policy. Ministers, he explained, had to take a course opposed to the Queen's advice as to what should be done, but they never did so without very grave anxiety, so sound was Her Majesty's political instinct, and so keen was her insight into the minds and wishes of the British people. Those wishes she always treated with respect and deference. She never dreamt of thinking that she knew better than the country as a whole, or that it could ever be her duty to combat the considered opinion of the majority of the voters.

The Queen's style was curiously temperamental. When dealing with intimate or domestic matters, or again with abstract propositions, she was apt to be vague, sentimental, and Victorian. When, however, she turned to some matter where personal knowledge helped her, or where her past experience could be cited, she wrote with clearness, decision, and vigor.

Taken as a whole her letters and diaries are wholly worthy of her. But to say this is to give them high praise. John Bright was perfectly sincere when he said that the Queen was the most entirely truthful person he had ever known. She never pretended to be what she was not. She never intrigued. She never practised any of the arts of a Machiavelli, as did Queen Elizabeth. She steered a straight course. Therefore she was never brought to shame by any disclosures. "The blush of Sigismund" never colored her cheeks for the very good reason that she never lied or prevaricated, or went back on her promises. There were no light words in her vocabulary; no double meanings in her phrases; no intent to deceive in her thoughts. She had plenty of faults, but no baseness of mind. Therefore her fame is more secure than that of hundreds of sovereigns who far surpassed her in brain power.

Before I leave the Queen and her diaries I feel I must notice the curious contrast between Victoria and President Wilson, — shown to us by her letters and diaries and by *The Intimate Papers of Colonel House*, — books whose publication was almost simultaneous. It is a contrast which would have delighted Plutarch. The Queen had little sympathy or comprehension when she dealt with abstract affairs, but she hardly ever erred in matters or men of the moment. Contact with actualities fired her mind and made it clear and potent. Far-flung speculations, and the philosophic perception of world movements, inspired President Wilson with zeal and enthusiasm, but in action he was too often vague and inconclusive. Further, like so many persons of his intellectual complexion, he really did think that he could evade responsibility by doing nothing.

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Not only did the Queen show good sense and courage when she was close to great events, but she never let herself be carried away by the excitement that such events cause in less stable minds. She never thought of herself as riding the whirlwind and directing the storm. Though by nature quick-tempered and outspoken, she never in public affairs overplayed her part. President Wilson had the fault attributed to the Germans by Madame de Staël. Reflection, which calms other men, agitated him. A cynical critic, more intent on a *mot* than the truth, may some day say of the great Queen of happy memory, to use Rochester's description of Charles II, "She never did a foolish thing and seldom said a wise one." President Wilson, he will say, suffered from political hypermetropia, Anglice long-sightedness. He could see things clearly when far off, but at close quarters they were to him invisible or badly blurred.

Theoretically, if you could have combined the two characters you would have had a perfect personality for the tenure of high executive office. In practice, however, this perfect person would have been paralyzed in action by the popular distrust and contempt which always attaches itself to the Aristides model. It is the failings of human beings which stimulate affection, not the rigid virtues. The reason is not far to seek. We like those who are near to us. But the impeccable hero is a very long way off. The absolutely just man makes one shiver like a glacier cave.

J. St Loe Strachey.

An Indictment of Dishonor

Among the marble temples, spires, shafts, and domes of Washington, — the memorials of great men, great causes, and great events, — there ought somewhere to be a small Expiatory Chapel, — a thing not advertised but hard to find and only large enough to hold a handful of people, — where a man might go and, falling on his face, ask God to have mercy and hold back His vengeance for the national sins of our people.

Mr. Moorfield Storey, now in his eighty-first year, has, with the aid of a young Filipino friend, raised a structure which, if not a chapel, is at least a lasting monument that may turn the hearts of many of his fellow-countrymen toward repentance. The Conquest of the Philippines by the United States by Moorfield Storey and M. P. Lichauco (Putnam's, $2.00), is based upon truths which will survive when some of our pretentious magnificences, whether of phrase or architecture, will have crumbled towards oblivion. This book represents the consecutive thought of a lifetime embodied in the picture of a national episode and it will serve as a point of entry for future students of the Philippine problem.

It is the best historical essay that I have ever read. The story unfolds itself naturally and moves from point to point with the logic and the economy of a drama. The tale is well known in its outlines; but its proofs and its summary have never before been displayed as they are in this volume. It is in substance an indictment of the American people for a great historic crime, viz.: the dishonorable betrayal of Aguinaldo's confidence and the tricky capture of his person, followed by three years of unnecessary and atrocious war, including the torture of prisoners, concentration camps, the devastation of a land and the practice of extermination upon its people. There was, moreover, an element of hysteria in our conduct of the war. We did things that men generally do only when they are terrified or in extremity. And yet there was no emergency.

Mr. Storey would shield the American people at large from the worst features in the conduct of the war, because of inevitable popular ignorance in wartime, because of the censorship, and because of the hurried and unconstitutional procedure of the executive departments of our Government. But History will not shield our people at large. It was the spiritual leaders of America, her president and his chief counselors, her generals and captains and privates, all of them bone of her bone and each of them in his own sphere typical of the nation, who conceived and carried out the raid and who kept it up till the deed was done. We have never repudiated it; we have endorsed it.

Mr. Storey's book is short and fully documented. It is put together with such marvelous art that thoughtful persons will read it for a century, and it will serve as Burke's speech on the impeachment of

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Warren Hastings served in the case of the British Empire, — to modify the spirit in which our national dependencies are to be governed in the future. Very different are Storey's tone and method from those of Burke; for there is no rolling eloquence, no outburst of indignation, no denunciation in Storey's volume, but only most careful statement and understatement. The question which remains is whether there be heart and mind in our people to receive what the British nation was able to receive from Burke, — a moral jar which they never forgot. Burke, to be sure, could not arrest the course of the British Empire, which moved onward to the toppling point. But he did much to uplift his own people by his great effort, and much to alleviate the fate of subject peoples under British rule. I believe that Mr. Storey will have done the like for America.

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN.

Business and Religion

Writing on the text, supplied by Anatole France, "the compassion of God is infinite: He will save even the rich," R. H. Tawney, Reader in Economic History of the University of London and sometime Fellow of Balliol College, shows in RELIGION AND THE RISE OF CAPITALISM (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50) how Religion first sought to make Capital its monopoly and how, latterly, Capital made Religion its handmaiden.

The Middle Ages, Mr. Tawney indicates, regarded traders as peculiarly wicked, holding that profiteers and especially usurers infringed upon a monopoly proper to the Church. The same type of technical gymnastic casuistry which the Schoolmen employed to justify their religious dogmas was employed to show why none but the Church should make use of capital.

Later this was softened slightly by growth of the idea that, although the usurer was a moral pariah, he was a necessary one. Church and state soon engaged in a sort of competition in the collection of fines imposed for usury and profiteering, "the lucrative business of punishing."

Calvin is shown by Mr. Tawney to have been a pioneer in condoning interest and trade. But he had strong opponents and the activities of the preachers of Geneva in seeking to control economic affairs present a droll picture. They attempted price fixing, objecting not to the presence but to the price of wine. But the business men of the Swiss centre of learning early began a ferment against spiritual domination of trade and out of what little trade Calvin allowed them to carry on, they made all that they possibly could make.

The rise of Puritanism is declared by this scholar to have had a profound effect upon ideas of business and religion. The Puritans took the position (and nailed it with Scripture) that labor was blessed and its rewards no less so and that the industrious Puritan who grew rich in trade by minding his business was a holier man than the mendicant friar who lived on the patrimony of the rich and exactions from the poor.

While most of the work pertains to England the trend on the Continent is traced and Holland especially noted as a land where "trade and tolerance flourished together".

The author makes it perfectly clear that time has evolved a situation in which the various secular activities have been segregated largely as a result of ancient controversies.

Mr. Tawney fails to report, however, how capitalism received probably its first impetus from religion through the actions of Crusaders in parting with lands and civil gear to fit out their fervent expeditions to the Holy Land. Those who curbed their frenzy and stayed at home established good estates.

This is a scholarly and readable book revealing deep and wide research. It is sprinkled with such trenchant and quotable statements as that "competition was designed by Providence to provide an automatic substitute for honesty", in the opinion of some of the elders. And on the broad general ground of the experiences of Church and State with capitalism, Mr. Tawney finds that "it is possible that the bankruptcies of Government have, on the whole, done less harm to mankind than their ability to raise loans, and the mobilization of economic power on a scale unknown before, armed the fierce nationalism of the age with a weapon more deadly than gunpowder and cannon."

HOMER JOSEPH DODGE.

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Day-Dreams

SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S NOTEBOOK (Boni and Liveright, $2.50) is a collection of essays, fragments, and impressions written over a number of years and taking the reader behind the scenes of a story-teller's life. They are day-dreams largely, like so many of Mr. Anderson's stories, floating thoughts and memories that have passed through his mind in his walks or in bed in the morning or between hours of work. Mr. Anderson speaks of the man of imagination. "Does he arise in the morning half ill of the perplexities of his life, a half hour of surrender to the impulses always being awakened within by the play of his imagination shall restore him." Mr. Anderson is a fortunate man: the simplest, the commonest things, the working of a draw-bridge, the blows of the hammers in a factory, the bodies of men absorbed in physical tasks, send his fancy voyaging. He draws endless fun from dramatizing his life, reconstructing his life, as he says, "jerking it out of the shell that dies, striving to breathe into it beauty and meaning;" and he writes without reserve, with a singular freshness and candor.

Men and women he has known drift in and out of these sketches. Alfred Stieglitz, Paul Rosenfeld, Gertrude Stein, the New Orleans "nut", and the motherly Aunt Sally; and occasionally he attempts an essay on some formal theme, the standardization, for instance, of modern America, the reign of King Coal, the industrial regime, or a satire on the Rotarian's view of life. Mr. Anderson writes as a workman, with a workman's love of the craftsmanship of hand and brain alike. A wagon-maker, a photographer, if they have this feeling for beauty, are closer to him than "smart" men of letters. Here, as in all his stories, he stands as the spokesman of a post-industrial America. An America of the future that has outgrown commercial values and seeks for a spacious, gracious, leisurely life.

VAN WYCK BROOKS.

The Perfect Country Parson

Archibald Marshall says somewhere that the happiest persons are those who have a sufficient amount of money and no ambition; I suppose he means those who are content to live in obscurity with their friends and neighbors, enjoying sports without tournaments and books with no desire to write them. A perfect illustration of this may be found in the life and character of the Reverend James Woodforde (THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY PARSON by The Reverend JAMES WOODFORDE. Edited by John Beresford. Oxford University Press, 1925, 1926, $10).

The editor quotes Wordsworth's lines from "The Excursion", because they express the tranquil flow of life as recorded in this Diary.

> craving peace,
> The central feeling of all happiness,
> Not as a refuge from distress or pain,
> A breathing-time, vacation, or a truce,
> But for its absolute self; a life of peace,
> Stability without regret or fear.

The Reverend James Woodforde spent his life (second half of the eighteenth century) in three places: Oxford, Somerset, and Norfolk, — central, southwest, and east. He performed the routine duties of a clergyman in a country parish, ate enormous meals, drank Gargantuan draughts of ale, beer, rum, gin, whiskey, and other beverages, played cards for small stakes, went coursing after rabbits and hares with his dogs, fished gravely, and was an orthodox believer in God and England. Like the true eighteenth century man, he hated mystery and enthusiasm, was tolerant of the lack of morals in good society, and was never worried except by bad digestion (for which he took copious doses of rhubarb), noises at night which disturbed his sleep, incompetent cooking, and the misbehavior of servants. One day was like another; he was a bachelor and ordered his routine to suit himself. After a fairly long career, he died, and in the course of time was forgotten.

It so happened that he kept, in a handwriting characteristically English in its fineness and legibility, a minute diary, telling us not much about his inner life of the spirit, but everything about his daily duties and pleasures, especially the pleasures of the table. He was pre-eminently a social being and his neighbors are so clearly portrayed that we know them as we know our own.

Mr. John Beresford in 1925 published

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one volume of this Diary which was received with such universal acclaim that the second became necessary, and here it is. I have read every word in these two books, and am so hungry for more that I make no attempt to conceal my eagerness for the third. When it appears, I shall read that before I read anything else.

Mr. Beresford, who among other things, had already given pleasure to many readers by his *Gossip of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries*, is the perfect editor. He omits nothing except trivial repetitions; he is scrupulously accurate; he has so much scholarship, such impeccable taste, and such penetrating humor, that his footnotes provide the needful information with a tang of salt. Indeed what he says of footnotes indicates his capacity to write them: "That in a work of this character an editor should deliberately err on the side of writing too few, rather than too many, footnotes. Otherwise the peculiar atmosphere of the diary is dissipated, and the mind bored or confused: for footnotes have a fiendish power at once of attraction and distraction."

Had Woodforde been a man prominent in public life this diary would lose half its charm, for then he would have written self-consciously and for posterity. But the fact that he was absolutely normal, that he lived typically of his class, makes this book a precious, and I believe, an imperishable document. It is well within the range of expectation that James Woodforde through his journal will take on immortality.

Do you want to know how undergraduates and faculty actually lived at Oxford? Do you want to know what daily existence really was in a country parish in Somerset and Norfolk? Travel by coach across England? Theatres and inns in the city of Norwich? Domestic expenses? Outdoor and indoor sports? Your justifiable and praiseworthy curiosity is here abundantly satisfied, for we know that his testimony is true.

How they did *eat!* Dinner was usually at about four o'clock, an intolerable hour to-day; but then in the autumn and winter, they wanted to use the steady daylight from nine till four, and then eat dinner for about two hours, when of course it was time for supper. *July 13, 1785.* "Sent Ben very early to Norwich this morning after Fish, he returned about 11 o'clock and brought with him eight pair of small Soals with two Couple of Chicken. Mr. and Mrs. Thorne and their Daughter Hannah and a Miss Pinching, and Mr. Thorne's Nephew Mr. Walker, an Attorney about 18 Years of Age, Captain Thorne, Mrs. Davy, Betsy, and Nunn, came to our House about 3 o'clock and they all dined, supped, and spent the Evening, and stayed till 3 in the Morn with us. We had for Dinner some Pyke and fryed Soals, a nice pie of boiled Beef, Ham and a Couple of Fowls, Peas and Beans, a green Goose rosted, Gooseberry Pies, Currant Tarts, the Charter, hung Beef scraped, etc. For Supper Fryed Soals, a Couple of Chicken rosted, cold Ham, &c. &c. Fruit after Dinner and Supper — Strawberries, Cherries, Almonds — Raisins, &c. &c."

When he moved from the west to the east of England, his sorrow at parting from his friends is echoed by Mr. Beresford, who by constant reading of the manuscript had come to love these folks as his own. I myself suffered acutely when the servant Will Coleman was dismissed.

It is really impossible to give any conception of the ineffable charm of this Diary by comment or citation: you must read it for yourself.

William Lyon Phelps.

Disappointing Mémoirs

One is inclined to wonder whether the writers of jackets are not also authors. They are certainly dramatists; and, if further proof of their genius were needed, window dressers. Whoever perpetrated the jacket of the Mémoirs of Halide Edib (Century Company, $2.00) is author, dramatist, and window dresser, all in one. Indeed, what higher compliment can be paid him than to say that after reading the jacket the Mémoirs are a dreadful anti-climax?

From outside sources I happen to be aware of the fact that Halide Edib is one of the great women of Turkey to-day, that she has lived and is living a remarkable life, politically, as well as socially. She herself informs one many times during the course of the Mémoirs that she is a great novelist even though one of her

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books was "completely misunderstood" and attacked by international critics. Be that as it may, her talent as a writer of mémoirs is not so high. There could not help being thousands of mightily interesting things in this volume, but one's inmost cry all the time is: "If only this could have been taken hold of by someone who could write!" It is woolly, sentimental, naïve, tantalizing. The big things are dismissed sometimes in a line, and the little ones are written up in several paragraphs. The whole work needs blue penciling, tightening, pointing. Through all the confusion, however, one can get a glimpse of Turkey, of the Turkish mind, and can grasp something of the enormity of the step taken when the Young Turk broke down the old regime and the women emerged from darkness into light. Halide Edib would appear to be the one woman in Turkey to-day who either knows how, or has the courage, to put down on paper her emotions and impressions. That fact gives her Mémoirs a certain significance. It is to be hoped that in the promised second volume she will have acquired a keener sense of values.

ARTHUR HAMILTON GIBBS.

Other People's Daughters

You mustn't be put off the track by the wise deep little paragraphs at the beginning of each story in Mrs. Eleanor Rowland Wembridge's book, OTHER PEOPLE'S DAUGHTERS (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). A discussion, for example, of "behavior patterns" which introduces "The Bookkeeper" might make you suspect that story to be only a demonstration of the need of supervision of young people when their environment is altered; and that you might need some special technical vocabulary to enjoy it. But you would be wrong. Once you get into the story of Norma or Goldie or Irene, or whichever of the seventeen "Studies from Life" you happen upon, you forget that the author is the professional psychologist for a Woman's Protective Association. Indeed, except as she distils an interpretative paragraph now and then, Mrs. Wembridge herself succeeds in forgetting she is a social worker, and instead reveals herself just an understanding person, with a seeing eye and a recording pen. The result is that rare thing: a book about working girls written with compassion without condescension, with fairness and tenderness without sentimentality.

With humor, too. Even when life presses an old plot upon the writer, — the girl betrayed, for example, or the self-sacrificing crook, — these are not the stock characters of fiction. They are real persons. And no attempt is made to snip off the edges of reality to fit the facts into the plot. As in real life, plot is an accidental garment and hangs upon individuals according to its size and texture, — loosely, if it happens to be too big for them, or else snugly, or sometimes as a mere shift. A story may come to an end, but you know the lives of the characters go on, sometimes happily, sometimes disastrously, often noncommittally. And so true is the delineation that you do not feel cheated if a tale ends in mid-air; you are content to wonder, with the author, indeed with some of the characters in the stories, what Gertrude will do next; how on earth the good-natured girl with the low "intelligence quotient" will get on; how long the oft-marrying Sam (who doesn't bother to get unmarried) will stay with Estelle; what will happen to the fat girl from the candy factory, plunged into grim and grinning tragedy by a run in her silk stockings. On the other hand, some of the stories are complete in themselves, even by old, staid, conventional standards of fiction.

An astute essay or two has been tucked into the volume of human interest, — human interest, but not "sob-stuff". The stories in this book are studies of "emotional phenomena which by the nature of the case can never be caught, held, and analyzed in the cool atmosphere of the laboratory." The difficulties which the author had to overcome are further suggested in her preface: "The psychologist, interested in events outside the laboratory as well as in, is rather in the position of that other scientist of later days, the geographer. Neither one can capture or buy at wholesale his continents or his tides, his loves or his hates, and measure them under a quiet microscope. Each must rather, with whatever pains, travel to his torrents, whether of water or of wrath, and his frozen mountains, whether of ice or of baffled instinct, and must study them where they are."

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The book is herewith warmly recommended, not only to social workers, teachers, and employers, but to anybody interested in young girls and their "boy-friends".

VIOLA PARADISE.

The Power Behind the Pen

LE SALON DE MADAME ARMAN DE CAILLAVET by Jeanne Maurice Pouquet (Hachette, Paris) is a book which it is to be hoped will be translated into English, and which is so intensely interesting that it is next to impossible to lay it down once one has begun reading it. Among other things, it gives us the best picture ever drawn of Anatole France, not at the zenith of his fame, but at the time when he was still quite unknown. His admirers in this country, where he possesses a few who are more enthusiastic than judicious, ought to read this volume, and take it to heart.

And besides Anatole France, ever so many more interesting figures pass through its pages, bringing back before our eyes this particular epoch in the life of Parisian history when literary salons were still a possible thing, and when they exercised a really great influence. We find in this work letters from Henri Rivière, Jules Lemaître, Pierre Loti, Marcel Proust, and other "habitués" as one called them, of the remarkable woman who is the heroine of the story, and we also find proved beyond the possibility of contradiction the fact of the influence exercised by Madame de Caillavet, not only on the person, but also on the talent as well as on the career of Anatole France.

There are some admirers of this writer who refuse to admit that without Madame de Caillavet he would never have risen to the reputation which he obtained. To them we would recommend some letters which are reproduced in Madame Pouquet's book. For instance one from the Comtesse de Martel (Gyp) to the author in which she says the following: "I have had the opportunity to see all that Mme. de Caillavet did for France. I met the latter in 1882. At that time he was absolutely unknown, except to a few literary men, and he would, I believe, always have remained unknown, had it not been for your mother-in-law. His awkwardness, his timidity, his complete ignorance of the manners and customs of the world and of society, condemned him from the outset to obscurity, no matter what might have been his talent. It was Madame de Caillavet who so to say brought him up from beginning to end. We were watching with surprise his rather rapid transformation, without at first suspecting what it was that was bringing it about. Your mother-in-law did for France exactly what Mme. de Loynes had done for Lemaître. In my opinion it was not to his great talent that France owed his many celebrities. Most of the people, — even literary ones, — who later bowed before him, would never even have discovered him without Mme. de Caillavet. And without her also he would never have been elected a member of the Academy."

The entire book evokes before those who were received in the hospitable home of Madame de Caillavet, the image of a past not yet very distant from us, but so entirely different from the present time. It evokes also a whole group of people who represented all which at that epoch was great and splendid in French literature of the beginning of this century and the closing years of the last one. In this gallery we find many famous names, and clever writers and politicians, but in spite of the glory of Anatole France who dominates it, the one sympathetic and most remarkable figure that flits all through its pages, remains that of the mistress of the mansion on the Avenue Hoche, without whom so many of these personalities would have remained buried in the crowd of modern pre-war Parisians, without ever emerging out of it, — Madame Arman de Caillavet.

CATHERINE, PRINCESS RADZIWILL.

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Edison's Views on Immortality

Then and Now

IN 1910 Thomas A. Edison startled the world with a blunt announcement of his disbelief in immortality. The occasion of the interview, — published in the "New York Times" for October 2, — was the death of William James, which had occurred not long before. The interviewer was Edward Marshall, a friend of long standing, to whom, sixteen years later, Mr. Edison in this month's Forum interview confides the great advance that has taken place in his opinions, — which nevertheless retain their underlying identity. Here are the views of 1910 and 1926, side by side.

1910	1926
I cannot believe in the immortality of the soul. . . . This speculative idea of immortality needs but be analyzed to fall wholly to the ground.	If there is any evidence on one side or the other, worthy of consideration by the scientific mind, it is in favor of the theory of immortality.
We don't know enough yet of psychic matters, so called, to even experiment and investigate intelligently.	We really haven't any very great amount of data on this subject, and without data how can we reach definite conclusions?
Soul? Soul? What do you mean by Soul? The brain? . . . There is no more reason to believe that any human brain will be immortal than there is to think that one of my phonographic cylinders will be immortal.	We do not at present know how even to begin investigation. . . . The Soul apparently is not something to be analyzed by chemists or weighed in scales, or photographed, or recorded by any instruments whatever.
The Brain immortal? No, the brain is a piece of meat-mechanism, — nothing more than a wonderful meat-mechanism.	The theory of Soul immortality is not necessarily shocking to developed intelligence of the sort which men call practical.
I don't go into study of the psychic much. There is a great field there, a great field, — for other men.	The thing which I urge on religious teachers is to pile up . . . the sort of evidence which no fool skeptic can demolish.

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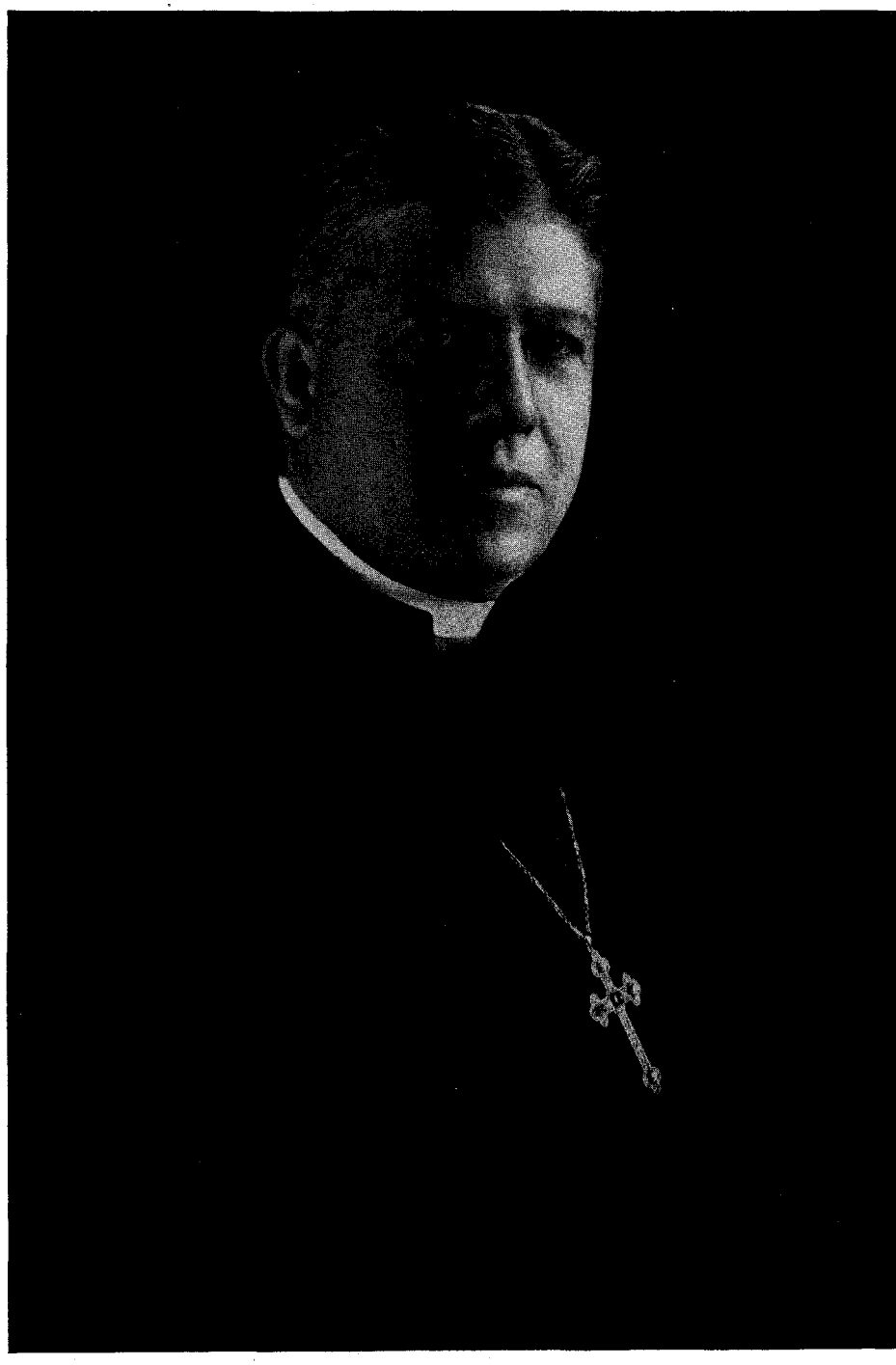

CHARLES FISKE

Episcopal Bishop of Central New York; author of "The Faith by Which We Live" and other notable books and articles

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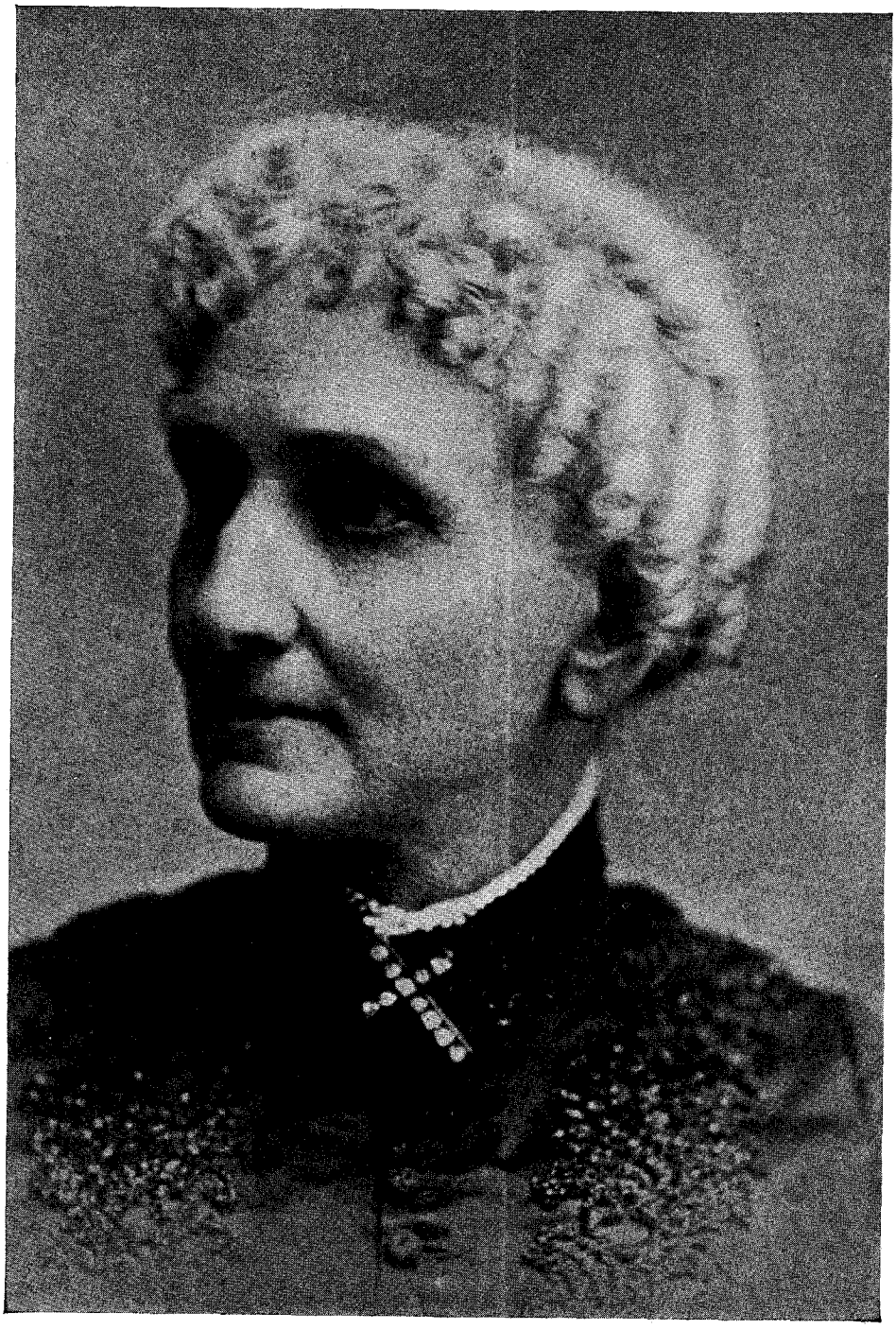

MARY BAKER EDDY

Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, and author of "Science and Health"

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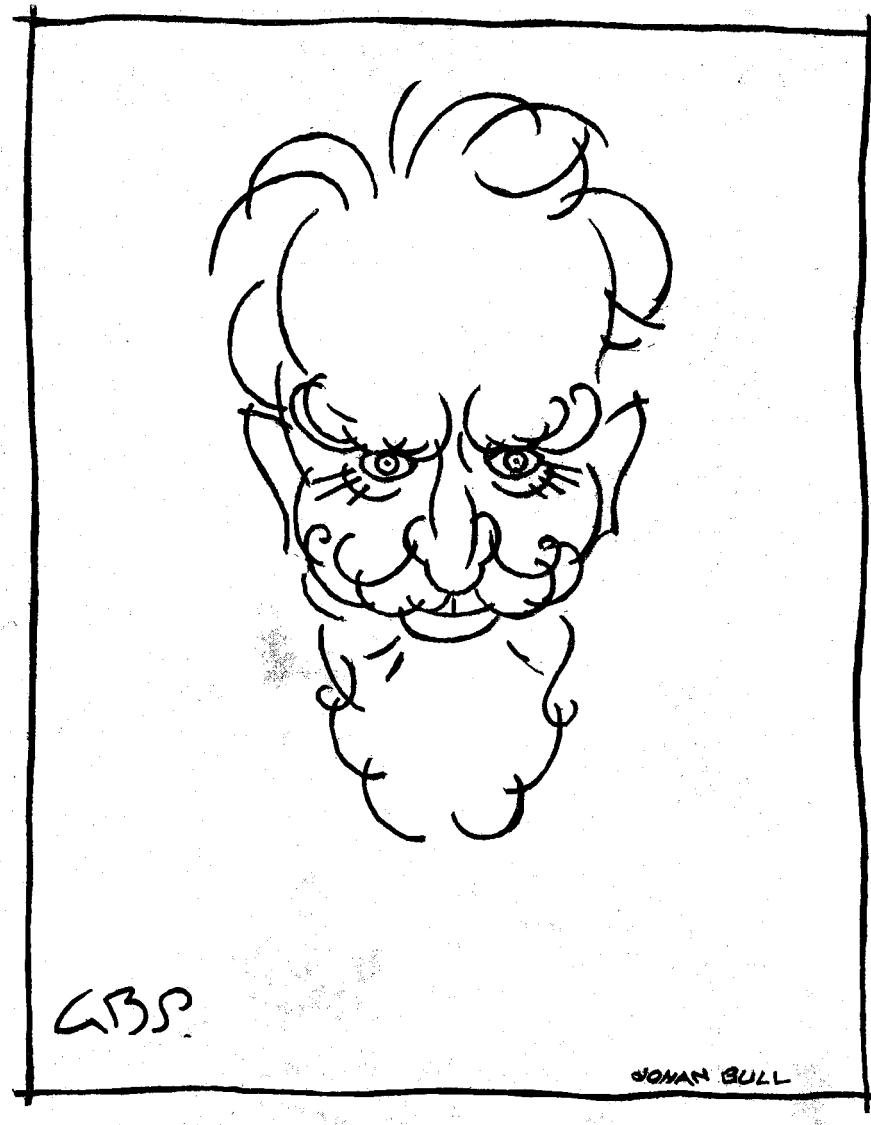

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

Author of those thirty-four plays, pleasant and unpleasant, who, at the age of 26, was converted to Socialism by an American, yet at the age of 70 denies that America is civilized enough for Socialism

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MARIAN STORM

A New York writer of unusual versatility, whose specialty is Spanish America, particularly Mexico with its distinctive archaeology

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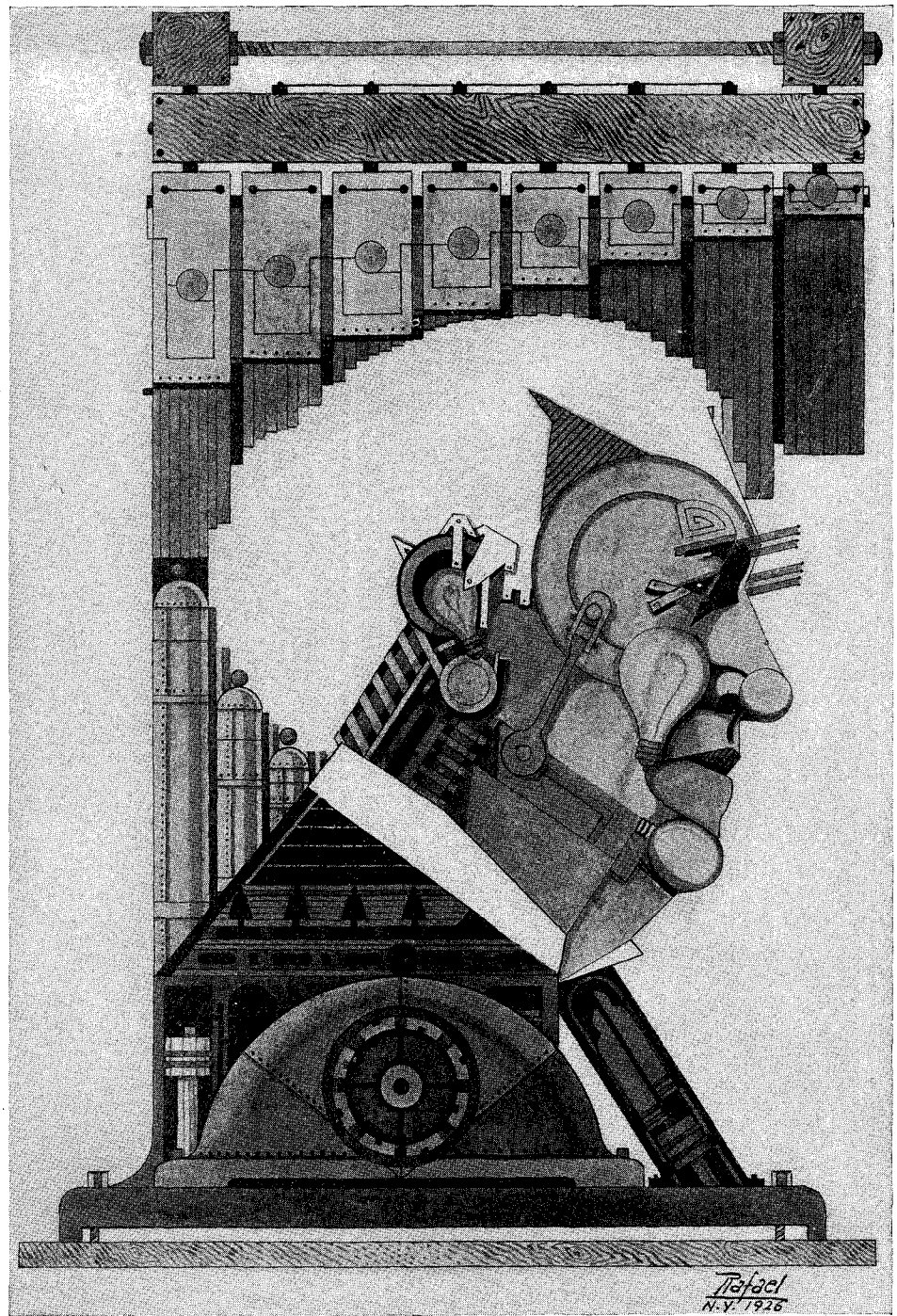

Courtesy Alfred A. Knopf

Thomas A. Edison

A novel interpretation of the Master Mind of the Machine Age, by the South American artist, Rafael Valdivia

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